

# THEOPHILA

OR

## LOVES SACRIFICE.

A

### Divine Poem.

WRITTEN BY <sup>Edward</sup> <sup>enlowes</sup> E. B. Esq;

Several Parts thereof set to fit Aires by M<sup>r</sup> J. FENKINS.

*Longum Iter per Præcepta, breve & efficax per Exempla.  
Si Præceptis non accendimur, saltem Exemplis incitemur, atq; in  
Appetitu Rectitudinis nil sibi Mens nostra difficile æstimet,  
quod perfectè peragi ab Aliis videt. Greg. Mag. l. 9. c. 43.  
Id peragas Vitâ, quod velles Morte peractum,*



LONDON,

Printed by R. N. Sold by Henry Seile in Fleetstreet, and  
Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S. Pauls  
Church-yard. 1652.



THEOPHILUS  
OR  
LOVES SACRIFICE.

WRITTEN BY J. B. H. B.

Several Parts thereof set to Music by J. B. H. B.

Longum iter per Præcipua, brevis per Exemplum.  
Tractatus non accedimus, sed in  
Appetit Rectitudinem, non in  
quod perfectio pergit, ad id quod  
in peragis Vitis, quod est in  
amore peragimus.

1916  
Z 77.032

Printed by J. B. H. B. at the Prince of Wales  
Church-street, 1822.



## Mens Authoris.

**T**E, mi CHRISTE, *Tuaq̃ canam* Suspiria SPONSÆ,  
ARDORESq̃ pios, & GAUDIA cœlica, Mundo  
*Abdita*; divinæ pandam MYSTERIA Mentis,  
*Accensasq̃* Faces COELO! Fuge, cæca Libido,  
Et Fastus populatôr Opum, Livorq̃ secundis  
*Pallidus*, & ravidis violenta Calumnia Didis,  
*Diraq̃* pacatas lacerans Discordia Mentes,  
Et Scelerum male-suada Cohors. TE, mitis IESU,  
Da mihi velle sequi! Gressus alato sequentis!  
DIVINÆ sum testa ROTÆ; Vas obline fido  
*Rimosum* Gypso, sic Vas ego reddar Honoris:  
Sum tenebroſa Tui radiantis LUMINIS umbra,  
Quod, veniente Die, quod, decedente, viderem!  
Cujus nec VISUS Spatium, nec GLORIA Laudem,  
Nec VOX ulla capit MERITUM, nec TERMINUS Ævum!  
Unius est in Verba satis jurasse MAGISTRI,  
Et TE præſentem Causæ petiſſe PATRONUM!  
Thema ſit Æthereo ſacranda THEOPHILA TEMPLO,  
Pura repurgato ſolvens LIBAMINA Corde.



## The Authors Designe.

**O**F CHRIST, and of the SPOUSES *Sighs*, I sing,  
And of the *Foyes* that from Those *Ardors* spring,  
The *World* ne're knew; Of her *Souls* mystick *Sense*,  
And of her *Heav'nly Zeal*. Blinde *Lust*, pack hence,  
Hence *Pride*, exhausting *Wealth*; Hence, *Envie*, flie,  
*Pal'd* at *Success*; hence foul-mouth'd *Calummie*,  
And savage *Discord*, striving to divide  
United *Mindes*; with all *Sins Troop* beside.  
JESUS! grant I may follow THEE, my *Feet*  
*Wing* THOU, and make them in pursuance *fleet*!  
Close up my *Cracks* by *Faith*, so shall I be  
A *Vessel* made of *HONOUR* unto THEE.  
I'm but a faint *Resultance* from thy *LIGHT*,  
Which, at *Sols* Rise and Set, enchears my *Sight*.  
No *Space* thy *VIEW*, no *Glory* bounds thy *PRAISE*,  
No *Terms* do reach thy *WORTH*, no *Age* thy *DAYES*!  
May I but swear *Obedience* to thy *LAWs*,  
And crave THEE *PATRON* to my present *Cause*!  
My *Subject's* THEOPHIL, for HEAV'N design'd,  
Offering pure *SACRIFICE* with *sacred MIND*.







LADIES,

**W**E jangle not in *Shools*, but strain to set  
*Church-Musick*, at which *SAINTS* being met,  
May warble forth *HEAV'NS Praise*, and thence  
(*HEAV'NS Blessing* get.

**C***Hurch-Anthems* irksome to the *Factions* grow.  
In what a *sad Case* were They, trow, (how?  
Should They be penn'd in *HEAV'N*, where *Hymns* forever

**A**s, fir'd *Affections* to your *Beauties* move:  
So, *Stillatories* be of *Love*;  
That, what was *Vapour*, may, by *VIRTUE*, *Essence* prove.

**S**urvey *THEOPHILA*; her *Rules* apply,  
That You may *live*, as You would *die*:  
*VIRTUE* enamels *Life*; 'Tis *GRACE* does glorifie.

**O**, may those fragrant *Flow'rs* that in *HER* grew,  
Blown by such *Breath*, drench't by such *Dew*,  
*Spring*, & display their *Buds*, *LADIES ELECT*, in You!


**T**O this *Spring-Garden*, *VIRGINS*, chaste and fair,  
Coach'd in pure *Thoughts*, make your *Repair*,  
To recreate your *Mindes*, and take fresh *Heav'nly Air*.

**Y**E snowy *FIREs*, observe her in each *GRACE*;  
So, may You, bright in *Soul* as *Face*,  
Have in *The Gallery of Heroick Women* Place.

**N**ay, when your *Dayes* and *Piety* shall summe  
Up their *Compleatness*, may Ye come (*Room*!  
To endlesse *GLORIES Court*, and with blest *Souls* have



# THE PREFACE.

 Ad *Experience* confirms, what THE ANCI-  
ENT OF DAYES foretold ; That the *last*  
*Times* shall be *worst* : For, in this *Dotage*  
of the *World* (where *Atheism* stands at the  
right hand of *Profaneness*, and *Superstition*  
on the blinde Side of *Ignorance* ; where there is unmer-  
cifull *Oppression*, and overmerciful *Connivence*) her be-  
loved *Favorites*, (who are of *past* things *mindeless*, of *fu-  
ture* *regardless*, having different *Opinions*, yet but one  
RELIGION, *Money*, one GOD, *Mammon*) do laugh  
at OTHERS, who fall not down, and worship the *Gol-  
den Image* that secular *Nabuchodonisors* have set up ;  
But, let them, who think themselves *safe* in the *Herd*,  
being night-wildred in their *Intellects*, prosecute their  
*Sensuality*, which will soon, like *Dalila*, put out their  
*Eyes* ; For, earthly *Complacencies*, and exterior *Gaities*  
are not only *Chaff* in the *hand*, VANITIE, but also *Chaff*  
in the *Eye*, VEXATION OF SPIRIT. How art thou,  
foolish *World*, loaden with *Sin*, fond of *Trifles*, neglect-  
ing Objects fit for CHRISTIANS, fit for *Men* ! Could  
thy *Minions* consider, that thou canst give but what  
thou hast, a smoak of *Honour*, a shadow of *Riches*, a  
sound of *Pleasure*, a blast of *Fame*, which can neither  
adde to *Length* nor *Happiness* of *Life* ; That thy whole  
*Self* art an overdeer *Bargain*, if bought of the *Devil*,  
at the expence of a deadly *Sin*, when as sudden *Chance*  
or *Sickness* may snatch and rend them hence in a *Mo-  
ment*

## P R E F A C E.

ment, they would not then so madly rant it as they do, but court *Sobriety*, being aware of the Dangers that proceed from, and wait upon the abused Opulency of an indulgent Fortune, whose *Caresses* are apt to swell into Exorbitances of Spirit, and run wildly into Dissoluteness of Manners. But, for want of Circumspection, Men grow covetous as *Jewish* Merchants, ambitious as *Eastern* Potentates, factious as the giddy *Multitude*, revengefull as *Jealousie*, and proud as *Usurpers*; though soon such swallow'd Baits dissolve into a gally Bitterness; Wherefore, it were highly to be wished, that in the midst of their Extravagancies they would ponder, that nothing is more unhappy then the Felicity of Sinners, who prosper as if they were the *Beloved* of GOD, when, indeed, by *His* Patience they are only (probably) hardned to their more dreadful Destruction! How, how will eternal Anguish be aggravated by temporary past Happiness! If we contemplate what unspeakable Torments are for ever there, we should have no cause to envie *Worldlings* Prosperity, but rather wonder that their Portion on Earth is not greater, and that ever they should be sensible of Sickness, Affront or Trouble; since, if their Fortunatenesse should far exceed their Ambition, it could not any way recompence that Torture for an Hour, which yet shall hold to the Duration of an infinite *Eternity*! when as all the Play and Pageantry of Earth is ever changing, and nothing abides but the Stage of the *World*, and the Spectator *GOD*. That Bliss is not true of whose Eternity we may doubt! View then, *Christian Reader*, the Folly of ill Counsell unmaskt, and demonstrated that all Politie is wretched with-

## PREFACE.

without *Piety*, without *Scriptural Wisdom*, without *CHRIST* the *Essential Wisdom*; And that all Iniquity has so much of *Justice* in it, that it usually condemns, yea leads it self to Execution; witnesse *Absolons* Head, *Achitophels* Hands, and the Surrender of *Cesars* Cittadell, (summoned by *Judgements* Herald, and all his Glories Cobweb-guard yielded to the Storm) just before the Statue of *Pompey*, whose Ruine he had so ambitiously pursued. Would then any Wise man choose to be *Cesar* for his Glorie, *Absolon* for his Beauty, *Achitophel* for his Policie, *Dives* for his Wealth, or *Judas* for his Office? Seeing then that *Happinesse* consists not in the Affluence of Exorbitant Possessions, nor in the Humours of fickle Honour, all external Splendors being unsatisfactory, let *Christians* neglect terrestrial Vanities, and retire into the *Recesses* of *Religion*, nothing being so great in humane Actions as a pious knowing *Minde*, which disposeth great Things, and may yield such permanent *Monuments*, as bring *Felicity* to Mankind above the Founders of Empires; being an *Antepast* to the overflowing *FEASTS* of *ETERNITIE*. Man endued with *Altitude* of *Wisdom*, in the sweetnesse of Conscience and Height of *Vertue*, is of all Creatures sub-Angelical the *ALMIGHTIES* Masterpiece, the Image of his *MAKER*, a Candidate of *DIVINITY*, and Model of the *Universe*; who, in holy Colloquies, Whisprings, and secret Conferences with *GOD*, findes Him a Torrent of *Pleasure*, a Fountain of *Honour*, and an inexhaustible *Treasure*; whose divine Life is a Character of the *DIVINE NATURE*, by taking *GOD* for the Text, *Truth* for the Doctrine, and *Holinesse* for the Use; with-



## PREFACE.

without which the highest Endowments of the most refined *Wit* are but the quaint Magick of a learned Lunacie. Most wretched therefore are they, beyond all Synonima's of *Misery*, whose undisciplin'd Education leaves them unfurnisht of Skill to spend their Time in any Thing, but what in the prosecution of *Sin* tends to *Death*; Wealth and Greatnesse rendring *them* past Reproof, ev'n ready to tempt their very *Tempter*; whereby they are wholly enclin'd to Sensualities, being in their Entertainments commonly intemperate in their Drink humerous, their Humours quarrelous, their *Duels* damnable, concluding a voluptuous and brutish *Life* in a bloody and desperate *Death*, preferring the Bodie before the *Soul*, Sence before the *Spirit*, Appetite before *Reason*, temporary Fooleries, phantastick Visits, idle Courtships, gay Trifles, fascinating Vanities (as if the Pleasure of Life were but the smothering of pretious Time in those things, which are meer Puffs in Expectation, Vanitie in Enjoyment, and Vexation of Spirit in Departure) before solid *Goodnesse*, and eternal *Exultations*. To divert thee therefore from such Shelves of indiscreet *Vice*, and to direct thee to the safe and noble Channel of *Vertue*, ev'n to *Faith* with good Works, to *Piety* w<sup>th</sup> Compassion, to *Zeal* with Charity, & to know the *End* which distinguisheth thee from a Beast, and to chuse a good *End*, w<sup>th</sup> differenceth thee from an evil Man, be so much thine own *Friend*, as to peruse seriously this spiritual *Poem*, which treateth on *Sub-cælestials*, *Cælestials*; and *Super-cælestials*, whereby a delightful *Curiousness* may steal thee into the Pleasure of *Goodnesse*. Know then that *Sub-cælestials*, or Sublunaries have their Assign-  
ment

## PREFACE.

ment in the lowest Portion of the Universe, and being wholly of a corporeal Nature, do enjoy Spiritual Gifts, the Chief of which is Life, by Loan onely; where there is no Generation without Corruption, no Birth without Death. From the Surface of the Earth to the Center is 3436 Miles, the whole Thickness 6872 Miles, the whole Compse 21600 Miles; from its Center to the Moon is 3924912 Miles. Now *Cælestials*, or æthereal Bodies are seated in the middle, which, participating of a greater Portion of Perfection, impart innumerable rare Vertues, and influential Efficacies to Things below, not enduring a Corruption, only subject, having obtained their Period, to change. The glorious Projection and Transfusion of æthereal *Light*, both of the *Sun* and of the *Stars* of the six Magnitudes constitute, by astronomick Computation, more than 300 *Suns* upward to the EMPYREAN HEAVEN. A Starre in the Equator makes 12598666 Miles in an Hour, which is 209994 Miles in a Minute, a Motion quicker than Thought. *Super-cælestials* are Intelligencies, altogether Spiritual and Immortal, excellent in their Beings, intuitive in their Conceptions; such as are the glorious Quire of the *Apostles*, the exulting Number of the *Prophets*, the innumerable Army of crown'd *Martyrs*, triumphing *Virgins*, charitable *Confessors*, &c. or the blessed Hierarchie of *Angels*, participating somewhat of GOD and Man; having had a Beginning as Man, and now being immortall with GOD, having their Immortality for his Sempiternity; void of all Mixture, as is GOD, and yet consisting of Matter and Form as doth Man; Subsisting in some Subject and Substance

## PREFACE.

as doth Man, yet being incorporeal, as is GOD; They having Clarity, Impassibility, Subtility, and Agility; having Understanding without Errour, Light without Darkness, Joy without Sorrow, Will without Perturbation, Impassibility without Corruption; pure as the Light, ordained to serve the LORD of Light; They are local and circumscribed by Place, as is Man; yet are they in a place not properly by way of Circumscription, but by way of Definition; though they cannot be in several Places at once, yet are they able in a Moment to be any where; as GOD alwayes is every where; of admirable Capacity and Knowledge, resembling GOD; yet ignorant of the ESSENCE of GOD, much lesse see they all Things in It, in that like Man. Ev'n these Incorporeal *Substances* would pine and starve, if an All-filling, and infinitely All-sufficient and Superabundant GOD were not the Object of their high Contemplation, whose Blisse of theirs is the neereft Approach to that Divine MAJESTIE, WHO is a true, real, substantial, and essential NATURE, subsisting of HIMSELF, an eternal BEING, an infinite ONENESSE, the radical PRINCIPLE of all Things; whose ESSENCE is an incomprehensible Light, His POWVER is Omnipotency, and his BECK an absolute Act; WHO, before the Creation, was a BOOK rowl'd up in HIMSELF, having Light only in HIMSELF; WHO is a SPIRIT existent from everlasting to everlasting; One ESSENCE; Three SUBSISTENCIES; whose DIVINE NATURE is an essential and infinite UNDERSTANDING, which knowes all Things actually alwayes; which cannot possibly be comprehended by any finite Creature, much lesse by



## PREFACE.

Man, groveling on Earth in the Mud of Errour and grosse Ignorance, who are unable by any Art or Industrie to finde out the true Nature, Form and Vertue of the least *flie* or *gnat*. The whole *Universe* is the Looking-glasse of GODS Power, Wisdom, and Bountie; He loves as *Charitie*, knows as *Truth*, judges as *Equitie*, rules as *Majestie*, defends as *Safety*, works as *Vertue*, reveals as *Light*, &c. He is a never deficient *Brightnesse*, a never weary *Life*, a *Spring* ever-flowing, the *Principle* of Beginning, &c. If any Creature knew what GOD is, he should be GOD; for none knoweth HIM but HIMSELF, who is Good without Qualitie, great without Quantitie, present without Place, everlasting without Time; WHO by a Bodie is no where; by Energie every where, Above all by Power, beneath all by sustaining all, without all by compassing all, within all by penetrating all, being absent seen, being present invisible; of WHOM to speak, is to be silent, WHOM to value is to exceed all Rate, WHOM to define, is still to encrease in Definition; INFINITENESSE being the right Philosophers Stone, which turns all Metals into Gold, and one Dram of IT being put, not only to a *Seraphin*, or to a whole *Element*, but even to the least *gnat* in the World, or the least mote in the Sun, is of Force to make it *true* and *very* GOD: For, first *It* maketh it to be the first ESSENCE, derived from none other. 2. It maketh it to be but *One*, because there cannot be two INFINITES; where there are two, there is Division; where Division, there is end of one, and beginning of another, and so no INFINITE. 3. It maketh the Subject to be *immaterial*, for

## P R E F A C E

no Matter can be INFINITE; for, a Body is contained, and, if contained, not infinite; being without Matter, it is also without *Passion*; for, *sola materia patitur*; and so becometh also *immutable*, for there can be no Change without *Passion*. 4. It maketh a thing to be *immovable*, for whatsoever moveth hath Bounds, but in INFINITE there is no Bounds. 5. The INFINITE THING is simple, for in Composition there is Division and Quality, and so by consequent Limits. Thus, INFINITENESSE distinguisheth from all Creatures, and is first *primary* without Cause, but existing absolutely in HIMSELF, and of HIMSELF, and is to all other Things the Cause and Beginning, yet not diminishing Him, having all their Essence, but no part of his ESSENCE from Him. But, ô, here the most superlative Expressions of Eloquence are no other than meer Extenuations. I tread a Maze, and thread a Labyrinth on Hills of Ice, where, if I slip, I tumble into Heresie; I am with S. Peter in the Deep, where, without the *Hand* of POWER, I should sink eternally, and be swallowed up by the *bottomlesse Gulf*. The Prosecution of this *Argument* were fitter for the Pens of ANGELS, than for the Sons of Corruption; whereof we may say, that if all should be written of INFINITENESSE, not only the whole World, but even *Heaven It Self* would not suffice to hold the Books which should be written. I satisfy my Incapacitie with rejoycing in GODS *Incomprehensibility*. And now, descending from these amazing *Heights*, know, Reader, that *Divine Poesie* is the internal Triumph of the Mind, rapt with S. Paul into the third Heaven, where She contemplates Ineffables: 'tis the sacred Oracles of Faith

put

## PREFACE.

put into melodious Anthems that make Musick ravishing, no earthly Jubilation being comparable to It; It discovers the *Causes, Beginnings, Progresse, and End* of Things, It instructeth Youth, comforteth Age, graceth Prosperity, solaceth Adversity, pleaseth at Home, delighteth abroad, shortneth the Night, and refresheth the Day; No Star in the Sphear of *Wisdom* outshines It: Natural Philosophy hath not any thing in it which may satisfie the Soul, because that is created to something more excellent then all Nature; but this *Divine Rapture* chains the Minde with harmonious Precepts from a divine Influence, whose Operations are as subtle and resistlesse as the Influence of *Planets*; teaching Mortals to live as in the Sight of God, by whom the Coverts of the thickest Hypocrisie (that white Devil) are most cleerly seen thorough. Now 'tis *Judgement* begets the Strength, *Invention* the Ornaments of a Poem; both *These* joyn'd form *Wit*, which is the Agilitv of Spirits: Vivacity of *Fancie* in a florid Style disposeth Light and Life to a Poem, wherein the Masculine and refined Pleasures of the *Understanding* transcend the feminine and sensual of the *Eye*: From the Excellencie of *Fancie* proceed grateful Similies, apt Metaphors, &c. Sublime *Poets* are by Nature strengthened, by the Power of the Minde inflamed, and by divine Rapture inspired; They should have a plentiful stock to set up, and manage it artfully, their *Conceptions* should be choice, brief, perspicuous, well-habited. In Scripture *Moses, Job, David, Solomon*, and others, are famous for employing their Talents in this kinde. S. *Paul* likewise cited three of the Heathen *Poets* (whom he calls *Prophets*) as evident  
Con-



## PREFACE.

Convictions of *Vice*, and Demonstrations of *Divinity*.  
 viz. *Epimenides* to the Cretians. *Tit.* 1. 12. Κρήτες ἀλλ' ἴδετε  
 καὶ μέγα γαστέρας ὄντας. *Menander* to the Corinthians,  
 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. φθείρεται ἡ γὰρ ὁμιλία καὶ αἱ. And *Aratus* to  
 the Athenians. *Acts* 17. 28. Τὸ γὰρ γένος ἐοικέν. From these  
 Results I fell in love with our more divine and Christian  
*Poesie*, observing that in the Sayings and Writings of  
 our Blessed SAVIOUR and his *Disciples*, there are no lesse  
 than sixty Authorities produced from above fourty of  
*Dauids* Psalms. Hence from that *high Love*, which hath  
 no Weapons but fierie Rayes, my *Spirit* is struck into  
 a *Flame* to enter into the secret and sacred Rooms of  
*Theologie*, and, Reader, if thou wilt not prejudice thine  
 own Charity by miscrediting me, I dare professe, thou  
 wilt neither repent of thy Cost or Time in reviewing  
 these Intervall *Issues* of spiritual *Recreation*, which may  
 thus, happily, prove a pleasant Lure to thy pious Devo-  
 tion : May likewise thy Charity suggest to thy Belief,  
 that I have done my best to that End, and if thou think-  
 est that I have wanted *Salt* to preserve them to Posterity,  
 know that the very *Subject* It self is *Balsam* enough to  
 make them perpetual. Delightest thou in a *Heroick*  
*Poem*? If Actions of Magnanimity and Fidelitie ad-  
 vancing moral Vertue merit the Title of *Heroick*, much  
 more may THEOPHILA, a Combatant with the *World*,  
*Hell*, and her own *Corruptions*, gain an eternal LAUREL ;  
 Whose *Example* and *Precepts*, well follow'd, will with-  
 out Doubt bring Honour, Joy, Peace, Serenity, and  
 Hopes full of Confidence. The *Composer* hath extract-  
 ed out of the even Mixture of *Theorie* and *Action* this  
 cordial Water of saving *Wisdom*, by distilling Them  
 through



## P R E F A C E.

through the Limbeck of *PIETY*, whereof they drink to their *Souls Health*, who not only take it in, as parched Earth does Rain, but turn it into nourishment by a spiritual *Digestion*, being made like It *Divine*. This metrical *Discourse* of his serious Day, to which he was led by Instigation of *Conscience*, not Titillation of *Fame*, inoculates Grafts of *Reason* on the Stock of *Religion*, and would\* have all put upon this important *Consideration*, that the Life of *Nature* is given to seek the Life of *GRACE*, which bringeth us to the Life of *GLORIE*; the obtainment of *which* is his only *Aim*, being fully perswaded, that as every new Star gilds the Firmament, and encreaseth its first Glorie: So those, who are Instruments of the *Conversion* of Others, shall not only introduce new *Beauties*, but, when *Themselves* shine like other *Stars* in *GLORY*, they shall have some *Reflexions* from the Light of *Others*, to whose fixing in the Orb of *HEAVEN* they *Themselves* have been Instrumentall. He would not run thee out of Breath by long-winded *Strains*; for in a *Poem*, as in a *Prayer* 'tis Vigour not Length that crowns it; Οὐκ ἐστὶν μέγαλον δὲ δὲ, ἀλλ' ἐστὶν τὸ δὲ μέγα.

*Tadia ut Ambages pariant, nervosa Favorem  
Sic Brevitas; Labor est non brevis esse brevem.*

He wisheth it might be his Happinesse to meet with such *Readers*, as discern the Analogie of *Grounds*, as well as the Knowledge of the *Letter*, and have as well a *Systeme* of *Reason*, as the Understanding of *Words*: yea, such as have *Judgement* and *Affections* refin'd, and with *THEOPHILA* be *Love-sick* too, which Love is never  
more

## P R E F A C E.

more eloquent, than when ventilated in Sighs and Groans, HEAVENS delighted *Musick* being in the broken *Consort* of Hearts and Spirits, the Will there accepted for the Work, and the Desire for Desert. Behold here in an *Original* is presented an *Example* of Life, with Force of *Precepts*, happy who copy them out in their Actions! Indeed *Examples* and *Precepts* are as *Poems* and *Pictures*; for, as *Poems* are speaking *Pictures*, and *Pictures* are silent *Poems*: so *Example* is a silent *Precept*, and *Precept* a speaking *Example*: And as *Musick* is an audible Beauty, and *Beauty* a visible *Musick*: So *Precepts* are audible Sweets to the Wise, and *Examples* silent Harmony to the illiterate, who may unclasp and glance on these *Poems*, as on *Pictures* with Inadvertency; yet *He* who shall contribute to the Improvement of the *Author*, either by a prudent Detection of an *Errour*, or a sober Communication of an irrefragable *Truth*, deserves the venerable Esteem and Welcome of a good ANGEL; And *He* who by a candid Adherence unto, and a fruitful Participation of what is good and pious confirms *Him* therein, merits the honourable Entertainment of a faithful Friend: But he who shall traduce him in *Absence*, for what in *Presence* he would seem to applaud, incurs the double Guilt of *Flattery* and *Slander*; and he who wounds *Him* with ill *Reading* and *Misprision*, does *Execution* on *Him* before *Judgement*.

Now *He* who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, bring those to everlasting Life, who love the Way, and Truth in Sincerity!

# The severall Cantos.

The	Prælibation.	The	Recapitulation.
	Humiliation.		Translations.
	Restauration.		Abnegation.
	Inamoration.		Disincantation.
	Representation.		Segregation.
	Association.		Reinvitation.
	Contemplation		Termination.
	Admiration.		

Be pleased, Reader, first to correct these Typographical Errours.

*Acres circumfert centum licet Argus Ocellos,  
Non tamen errantes cernat ubiq; Typos.*

**A**T the bottom B 4. Line 20. Read *Ecstasies*, Pag. 1. Stanza 1. *Strains*. p. 54. St. 23. *Condescent*, p. 76. St. 71. *Unbounded*. p. 84. St. 25. *Thee*. p. 106. St. 86. *doth most*. 132. 31. *non*. p. 144. rectifie the Figures. p. 169. St. 60. *repurgat*. 173. 90, *eversis* 203. 82. *For*. 214. l. 12. *examines*. 217. l. 7. *splendet*. 239. 29. *didst*. 268. l. 25. *Nectare, &c.*

PNEUMATO-SARCO-MACHIA:  
OR  
THEOPHILAS'S Spiritual Warfare.



THE *Life* of a true CHRISTIAN is a continual *Conflict*; Each Act of the good Fight hath a Military Scene; and our Blessed SAVI-OUR coming like a *Man of War* commands in *Chief*, under the FATHER, who hath layed Help upon One that is Mighty, by anointing him with the Holy GHOST and with Power. This *World* is his pitched *Field*; his *Standard* the *Cross*; his *Colours* *Blood*; his *Armour* *Patience*; his *Battle* *Persecution*; his *Victory* *Death*; And in mystical DIVINITY his *two-handed Sword* is the *Word* and *Spirit*, which wounds and heals; and what is shed in this holy *War* is not *Blood* but *Love*; his *Trumpeters* are *Prophets* and *Preachers*; his *Menaces* *Mercies*; and his *Arrows* *Benefits*: When he offers HIMSELF to us, He then invades us; His great and small *Shot* are *Volies* of *Sighs* and *Groans*; when we are converted we are conquer'd; He binds when He embraceth us; In the *Cords* of *Love* He leads us *Captives*; and *kills* us into *Life*, when He *crucifies* the *Old*, and *quickens* in us the *New Man*. So then here is no *Death*, but of *inbred Corruptions*: No *Slaughter*, but of *carnal Affections*, which being *Mortified* the Soul becomes a *living Sacrifice*, holy and acceptable unto GOD.

B

WHEN





**W**HEN that great *Generalissimo* of all  
*Infernal Fanizaries* shall  
His *Legions* of *Temptations* raise, enroul,  
And muster Them 'gainst Thee, my Soul:  
And Ranks of *Pleasures, Profits, Honours* bring,  
To give a *Charge* on the *right Wing* :  
And place his dreadful *Troops* of deadly *Sins*.  
Upon the *Left*, with *murth'ring Gins* :  
And draw to his *main Bodie* thousand *Lusts*,  
And for *Reserve*, wherein he trusts,  
Shall specious *Sandities* *Brigade* provide,  
Whose *Leader* is spiritual *Pride* :  
And having treacherously laid his *Trains*  
In *Ambush*, under Hope of Gains  
By sinning, as so many *Scouts*, to finde  
Each *March* and *Posture* of thy Mind :  
Then, Soul, sound an *Alarm* to FAITH, and presse  
Thy *ZEAL* to be in Readinesse ;  
And leavie all thy *Faculties* to serve  
Thy CHIEFE. Take PRAY'R for thy *Reserve*  
Under the *Conduct* of his SPIRIT ; See  
Under the *Banner* that they be  
Of thy SALVATIONS CAPTAIN : Then be sure  
That all thy *Out-works* stand secure.  
Yet narrower look into th' *indenting Line*  
Of thy ambiguous *Thoughts* : Designe

With

10  
With constant Care a *Watch* o're every Part;  
Ev'n at thy *Cinque-ports*, and thy *Heart*  
Set Centinels: Let *FAITH* be *Captain* o're  
The *Life-Guard*, standing at the Dore  
Of thy well-warded *Breast*: Disloyal *Fear*  
That corresponds with *Guilt*, cashear.  
Nor let *Hypocrisie* sneak in and out  
Thy *Garrison*, with that *Spie*, *Doubt*.  
The *Watch-word* be *IMMANUEL*: Then set  
Strong *Parties* of thy *Tears*; and let  
Them still to *salie* forth prepared stand,  
And but expect the Souls *Command*;  
Waiting until a blest *Recruit* from *HIGH*  
Be sent, with *GRACES* free Supplie.

Thus where the *LORD* of Hosts the *Van* leads, there  
*Triumphant Palms* bring up the *Rere*.





TO MY *FANCIE* UPON *THEOPHILA*.



Ly, *FANCIE*; Beauties arched *Brow*,  
Darts, wing'd with Fire, thence sparkling flow.  
From Flash of Lightning *Eye-balls* turn;  
Contracted Beams of Chrystal burn.  
Wave *Curls*, which Wit *Gold-tresses* calls,  
That golden Fleece to Tinsel falls.



Vade Thou peach-bloom *Cheek-Decoies*,  
Where both the *Roses* blend false Joyes.  
Presse not the two-leav'd *Rubie Gates*,  
Which fence their *Pearl-Portcullis* Grates.  
Suck not the *Breath*, though it return  
Fragrant, as *Phœnix* spicie Urn.



Ock up thine *Ears*, and so disarm  
The Magick of inamoring *Charm*.  
The lily'd *Breasts* with Violets vein'd  
Are Flow'rs, as soon deflow'r'd as gain'd.  
*Love-locks*, Perfume, *Paint*, Spots dispraise;  
These by the Black-Art *Spirits* raise.



Arnish no Bristows with rich Mine,  
Glow-worms are Vermin, though they shine.  
Should one Love-knot All Lovelies tie,  
This One, These All, soon cloy and die.  
*Cupid*, as lame as blinde, being gone,  
Live One with HIM, WHO made Thee One.



Void exotick Pangs o'th' Brain,  
Nor let thy Margent blush a Stain.  
With artful Method Misc'line sow :  
May *Judgement* with *Invention* grow.  
*Profit* with *Pleasure* bring to th' Test,  
Be Oar refin'd, before imprest.



Assle *Forge* and *File*, be *Point* and *Edge*  
'Gainst what severest Browes alledge.  
Mix *Balm* with *Ink*; Let thy Salt heal :  
T'each *Palate* various *Manna* deal.  
Have for the *Wise* strong Sense, deep Truth :  
Grand-Sallet of choice Wit for *Youth*.



Ulll *Metaphors* well-weigh'd and clear,  
Enucle'ate *Mysteries* to th' Ear.  
Be *Wit* Stenography'd, yet free ;  
'Tis largest, in *Epitome*.  
Fly through *Arts* Heptarchie, be clad  
With Wings to *soar*, but not to *gad*.





Hy Pineons raise with mystick Fire,  
Sometimes 'bove high-roof't Sense aspire.  
So draw THEOPH'LA, that each Line,  
Centring in HEAV'N, may seem *Divine*.  
Her *Voice* soon fits Thee for that *Quire*;  
W'are cindred by *intrinsic* Fire.



Agnetick VIRTUE's in her *Brest*  
Impregn'd with GRACE, the noblest GUEST.  
Who in *LOVES Albo* are enrol'd,  
Unutterable Joyes behold.  
*Geographers* Earths Globe survey,  
*Fancie*, HEAV'N's Astrolabe display.



Ix hast thou view'd of *Europs* Courts,  
Soon, as *Idæas*, pass'd their Sports.  
Sense, canst thou *perse* and *construe* Blisse?  
Only SOULS sanctify'd know This.  
Then hackney not to *Toyes*, Lifes Span.  
The SAINTS Rere tops the *Courtiers* Van.



N *Hopes* Cell holy *Hermit* be:  
Let *Ecstacies* transfigure Thee.  
There, as *Truths* Champion, strive all Waies,  
To storm *LOVES* Towre with Hosts of Praise.  
Keep strong *Faiths* Court of Guard. The Stars  
March in *Batalia* to these *Wars*.



Ealous in *Pray'r* besiege the Skie,  
 Conquests are Crown'd by Constancie :  
 Stand Cen'tnell at the BRIDEGROOMS Gates ;  
 Who serve there, reign o're earthly States,  
 Rais'd on *Devotions* flaming Wings  
 Disdain the crakling *Blaze* of Things.



O Musick courts Spiritual Ears  
 Like high-tun'd *Anthems* ; This uprears  
 Thee, FANCIE, rapt through Mists of Fears,  
 And Clouds of Penitential Tears ;  
 Eagling 'bove transitory Sphears,  
 Till ev'n the INVISIBLE appears.



Ivor'd from past and present Toyes,  
 'Spouse *New Ierusalem's* future Joyes ;  
 Be Re-baptiz'd in Eye-dew-Fall,  
 Of All forgot, forget Thou All.

These Acts well kept, Commence, and prove  
 Professor in *Seraphick* LOVE.



A Friends *ECCHO* to his  
FANCIE upon *SACRATA*.

I.

**W**hen Fancie bright *SACRATA* courts,  
It is not with accustom'd Sports;  
'Tis not in prizing of her Eyes,  
To the Disvalue of the Skies;  
Nor robbing Gardens of their Hue,  
To give her flowrie Cheeks their Due.

II.

'Tis not in stripping of the Sea  
For Coral, to resign that Plea  
It hath to the Vermilion Die,  
If that her ruddy Lips be nigh,  
Or that I long to see them ope,  
As if I thence for Pearl did hope.

III.

Nor is't in promising my Ears  
Rather to her than to the Sphears;  
Or that a Smile of hers displays  
As much Content as *Phœbus* Rayes,  
Or that her Hand for Whitenesse shames  
The Down of Swans on Silver *Thames*.

IV.

Let such on these *Romances* dwell,  
Who do admire Loves Husk and Shell.  
Hark, wanton Fair-ones, all your Fawns  
Are Happinesse haplesse Pawns:  
With these alone the Mind does Flag;  
Beauty is oft the Soules Black Bag.

V.

Pure Flames that ravish with their Fire,  
Ascend unmeasurably Higher;  
Which after Search we find to be  
In Virtue linkt with Pietie.  
The Radiations of the Soul  
All Splendors of the Flesh controul.

VI.

Fond Sense, cry up a rosie Skin,  
*SACRATA* ro'y'd is within:  
But brighter *THEOPHIL* behold,  
Whole Vest is wrought with, urfled Gold.  
*LOVES* self in her his Flame embeams,  
*LOVES* sacrifice *ZEALS* Rapture seems.

VII.

Of Paradise before the Fall  
This Saint is Emblematical.  
Then, *Fancie*, give Her due Renown,  
She's Queen of Arts; This Book, her Crown.

*SACRATA* turns *CASTARA* unto us,  
And *BENLOVVES* (Anagramm'd) *BENEVOLUS*.

JER. COLLIER, *M. A.* and  
Fell. of *S. Johns Coll, Camb.*





*Non me Palma negata Macrum, data reddet Opimum.*

**A** Smooth clear *Vein* should have it Sourse  
From *Nature*, and have *Art* but Nurse:  
Which, though it *Men* at *Athens* feasts,  
May fight at *Ephesus* with *Beasts*.

**W** Its, rudely hal'd to *Momus* Bar,  
By braying *Beasts* condemned are.  
*Reason*! How many *Brutes* there be  
'Mong *Men*, 'cause not inform'd by *Thee*?

**V** *Ates* Pôet-Prophet is; If good,  
Alike both scorn'd, and understood.  
Though *Readers* Censure's *Writers* Fate,  
*Spleen* shan't contract, nor *Praise* dilate.

**O** R'clap, or *bisse*. The *Moon* sails round,  
Though bark'd at by each yelping Hound.  
The brighter Shee, the more they bark;  
But flumbring quetch not in the dark.

**D** Eign Him, Bright *Souls*, your piercing Glance,  
(*Arts* Foes are *Sons* of Ignorance)  
So, freed from *Nights* rude Overseers,  
The *POET* may be try'd by his *PEERS*.

A Verdict





A VERDICT FOR THE  
*Pious SACRIFICER.*

**T**O *shine*, and *light*, not *scorch*, thy MUSE did aim;  
And so hath rais'd this *Quintessential Flame*.

By th' *Salt*, and *Whiteness* of her Lines, We think  
With *holy Water* (Tears) She mixt her Ink;  
And both the *Fire* and *Food* of this chaste MUSE  
Is more what *Altars*, than what *Tables* use.

Who does not pray with *Zeal* thy FAITH may move,  
Rightly concentrick with thy HOPE and LOVE.

So, in the TEMPLE these Religious *Hosts*

From *Hecatombs* may rise to HOLOCAUSTS.

WALTER MONTAGUE,  
*Com. Manch. Filius.*

FOR



FOR THE AUTHOR,  
Truly Heroick,

By *BLOOD, VIRTUE, LEARNING.*

**S***Cholar, Commander, Traveller commixt;  
Schools, Camps, & Courts raise FAME, & make it fixt.  
Your Fame and Feet have Alps and Oceans past:  
Fam'd Feet! which Art can't raise, nor Envie blast.*

*Beaumont and Fletcher* coyn'd a golden *Way*,  
T' expresse, suspend, and passionate a *Play*.  
Nimble and pleasant are all *Motions* there,  
For two *Intelligences* rul'd the *Spheare*.

Both *Sock* and *Buskin* funk with *Them*, and then  
*Davenant* and *Denham* buoy'd them up agen.  
Beyond these *Pillars* Some think nothing is:  
Great *BRITAINS Wit* stands in a *Precipice*.

But, Sir, as though *HEAV'NS Streits* discover'd were,  
By Science of your Card, *UNKNOVVNS* appear:  
Sail then with *Prince of Wits*, illustrious *Dunne*,  
Who rapt *Earth* round with *Love*, and was its *Sun*.

But

But your *first Love* was pure: Whose ev'ry Dresse  
Is inter-tissu'd *Wit* and *Holinesse*;  
And mends upon It self; whose Streams (that meet  
With *Sands* and *Herberts*) grow more deep, more sweet.

I, wing'd with Joy, toth' *P R E L I B A T I O N* fly;  
Thence view I *Errours Trage-comedie*:  
With *T H E O P H I L* from *Fear* to *Faith* I rise,  
The mystick *Bridge*, twixt *Hell* and *Paradise*.

Hell scap't seems double *Heav'n*: *R E N E V V ' D*, with Bands  
Of *Pray'rs*, *Vows*, *Tears*, with *Eyes*, and *Knees*, and *Hands*,  
I see her cope with *HEAV'N*, and *HEAV'N* does thence,  
As in the *Baptists* *Dayes*, feel *Violence*.

But her ecstатick *S O N G S O F L O V E*, declare  
To *Jedidiah*, Shee's apparent *Heir*.  
Be those then next, The *S O N G O F S O N G S*. *LOVE* stiles  
Her *Fourth*, The *Second Book* of *C A N T I C L E S*.

But with what dreadfull yet delightful Tones  
She sings when *G L O R I F Y ' D*? Then, stingleffe Drones  
Are *Death* and *Hell*: *Joyes* *Crescent* then's encreast,  
To fullest *Lustre*, at her *B R I D A L F E A S T*.

*Sixth*, *Seventh*, and *Eighth* such *Banquets* frame would make  
*W I S D O M* turn *Cormorant*; my *Spirits* shake  
Ith' *Reading*. Soul of Joy! thy ravishing *Sprite*  
Draws *bedrid* *Mindes* to *longing* *Appetite*.

FAME, write with Gold on Diamond Pages; treat  
Upon the GLORIES of a Work so great.  
Be't then Enacted, that all Graces dwell  
In Thee, THEOPH'LA, Virtues Chronicle:

Who jemm'st it in JERUSALEM Above,  
Where all is GRACE and GLORY, LIGHT and LOVE.  
To That, UNPARALLEL, This comes so neer,  
That, 't is a Glimpse of HEAV'N to reade Thee here.

O, blest Ambition! Speculations high  
Enchariot Thee, *Elijah*-like, to th' SKIE!  
What State worth Envy, like Thy sweet Abode,  
That overtops the World, and mounts to GOD?

Walkt through your Eden Stanza's, you invite  
Our ravisht Souls to recre'ate with Delight,  
In Bow'r of compt Discourse: Great Verse, but Prose  
Such, None but our Great MASTER could compose.

For Bulk, an easie Folio is this All;  
Yet we a Volume may each Canto call,  
For Solid Matter: where we should consult  
On Paragraphs, mark what does thence result:

For, every Period's of DEVOTION Proof,  
And each Resolve is of concern'd Behoof.  
Peruse, Examine, Censure; o, how bright  
Does shine RELIGION, checquer'd with Delight!

C

Diffusive



Diffusive *Soul*! your *Spirit* was soaring, when  
This *Manna* dew'd from your *inspired* Pen.  
Such melting *Passions* of a *Soul* divine,  
Could They be cast in any Mould but *Thine*?

Wonder arrests our Thought; That you alone  
In such *Combustions*, wherein *Thousands* grone,  
(And when some Sparkles of the *publick* Flame  
Seiz'd on your *private* State, and scorcht the same)  
Could warble Thus. Steer Ships each *Pilot* may  
In *Calms*; but Who so can in *Stormie* Day  
May justly domineer. But what may daunt  
Him, who, like *Mermaids*, thus in *Storms* can chaunt?  
Grace crowns the *Suffring*, *Glory* the *Triumphing* SAINT.

TH. PESTILL, *Regi quondam à Sacris.*



HOSE LADIES, Sir, we VIRTUOSA's call,  
But *Copies* are to this ORIGINAL;  
Whose charming *Empire* of her GRACE does *Sense*  
Astonish by a SUPER-EXCELLENCE.  
And, like as *Midas* Touch made *Gold*: So, thus  
THEOPHILAS Touch may make THEOPHILUS.

*Zenxes* cull'd out *Perfections* of each sort  
For his *Pandora*; yet did All come short  
As far of This *Embellishment* as She  
Had been limn'd out in *Paintings* Infancie.  
For, Magisterial VIRTUE draws no Grace  
From Corp'ral *Limbs*, or *Features* of the Face.

Here Heav'n-born *SUADA's*, Star-like, gild each *Dresse*  
Of the BRIDE *Soul* espous'd to *HAPPINESSE*.  
Here *PIETIE* informs *Poetick* Art;  
As All in All, and all in every Part.

For All These dy'd not with fam'd *Cartwright*, though  
A *Score* of *Poets* joynd to have it so. T. BENLOWES. A.M.

A  
GLANCE  
AT  
THEOPHILA.

**W**Ho sacrific'd last? The hallow'd Air  
Seems all enfold with sweet Perfume,  
Which pleas'd *Heav'n* deigns to assume,  
The smiling Skie appeareth brightly fair;  
Was't not THEOPHILA's fam'd Sire,  
Say, sacred *Priest*, obtain'd the holy Fire  
To bless, and burn his *Victime* of sublime Desire?

Know, curious *Mortal*, this rare *Sacrifice*,  
Scarce known to our now-bedrid Age,  
Was got by *Zeal*, and holy *Rage*,  
And offer'd by *Benevolus* the *Wise*:  
For, speckled Craft, and a loose Fit  
Of aguish Knowledge, glim'ring Acts beget;  
Chast *Piety* bears Fruit to *Wisdom*, not to Wit.

No *Tigers* Whelp with Blood-besmeared Jaws,  
No Cub of *Bears*, lick't into Shape,  
No lustfull Ofspring of the *Ape*,  
No muskie *Panther* with close guileful Claws,  
No durtie grunting of the *Swine*,  
No *Lions* Whelp of ère so high Design,  
Is offer'd here: Keep off Unclean! Here's all *divine*.

The chosen Wood (as Harbinger to all  
Those future then, now passed Rites)  
Was *Laurel*, that Guards Lightning Frigths,  
The weeping *Firre*, sad *Yew* for Funeral,  
The lasting *Oak*, and joyful *Vine*,  
The fruitful *Fig-tree* Billets did consign;  
The peaceful *Olive* with cleft *Juniper* did joyn.

On Knees in Tears think *Altar'd* THEOPHIL,  
Incens't with sweet *Obedience*,  
Who makes LOVEs Life in Death commence,  
Scaling with Heart, Hands, Eyes, HEAV'NS lofty Hill:  
Her circled *Head* you might behold  
Was glorify'd with burnisht *Crown* of Gold,  
Emboist with *Gems*; embrac't by ANGELS manifold.

Thus in a fierie Chariot up SHE flies,  
Perfuming the forsaken Earth,  
(The Widwife *Orbs* do help her Birth)  
Into the *Glorie* of the HIERARCHIES.  
Where Ecstasies of *Foyes* do grow,  
Which they Themselves *eternally* do sow,  
But 'tis too high for Me to think, or Thee to know.

*Priests* thus by Hiroyphick Keyes  
Unlock their hidden *Mysteries*.

W. Dennie Baronet.

To

TO THE  
AUTHOR

Upon His  
Divine Poem.

**T**ill now I gues'd but blindly to what Height  
The *Muses* Eagles could maintain their flight!  
Though *Poets* are, like Eaglets, bred to soar,  
Gazing on Starrs at Heav'ns mysterious Pow'r,  
Yet I observe they quickly stoop to ease  
Their Wings, and pearch on Palace-Pinacles:  
From thence more usefully they Courts discern;  
The Schools where *Greatnesse* does Disguises learn;  
The Stages where *She* acts to vulgar sight  
Those Parts which States-men as her *Poets* write;  
Where none but those wise *Poets* may survey  
The private practise of her publick Play;  
Where *Kings*, Gods Counterfeits, reach but the Skill  
In study'd Sceans to act the *Godhead* ill:  
Where *Cowards*, smiling in their Closets, breed  
Those Wars which make the vain and furious bleed:  
Where Beauty playes not meerly Natures part,  
But is, like Pow'r, a Creature form'd by Art;

And



And, as at first, Pow'r by Consent was made,  
And those who form'd it did themselves invade:  
So harmlesse Beauty (which has now far more  
Injurious Force than States or Monarchs Power)  
Was by consent of Courts allow'd Arts Aid;  
By which themselves they to her Sway betray'd.  
Twas *Art*, not Nature, taught excessive Power;  
Which whom it lifts does favour or devour:  
Twas *Art* taught Beauty the imperial Skill  
Of ruling, not by Justice, but by Will.  
And, as successive *Kings* scarce seem to reign,  
Whilst lazily they Empires Weight sustain;  
Thinking because their Pow'r they Native call  
Therefore our Duty too is Naturall;  
And by presuming that we ought obay,  
They lose the craft and exercise of Sway:  
So, when at Court a native *Beauty* reigns  
O're Love's wilde Subjects, and Arts help disdains;  
When her presumptuous Sloth findes not why *Art*  
In Pow'r's grave Play does act the longest part;  
When, like proud Gentry, she does levell all  
Industrious Arts with Arts mechanicall;  
And vaunts of small inheritance no lesse  
Than new States boast of purchas'd Provinces;  
Whilst she does every other Homage scorn,  
But that to which by Nature she was born:

Thus

Thus when so heedlessly *She* Lovers swayes,  
As scarce she finds her Pow'r ere it decays;  
Which is her Beauty, and which unsupply'd  
By what wise Art would carefully provide,  
Is but Loves Lightning, and does hardly last  
Till we can say it was ere it be past;  
Soon then when *Beautie's* gone she turns her face,  
Asham'd of that which was erewhile her Grace;  
So, when a *Monarch's* gone, the Chair of State  
Is backward turn'd where He in Glory sate.

The secret Arts of *Love* and *Pow'r*; how these  
Rule Courts, and how those Courts rule Provinces,  
Have been the task of every noble *Muse*;  
Whose Aid of old nor Pow'r nor Love did use  
Meerly to make their lucky Conquests known  
(Though to the *Muse* they owe their first Renown;  
For *She* taught Time to speak, and ev'n to Fame,  
Who gives the Great their Names; *She* gave a Name)  
But they by studying Numbers rather knew  
To make those happy whom they did subdue.

Here let me shift my Sails! and higher bear  
My Course than that which moral Poets steer!  
For now (best *Poet*!) I Divine would be;  
And only can be so by studying Thee.  
Those whom thy Flights do lead shall pass no more (fore;  
Through darkning Clouds when they to *Heav'n* would

(d)

Nor

Nor in Ascent fear such excessse of Light  
As rather frustrates than maintains the Sight;  
For thou dost clear Heav'ns darkned Mysteries,  
And mak'st the Luster safe to weakeſt Eyes.  
Noiſeleſſe, as Planets move, thy *Numbers* flow,  
And ſoft as Lovers Whiſpers when they woo!  
Thy labourd *Thoughts* with Eaſe thou doſt diſpence,  
Clothing in Mayden Dreſſe a Manly Sence.  
And as in narrow Room *Elixir* lies;  
So in a little thou doſt much compriſe.  
Here fix thy *Pillars*! which as Marks ſhall be  
How far the Soul in *Heav'ns* diſcovery  
Can poſſibly advance; yet, whiſt they are  
Thy Trophies, they but warrant our Deſpair:  
For, humane *Excellence* hath this ill Fate  
That where it Vertue moſt doth elevate  
It bears the blot of being ſingular;  
And Envy blaſts that Fame it cannot ſhare:  
Ev'n good *Examples* may ſo Great be made  
As to *diſcourage* whom they ſhould *perſwade*.

WILL. DAVENANT.

TOWER, May 13<sup>th</sup>  
1652.

For the much Honoured *AUTHOR*.

**H**e winged *Intellect* once taught to fly  
By *Art* and *Reason*, may be bold to pry  
Into the Secrets of a wandring *Star*,  
Although its Motions be irregular:  
And from the Smiles and Glances that those bright  
*Corrivals* cast, that do embellish Night,  
Guesse darkly at, though not directly know,  
The various Changes that fall here below.  
And perching on the high'st *Perimeter*,  
May finde the Distances of every *Sphere*,  
Which in full *Orbs* do move, tunicled so  
That the lesse Spheres within the greater go,  
As Cell in Cell, spun by the dying Flie;  
Or Ball in Ball, turn'd in smooth *Ivorie*.  
Each hath a *Prince* circled upon a Throne,  
In a refulgent Habitation.  
Only the *Constellations* seem to be  
Like Nobles, in an *Aristocrasie*.  
Their *milkie Way* like *Innocence*, and thus  
Should all great Actions be Diaphanous.  
But the great *Monarch*, *Light*, disposes All:  
His Stores are Magazine, and Festivall:  
And by his Pow'r Earths *Epicyle* may  
Move in a silver *Sphere*, as well as They.  
Else, her poor little *Orb* appears to be  
A very Point to their Immensitie.  
Thus strung, like Beads, They on their *Centers* move;  
But the great *Center* of this All, is LOVE.

C 2

Though



Though the brute Creatures by the height of Sense  
Foretell their calm and boystrous *Influence*,  
Yet to finde out their *Motions* is *Mans* part,  
Not by the help of *Nature*, but of *Art*,  
Which rarifies the *Soul*, and makes it rise,  
And sees no farther than *that* gives it Eyes.  
And by that Prospect will directly tell  
What *Regions* stoop to every Parallel.  
Which *Cities* furred are with Snow, which lie  
Naked, and scorcht under *Heavns* Canopie.  
How *Men*, like Cloves stuck in an Orenge, stand  
Still upright, with their Feet upon the Land.  
And where the Seas oppos'd to us do flow,  
Yet quench they not that Heat where Spices grow.

It sees fair *Mornings* rising Neck beset  
With orient Jems, like a rich Carcanet.  
Who every Night doth send her Beams to spie  
In what dark Caves her golden Treasures lie :  
And there they brood and hatch the callow Race,  
Till they take wing, and fly in every place.

It sees the frozen *Firre* shrouding its Arms,  
While *Cocus* Trees are courted with blest Charms,  
That swell their pregnant Womb: whose Issue may  
Sweeten our *World*, but that they die by th' Way.

It sees the *Seasons* lying at the Door,  
Some warm and wanton, and some cold and poor ;  
And knows from whence they come, both foul & fair,  
And from their Presence *gilds*, or *soils* the Air.

It sees plain *Natures* Face, how rude it looks  
Till it be polished by *Men* and *Books* ;  
And most of her dark *Secrets* can discover  
To open View of an industrious *Lover*.

What


What ever under *Heav'n's* great *Throne* we prize  
Or value, in *Arts* Chamber-practise lies.  
But when before the ALMIGHTY JUDGE he come  
To speak of HIM, my *Oratour* is dumb.

Go then, thou silent *Soul*, present thy Plea  
By the fair *Hand* of sweet THEOPHILA.  
Haply thy harsh and broken *Strains* may rise  
In the *Perfume* of her sweet *Sacrifice* :  
And if by this *Accesse* thou find'st a Way  
To th' highest THRONE, alas! what canst thou say?  
What can the *Bubble* (though its *Breath* it bring  
Upon the gliding *Stream*) say of the *Spring*?  
Can the proud painted *Flow'r* boast that it knows  
The *Root* that bears it, and whereon it grows?  
Or can the crawling *Worm*, though ne're so stout,  
With its *Meandrings* finde the *Center* out?  
Can INFINITE be measur'd by a *Span*?  
And what art thou, lesse than all these, ô *Man*?  
*Man* is a thing of nought! yet from ABOVE  
There beams upon his *Soul* such *Raies* of LOVE,  
As may discover by *Faith's* Optick, where  
The burning *Bush* is, though not see HIM there.  
The meekest *Man* on Earth did only see  
His *Shadow* shining there, it was not HE.  
And if that great *Soul*, who with holy Flame,  
And ravisht Spirit to the *Third Heav'n* came,  
Saw *Things* unutterable, What can We  
Expresse of those *Things* that we ne're did see?  
The Senses strongest *Pillars* cannot bear  
The Weight of the least grain of GLORY there.  
No more then where to bound, or comprehend  
INFINITIE, they can *Begin*, or *End*. C 3 Since

Since then the *Soul* is circumscrib'd within  
The narrow Limits of a tender Skin ;  
Let us be Babes in Innocence, and grow  
Strong *upwards*, and more weak to things *below*.  
By sacred Chymistrie, the *Spirit* must  
Ascend and leave the Sediment to Dust.

This *Cordial* is distilled from the *Eyes*,  
And we must sprinkle it on th' *Sacrifice* :  
Offered ith *Virtue* of THEOPH'LAS *Name*,  
Which must be to it *Holocaust* and *Flame*.  
Then, wing'd with *Zeal*, we may aspire to see  
The hallow'd *Oracles* exprest by THEE,  
Who art *LOVES Flamen*, and with Holy *Fire*  
Refin't thy *Muse*, to make her mount the *Higher*.  
ARTH. WILSON.

For the Renowned COMPOSER.

 POETS Ashes need nor *Brass*, nor *Stone*  
To be their Ward-robe ; Since his *Name* alone  
Shall stand both *Brass* and *Marble* to the Tomb.  
Nor doth he want the *Cere-cloths* balmy Womb  
T' enwrap his Dust, until his drowzie *Clay*  
Again enliv'ned by an active Ray,  
Shot from the last Day's Fire, shall wake, and rise,  
Attir'd with *Light*. No ; When a POET diés,  
His *Sheets* alone winde up his *Earth*, They'l be  
Instead of *Mourner*, *Tomb*, and *Obsequie* ;  
And to *embalm* It, his own *Ink* he takes :  
*Gumme Arabick* the richest *Mummy* makes.

Then,

18  
Then, Sir, You need no *Obelisk*, that may  
Seclude your *Asbes* from *Plebeian Clay*.  
For, from your *Mine of Fancie*, now we see  
Y' have digg'd so many *fems of Poesie*,  
That out of them you raise a glorious *Shrine*,  
In which your ever-blooming *Name* will shine;  
Free from th' *Eclipse of Age*, and *Clouds of Rust*,  
Which are the *Moths* to other common *Dust*.

Then, could we now collect th' all worshipt *Oar*,  
With which kinde *Nature* paves the *Indian Shore*;  
And gather to one masse that *Stock of Spice*,  
Which copies out afresh old *Paradise*,  
And in the *Phoenix* od'rous *Nest* is pent,  
All would fall short of *This rich Monument*.

About the *Surface* of whose *Verge*, You stick  
So many fragrant *Flow'rs of Rhetorick*,  
That *Lovers* shall approach in *Throngs*, and seek  
With their rich *Leaves* t' adorn each *Beauties Cheek*;  
So that, these sacred *Trophies* will become  
In *After-times* your *Altar*, not your *Tomb*.  
To which the *Poets* shall in well-drest *Laies*,  
Offer their *Victimes*, with a *Grove of Bayes*.

For here among these *Leaves*, no speckled *Snake*,  
Or *Viper* doth his *Bed of Venom* make:  
No *Lust-burnt Goat*, nor looser *Satyr* weaves  
His *Cabin* out, among these spotlesse *Leaves*.

A *Virgin* here may safely dart her *Eye*,  
And yet not blush for *Fear*, lest any by  
Should see Her read. These *Pages* do dispence  
A *Julep*, which so charms the *Itch of Sense*,  
That we are forc't to think your guiltlesse *Quill*  
Did, with its *Ink*, the *Turtles Blood* distill. T. Philipot.



Pietatis, Poeticæsq; Cultori.

**I**gne cales tali, quali cum Nuncius Ora  
Seraphicus sacro tetigit Carbone Prophetæ.  
Macte DEI plenum Pectus; Te his dedito Flammis,  
Sancte Poetarum Phoenix! Reparabilis Ignis  
Te roret hîc Totum; Quo plus consumeris Illo,  
Hoc magis Æterno Tu consummaberis Ævo.

INCIPE Censurâ major, qui Fonte Camænas  
Idalias tingis casto; Tua Metra Sionem  
Parnasso jungunt celebri; tam digna Lituris  
Nulla canis, quàm sunt omni dignissima Laude.  
THEIOPHILAM resonare docens Modulamine diam,  
Impia priscorum lustrâsti Carmina Vatum.

PERGE beatifico correptus NUMINE, PERGE,  
Vivida felici fundendo Poemata Flatu,  
Pectore digna tuo, COELI penetrare Recessus:  
Et quæ densa tegit Nubes Myſteria claro  
Lumine perlustra, solito non concite Pleſtro,  
Quælibet altifono prosterne Piacula Versu.

PERFICE, terrenum transcende, POETA, Cacumen:  
Converſus converte Vagos; Quos decipit Error  
Incautos, Meliora doce; Britonesq; bilingues  
Lingua fac erudiat Britonum, ſit quanta ſuperbi  
Pectoris Ambitio & Veri Caligo; Camænis  
Subdola veſani depinge Sophiſmata Sêcli.

JO. GAUDENTIUS. S. T. D.

19  
In Sanctos THEOPHILÆ Amores.

**V**ix mihi Te vidisse semel concessit Apollo,  
Inq; tuo pictam Carmine THEIOPHILAM :  
Quum gemino Ipse miser, sed fortunatus AMORE  
Deperii; dubius sic Ego factus Amans.  
Cur Dubius? Fallor. Nam, quamvis partibus æquis,  
Igne simul duplici me novus urat Amor,  
Afficitur tamen Objecto, atq; unitur in uno,  
Totaq; divisis una Favilla manet.  
Ne, Lector, mirere; Novum est. Sed protinus Ignem,  
Si sine felle legas, experiere meos.  
THEIOPHILA! In cunctis Præcellentissima Nymphis;  
Nominis ad Famam quot Tibi Corda cadent!  
Corporis, Ingeniiq; Bonis dotata triumphas,  
Binaq; cum summa Laude, Trophæa geris.  
DOCTE, Tibi æternæ quales Spectacula Chartæ,  
Quotq; Illi efficient Pagina docta Procos!  
Sexus uterq; pari, visâ HAC, ardebit Amore;  
HACq; frui ex æquo Sexus uterq; volet.  
Ne vereare tamen, Cuncti licet Oscula figant  
THEIOPHILÆ, ne sit casta, vel una TIBI.  
Famæ Ejus nil detrahatur si publica fiat;  
Hanc ut ament Omnes, Nil Tibi, AMICE, perit.  
Tu solus DOMINA dignus censeberis Illâ,  
ILLAM qui solus pingere dignus eras.

P. de CARDONEL.

In

In celeberrimam THEOPHILAM, feliciter elucubratam.

**A** Nne novi, veterisve prius Monumenta revolvam  
Ingenii? & Tragicos superantia Scripta Cothurnos,  
Atq; Sophocleis numerari digna Triumphis?

Quàm bene vivificis depingitur Artibus ECHO?  
Quàm bene monstriferas Vitiorum discutis Hydras?  
Carminibusq; doces quantum peccaverit Ævum?  
Quanta Polucephalis repserunt Agmina Sectis?  
SPHINGE THEOLOGICA quæ dia Poemata pangis?  
Mira & Vera canens, nodosa Ænigmata solvis.

Nec vitæ pars ulla perit, nec transigis unam  
Ingratam sine Luce Diem; dum pervigil Artes  
Exantlas, avidisq; bibis Permessida Labris.

Famq; velut primo Phœnix revocatus Eoo,  
Apparet nostris nova Sponsa THEOPHILA Terris.  
Illius è roseis flammatur Purpura malis;  
Et Gemmis Lux major adest, & blandius Aurum  
A Calamo, BENLOSE, tuo; dum Dotibus amplis  
Excolis, Ingeniique Opibus melioribus ornas.  
Lactea Ripheas præcellunt Colla Pruinas;  
Fronte Decor radiat, sanctoq; Modestia Vultu;  
Suada verecundis & Gratia plena Labellis  
Assidet, & casti Mores imitata Poetæ,  
Te Moderatorem fufis amplectitur Ulnis.

Hicce Triumphatrix decorata THEOPHILA Gemmis,  
Celsior assurgit, Mundumq; nitentior intrat  
Virgineis comitata Choris; QUAM Tramite longo  
Agmina Cecropiis stipant Heliconia Turmis.

Non aliter quoties adremigat Æquoris Undas  
Frænatis Neptunus Equis, fluit ocyus Antris  
Nereidum Gens tota suis, Dominumq; salutant,  
Blandula cæruleo figentes Oscula Collo.

P. F.

Qui Virtutes THEOHILÆ prædicat, Religioni non Gloriæ  
studeat. Noverim Te, DOMINE, noverim me!

**L** Audis in Oceano me submersistis, Amici;  
Maxima pars Decoris me, nihil esse, patet.  
Laus, famulare DEO, submissi Victima Cordis  
Est Hecatombæis anteferenda Sacris.

CHRISTE, meæ da par ut sit mea Vita Camænæ;  
Sim neq. Laus Aliis prodiga, parca TIBI.

Ore-come me not with your Perfumes, ô Friends!

My greatest Worth, to shew I'm nothing, tends.

Praise, wait on HEAV'N. Th' Host of an humble Heart  
Excels the sacred Hecatombs of Art.

Grant, LORD, my Life may parallel my Layes!

They me too much, I THEE too little, praise.

## IN DIVINOS POETAS.

**S** ANCTO SANCTA COLUMBA Musa Vati.

Parnassus superæ CACUMEN ÆTHRÆ.

CHRISTI GRATIA Pegasus supremus.

Vati Castalis Unda DIUS IMBER.

Pennam dat SERAPHIN suis ab Alis.

AGNI scribitur Optimi CRUORE.

Vati Bibliotheca SPHERA COELI.

VITÆ è CODICE fanerans Medullam,

Internos penetrat POLI RECESSUS.

O, CONAMINA fructuosiora!

O, SOLAMINA delicatiora!

Per Quæ creditur ANGELUS Poeta,

PATRONUSq; pio DEUS Poetæ!

ON

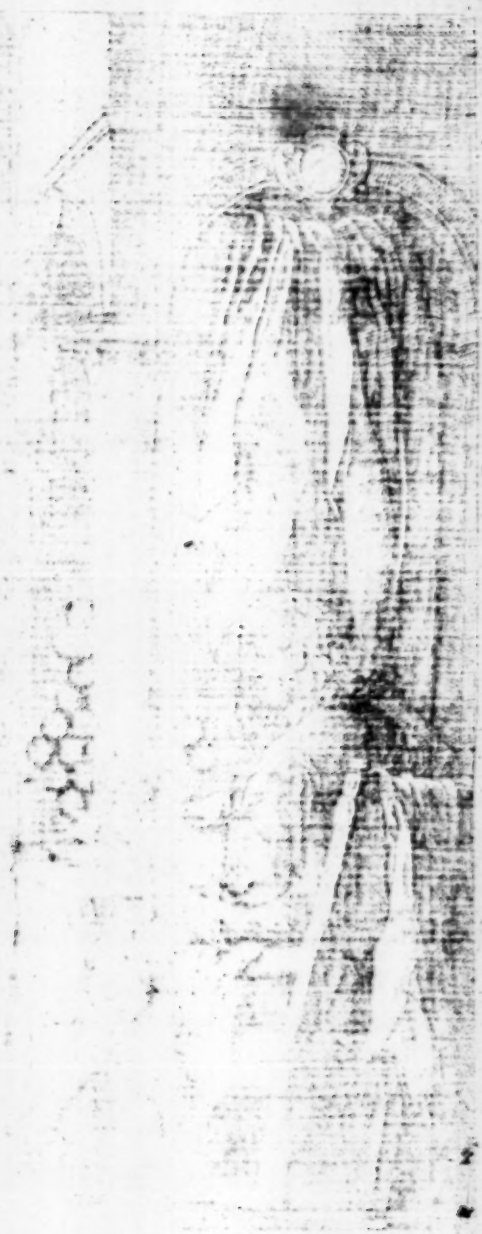


## ON DIVINE POETS.

**A** Hallow'd Poets Muse is Th' HOLY DOVE.  
 Parnassus th' EMPYREAN HEIGHT Above.  
 His lofty-soaring Pegasus CHRIST'S LOVE.  
 HEAV'NS Shoure of GRACE is his Castalian Spring.  
 A SERAPHIN lends Pen from his own Wing.  
 His Ink is of the best LAMBS purple Die.  
 To Him HEAV'NS SPHERE is a vast Librarie.  
 Rais'd by th' Advantage of th' ETERNAL BOOK,  
 His piercing Eye ev'n into HEAV'N does look.  
 O, what ENDEAVORS can more fruitful be!  
 What COMFORTS can we more delightful see!  
 By which the Poet we an ANGEL deem;  
 Yea, GOD to's sacred Muse does PATRON seem.

### *Ergo brevi stringam COELESTIA Cantu.*

**A** Iiming to *profit* as to *please*, We bring  
 No usual Hawk to try her Wing.  
 Come, come THEOPH'LA, fresh as May:  
 Hark how the Falkner lures! This is *Loves Holy-Day*.  
 Her stretch is for Devotions Quarrie, which  
 Mounts up her Zeal to Eagle-pitch:  
 Cheer Thou her present tim'rous Flight, (Height.  
 Whil'st She thus cuts with Wing the driving Rack of  
 From thence, 'bove sparkling Stars, She'l spritely move,  
 Her Plumes of *Faith* being prun'd by *Love*.  
 As GRACE shall ymp her Pineon, more,  
 Or less, she will, or flag, or 'bove what's mortal, soar.  
THE





1

The Author musing here survey,  
 How He may TÆDIOUS portray:  
 Where Others Art surpass you find,  
 They draw the Body, & the Mind.  
 The World's beneath his Foot; while SHEE  
 HEAV'N, by the Heav'nly Sphere, does see:  
 A CROWN is reacht HER from the SAGES,  
 Up with his BOOK an Eagle flies.

THE  
PRELIBATION  
To the  
SACRIFICE.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

*Spes alit occiduas qui Sublunaribus hæret ;  
Rivales JESUS non in Amore finit.  
Quid mihi non sapiat Terrâ, mihi dum sapit ÆTHER ?  
Sed sapiet, sapias nî mihi, CHRISTE, nihil.*

Awake, Arise, Loves Steersman, and first tast  
Delight ; Sound That ; ere Anchor's cast  
On Joy ; stere hence a pray'rful Course to HEAV'N at last.

STANZA I.

**M**ight Souls converse with Souls, by ANGEL-way,  
Enfranchis'd from their pris'ning Clay,  
What STRIANS by INTUITION, would They then

II.

(convay !

But, *Spirits*, sublim'd too fast, evap'rate may,  
Without some interpos'd Allay ;  
And *Notions*, subtiliz'd too thin, exhale away.

III.

The *Gold* (Sols Child) when in Earths Womb it lay  
As *precious* was, though not so gay,  
As, when refin'd, it doth *It self* abroad display.

D

Mount,



## IV.

Mount, *Fancie*, then through *Orbs* to *GLORIES* Sphere;  
 (Wilde is the Course that ends not there : )  
 You, who are *VIRTUES Friends*, lend to her *Tongue* an *Ear*.

## V.

Let not the wanton *Love-fights*, which may rise  
 From vocal *Fifes*, Flame-darting *Eyes*,  
 (Beauties Munition) Hearts w<sup>th</sup> *Wounds* unseen surprize :

## VI.

Whose *Basilisk-like* Glances taint the Air  
 Of *VIRGIN* purenesse, and ensnare (hair.  
 Entangled *Thoughts* i'th' Trammels of their Ambush-

## VII.

*Loves* *Captive* view, who's Daies in warm *Frosts* spends;  
 On's *Idol* dotes, to *Wit* pretends;  
 Writes, blots, & rends ; nor heeds where he *begins* or *ends*.

## VIII.

His *Stock* of *Verse* in *Comick* *Fragments* lies :  
 Higher than *Ten'riffs* *Pique* He flies :  
*Sols* but a *spark* ; Thou *outray'st* all *Diamonds* of the *Skies*.

## IX.

*Victorious* *Flames* glow from thy brighter *EYE* ;  
 Cloud those *win-lightning* *ORBS* (They'l frie  
*An ice-vein'd* *Monk*) cloud *Them*, or, *PLANET-struck*, I die.

## X.

*Indians*, pierce *Rocks* for *Gems* ; *Negro's*, the *Brine*  
 For *Pearls* ; *Tartars*, to hunt combine  
 For *Sables* ; Consecrate all *Off'rings* at *HER SHRINE*.

## XI.

*Crouch low*. -O, *Vermeil-tindur'd* *CHEEK* ! for, thence  
 The *Organs* to my *Optick* *Sense*  
 Are dazled at the *Blaze* of so bright *ANGELENCE*.

Does

XII.

Does Troy-bane *Hellen* (Friend) with *ANGELS* share?  
All Lawlesse Passions *Idols* are:  
Frequent are *fuc'd Cheeks*; The *Virtuosa's* rare:

XIII.

A *Truth* authentick. Let not skin-deep white  
And red, perplex the nobler *Light*  
O'th' *Intellect*; nor mask the *Souls* clear piercing *Sight*.

XIV.

Burn *Odes*, Lufts *Paperplots*; Fly *Playes*, its *Flame*;  
Shun guileful *Courtisms*; Forge for Shame  
No Chains; *Lip-traffick*, and *Eye-dialogues* disclaim.

XV.

Hark how the frothy, empty *Heads* within  
Roar and carouse i'th' *jovial Sin*,  
Amidst the wilde *Levalto's* on their merry *Pin*!

XVI.

Drain dry the ranfackt *Cellars*, and resign  
Your *Reason* up to *Riot*, joyn  
Your *Fleet*, & sail by *Sugar-rocks* through *Flcods* of *Wine*:

XVII.

Send *Care* to dead *Sea* of *Phlegmattick Age*;  
Ride without Bit your restive *Rage*;  
And act your Revel-rout *Thus* on the tipling Stage.

XVIII.

*Swell us a lustie BRIMMER*, -more, -till most;  
So *Vast*, that none may spie the *Coast*:  
*Wee'l down with ALL*, though therein sail'd *LEPANTO'S Host*:

XIX.

*Top and Top-gallant hoise*; We will out-rore  
The bellowing *Storms*, though *shipwrackt* more  
*Healths are*, than temptingst *Syrens* did inchant of yore

## XX.

Each Gallon breeds a Ruby; -Drawer, score 'um;  
 Cheeks dy'd in Claret seem o'th' Quorum, (fore'um.  
 When our Nose-carbuncles, like Link-boyes, blaze be-

## XXI.

Such are their Ranting Catches to unsoul,  
 And out-law Man; They stagger, rowl, (Bowl.  
 Their feet indent, their Sense being drunk with Circes

## XXII.

Intombed Souls! Why rot ye thus alive,  
 Melting your Salt to Lees: and strive (deprive.  
 To strangle Nature, and hatch Death: Healths, Health

## XXIII.

The finlesse Herd loaths your Sense-stifling Streams,  
 When long Spits point your Tale: Ye Breams  
 In Wine and Sleep, your PRINCES are but Fumes, and

## XXIV.

(Drean.s.

I'd rather be preserv'd in Brine, than rot  
 In Nectar. Now to Dice they're got:  
 Their Tables snare in both; Then what can be their Shot:

## XXV.

Yet Blades will throw at All, fans Fear, or Wit;  
 Oarb, black the Night when Dice do'nt hit;  
 When Winners lose at Play, can Losers win by it?

## XXVI.

Egypt's Spermatick Nurse, when her spread Floor  
 Is flow'd 'bove sev'nteen Cubits ore,  
 Breeds Dearth: And Spend-thrifts waste, when they en-

## XXVII.

(flame the Score.

Tell me, ye pybald Butterflies, who poise  
 Extrinsick with intrinsick Joyes;  
 What gain ye from such short-liv'd, fruitless, empty Toys?

Ye

XXVIII.

Ye *Fools*, who barter *Gold* for *Trash*, report,  
Can *Fire* in *Pictures* warm? Can *Sport*  
That *stings*, the mock-sense fill? How low's your *HEAV'N*!

XXIX.

(how short!

Go, chaffer *BLISSE* for *Pleasure*, which is had  
More by the *Beast*, than *Man*; the *Bad*  
Swim in their *Mirth*: (*CHRIST* wept, nere laught) The

XXX.

(*Best* are sad.

*Brutes* covet nought but what's *terrene*; *HEAV'NS Quire*  
Do in eternal *Joyes* conspire;  
*Man* 'twixt them *Both* does intermediate *Things* desire.

XXXI.

Had we no *Bodies*, we were *ANGELS*; and  
Had we no *Souls*, we were unmann'd  
To *Beasts*: *Brutes* are all *Flesh*, all *Spirit* the *Heav'nly*

XXXII.

*BAND.*

At first *GOD* made them *One* thus, by subjecting  
The *Sense* to *Reason*; and directing  
The *Appetite* by th' *Spirit*: But *Sin* by infecting

XXXIII.

*Mans* free-born *Will*, so shatters *Them*; that *They*  
At present nor cohabite may  
Without *Regret*, nor without *Grief* depart away.

XXXIV.

Go, cheating *World*, that dancest ore thy *Thorns*;  
Lov'st what undoes; hat'st what adorns:  
Go, idolize thy *Vice*, and *VIRTUE* load with *Scorns*.

XXXV.

Thy luscious *Cup*, more deadly then *Asps* *Gall*,  
Empoyf'neth *Souls* for *Hell*: Thou all  
Times *Mortalls* dost enchant with thy delusive *Call*.



## XXXVI.

*Who steals from Time, Time steals from him the Prey:*  
*Pastimes passe Time, passe HEAVN away:*  
*Few like the blessed Thief do steal SALVATIONS Day.*

## XXXVII.

*Fools rifle Times rich Lott'rie: Who mispend*  
*Lifes peerlesse Gemme, alive descend;*  
*And Antidate with Stings their never-ending End.*

## XXXVIII.

*Whose vast Desires engrosse the boundlesse Land*  
*By Fraud, or Force; Like Spiders stand,*  
*Squeezing small Flies; Such are their Nets, & such their*

## XXXIX.

*When Nimrods Vulture-Talons par'd shall be,*  
*Their Houses Name soon chang'd you'l see;*  
*For their Bethesda shall be turn'd to Bethanie.*

## XL.

*Better destroy'd by Law, than rul'd by Will;*  
*What Salves can cure, if Balsams kill?*  
*That Good is worst that does degenerate to Ill.*

## XLI.

*Had not GOD left the BEST within the Power*  
*Of Persecutors, who devoure;*  
*We had nor MARTYRS had, nor yet a SAVIOUR.*

## XLII.

*SAINTS melt as Wax, Fools-clay grows hard at Cries*  
*Of that scarce-breathing Corse, who lies*  
*With dry Teeth, meager Cheeks, thin Maw, & hollow Eyes.*

## XLIII.

*GOD made Life; Give't to Man; By opening Veins,*  
*Death's fluc'd out, and Pleuretick Pains:*  
*Make GOD thy Pattern, Cure thy self, Alms are best gains.*

XLIV.

HEAV'NS GLORIE to atchieve, what scantling *Span*  
 Hath the frail Pilgrimage of *Man*!  
 Which *sets*, when *risen*; *ends*, when it but now *began*.

XLV.

Who fight with *outward* Lusts, win *inward* Peace;  
*Judgements* against *Self-Judges* cease:  
 Who face their *Cloaks* with *Zeal* do but their *Woes* in-

XLVI.

(crease.

The *Mighty*, mighty *Torments* shall endure,  
 If impious: *Hell* admits no *Cure*.  
 The best *Securitie* is ne're to be *secure*.

XLVII.

*Oaks*, that dare grapple with HEAV'NS Thunder sink  
 All shiver'd; *Coals* that scorch do shrink  
 To *Ashes*; Vap'ring *Snuffs* expire in noysom *Stink*.

XLVIII.

*Time*, strip the writhel'd *Witch*; Pluck the black *Bags*  
 From off *Sins* grizly *Scalp*; the *Hags*  
 Plague-sores shew then more loathsom than her leprous

XLIX.

(Rags.

'Twas *She* slew guiltlesse *Naboth*; 't was she curl'd  
 The painted *Jezabel*; she hurl'd  
*Realms* from their Center; She unhing'd the new-fram'd

L.

(World.

Blest then who shall her dash 'gainst *Rocks*; (her *Grones*,  
 Our *Mirth*) and wash the bloody *Stones*  
 With her own cursed *Gore*; repave them with her *Bones*.

LI.

By *Salique* Law She should not *reign*: Storms swell  
 By her, which *Halcyon* *Dayes* dispell: (dwell.  
 Nought's left that's good where she in Souls possess'd does  
 'Twas

## LII.

'Twas her *Excesse* bred *Plagues*! *Infecting* Stars,  
*Infesting* Dearth, *Intestine* Wars (Jars.  
 Surfeit with *Graves* the Earth, 'mongst *Living* making

## LIII.

My *Soul*, enlabyrinth'd in *Grief*, spend Years  
 In *Sackcloth*, chamleted with *Tears*,  
 Retir'd to Rocks dark entrals, court *unwitnest* Fears.

## LIV.

There passe with *Heraclete* a gentler Age,  
 Free from the sad ACCOUNT of *Rage*,  
 That acts the toilsome *World* on its *tumultuous* Stage.

## LV.

There sweet RELIGION strings, and tunes, and skrues  
 The *Souls Theorb'*, and doth infuse  
 Grave *Dorick Epods* in th' *Enthusiastick* MUSE.

## LVI.

There LOVE turns trumpets into *Harp*s, which call  
 Off *Sieges* from the *gun-shot* Wall;  
 Alluring them to HEAV'N, her *Seat Imperial*.

## LVII.

Thence came our *joy*, and Thence HYMNS eas'd our  
 Of which th' *ANGELICAL* was chief; (*Grief*;  
*Glory to GOD*; *Earth Peace*; *Good Will for Mans Relief*.

## LVIII.

Quills, pluckt from *Venus* Doves, impresse but shame:  
 Then, give your Rimes to *Vulcans* Flame;  
 Hee'l elevate your *badger* Feet: He's free, though *lame*.

## LIX.

*Things* fall, and *Nothings* rise! Old VIRTUE fram'd  
 Honour for WISDOM: WISDOM fam'd  
 Old VIRTUE: Such *Times* were! Wealth then *Arts* Page  
 (was nam'd

LX.

*Lambeth* was *Oxfords Whetstone*: Yet above  
*Preferments* Pinnacle they move,  
 Who string the *Universe*, and bracelet It for LOVE.

LXI.

*Virtues* magnifick *Orb* inflames their *Zeal*;  
 By high-raisd *ANTHEMS* *Plagues* they heal;  
 And threefork'd *Thunders* in *HEAVNS* outstretcht Arm

LXII.

(repeal.

Shall *Larks* with shrill-chirpt *Mattens* rouze from Bed  
 Of curtain'd Night *Sols* orient Head: (Lead:  
 And shall quick *Souls* lie numb'd, as wrapt in Sheets of

LXIII.

*Awake* from slumbring *Lethargie*; The gay  
 And circling *Charioter* of *Day*, (Stay.  
 In's Progress through the *azure Fields* sees, checks our

LXIV.

*Arise*; and rising, emulate the rare  
 Industrious *Spinners*, who with fair  
 Embroid'ries checker-work the Chambers of the *Air*.

LXV.

*Ascend*; *Sol* does on *Hills* his *Gold* display,  
 And, scatt'ring *Sweets*, does spice the *Day*,  
 And shoots delight through *Nature* with each arrow'd

LXVI.

(Ray.

The *Opal-colour'd Dawns* raise *Fancie* high;  
*Hymns* ravish those who *Pulpet's* fly;  
 Convert dull *Lead* to active *Gold* by LOVE-CHYMIE.

LXVII.

As *Natures* prime *Confectioner*, the *Bee*,  
 By her Flow'r-nibbling *Chymistrie*,  
 Turns *Vert* to *Or*: So, *VERSE* gross *Prose* does rarifie.

Powers



## The Prelibation

## LXVIII

*Pow'rs* cannot *Poets*, as *They Pow'rs* up-buoy;  
 Whose Soul-enliv'ning *Charms* Decoy  
 Each wrinkled *Care* to the *Pacifick Sea* of Joy.

## LXIX.

As, where from *Jewels* sparkling Lustre darts,  
 Those *Rays* enstarre the duskie Parts:  
 So, *Beams* of *Poesie* give Light, Life, Soul to *Arts*.

## LXX.

Rich *POESIE*! Thy more irradiant *Gems*  
 Give Splendor unto *DIADEMS*,  
 And with coruscant *Rays* emblazeft *HONOURS* Stems.

## LXXI.

Thee *MUSE* (*Arts* ambient Air, *Inventions* Door,  
 The Stage of *Wits*) both *Rich* and *Poor*  
 Do COURT.-A *PRINCE* may glory to become thy *WOOR*.

## LXXII.

*POETS* ly'entomb'd by *KINGS*. *Arts* Gums dispence;  
 By *Rumination* bruif'd, are thence (Sense.  
 By *VERSE* so fir'd, that their *Perfume* *ENHEAV'NS* the

## LXXIII.

Its *The'ory* makes All wiser, yet Few better;  
*Pradise* is Spirit, *Art* the Letter;  
*Use* artlesse doth enlarge, *Art* uselesse does but fetter.

## LXXIV.

Sharp *Sentences* are Goads to make Deeds go;  
 Good *Works* are *Males*, *Words* *Females* show:  
 Whose *Lives* act *Presidents*, prevent the *Laws*, and *Do*.

## LXXV.

So far We know, as we obey *GOD*; and  
 He counts We leave not his Command,  
 When as our *Interludes* but 'twixt our *Acts* do stand.

Honours

LXXVI.

Honours brave Soul is in that Body shrin'd,  
Which floats not with each giddy Winde,  
(Fickle as Courtly Dress) but WISDOMS Sea does find:

LXXVII.

Steering by GRACES Pole-star, which is fast  
In th' APOSTOLICK Zodiack plac't,  
Whose Course at first four EVANGELICK Pilots trac't:

LXXVIII.

The THEANTHROPICK WORD; That mystick Glasse  
Of Revelations; That masse  
Of Oracles; That Fuel of Pray'r; That Wall of Brass;

LXXIX.

That Print of HEAV'N on Earth; That Mercies Trea-  
And Key; That Evidence, and Seisurè; (sure,  
Faiths Card, Hopes Anchor; Loves full Sail; Abyss of

LXXX.

(Pleasure.

Such SAINTS high Tides n'ere ebbe so low, to shelf  
Them on the Quicksand of their self- (Elf.  
Swallowing Corruption: Sin's the Wrack, They fly that

LXXXI.

Gloomier than West of Death; than North of Night;  
Than Nest of Triduan Blacks, with Fright  
Which Egypt scar'd, when He brought Darknes, Who

LXXXII.

(made Light.

Compar'd to whose Storm, thund'ring Peals are calm:  
Compar'd to whose Sting, Asps yield Balm:  
Compar'd to whose loath'd Charm, Death is a Mercy-

LXXXIII.

(Psalm.

Her Snares escap'd, soar, Muse, to HIM, whose bright  
Spirit-illuminating Sight (Light.  
Turns Damps to glorious Dayes; turns Fogs to radiant

RELIGION

## LXXXIV.

RELIGION'S Wisdoms Study; That display,  
 LORD, countermand what goes astray;  
 And smite the *Ass* (rude *Flesh*) when it does start or bray.

## LXXXV.

Soul, thou art lesse than MERCIES least; Three ne're  
 Depart from Sin; *Shame, Guilt, and Fear*:  
*Fear, Shame, Guilt, Sin*, are Four; Yet All in One appear.

## LXXXVI.

Crest-faln by *Sin*, how wretchedly I stray!  
 Me thinks 'tis *Pride* in me to pray:  
 HEAV'N aid me struggling under this sad Load of Clay.

## LXXXVII.

No *Man* may merit, yet did ONE, we hold;  
 Who most do want their Zeal, are cold:  
 Thus Tin for *Silver* goes with these, and Brasse for *Gold*.

## LXXXVIII.

Renew my *Heart*, direct my *Tongue*; unseal  
 My *Hand*, inspire my *Faith*, reveal  
 My *Hope*, encrease my *Love*, and my *Backslidings* heal!

## LXXXIX.

Let *Language* (Mans choice *Glory*) serve the *Minde*:  
 Thy SPIRIT ON *Bezaliel* shin'd: (*Blinde*.  
 Help, BLOOD, by *Faith* apply'd! Thy *Spittle* cur'd the

## XC.

Turn Sense to *Spirit*; Nature's chang'd alone  
 By GRACE; THAT is the *Chymick-Stone*:  
 And thy all-pow'rful WORD is pure *Projection*;

## XCI.

TRUTHS Touchstone, surest *Rule* that ere was fra'md,  
 (*Tradition*, Mans dark Map, 's disclaim'd)  
 The *Paper* burns me not, yet I am all inflam'd:

XCII.

For, as I read, such inward *Splendor* glowes;  
Such Life-renewing *Vigour* flowes, (showes:  
That *All*, what's known of thy most righteous *WILL*, It

XCIII.

Whose Spells make *Enochs* walk with *THEE*; with-  
*Corruption*, and translate e're old: (hold  
All *Vaticans* are drosse; *THIS*, Magisterial *Gold*.

XCIV.

Thus, poor numm'd *Tartars*, when th' are brought  
Warm *Persias* Gem-pav'd Court, are so (into  
Reviv'd, that then *They* live; till then half dead w<sup>th</sup> *Snow*.

XCV.

Good *Thoughts* from *THEE* infus'd I do derive;  
Good *Words* effus'd *THOU* dost me give;  
Good *Works* diffus'd by *THEE*, in *THEE* do live, & thrive.

XCVI.

Nerve-stretching *Muse*, thy Bow's new strung, shoot  
*Hymns* to the *BEST*, from worst of *Men*; (then  
Make *Arts* thy Tributaries, twist Heart, Tongue, & Pen.

XCVII.

But how can *Eves* degenerate *Issue*, bent  
To Sin, in its weak *Measures* vent  
Thy *PRAISE*? Unmeasurable! and Omnipotent!

XCVIII.

Shrubs cannot *Cedars*, nor Wrens *Eagles* praise;  
Nor purblinde *Owls* on *Sols Orb* gaze:  
What is a drop to *Seas*, a Beam to boundlesse *Rajes*?

XCIX.

Yet *Hope*, and *Love* may raise my drooping Flight;  
And *Faith* in *THEE* embeam my Night:  
Great *Love*, supply *Faiths* Nerves, with winged *Hope*...

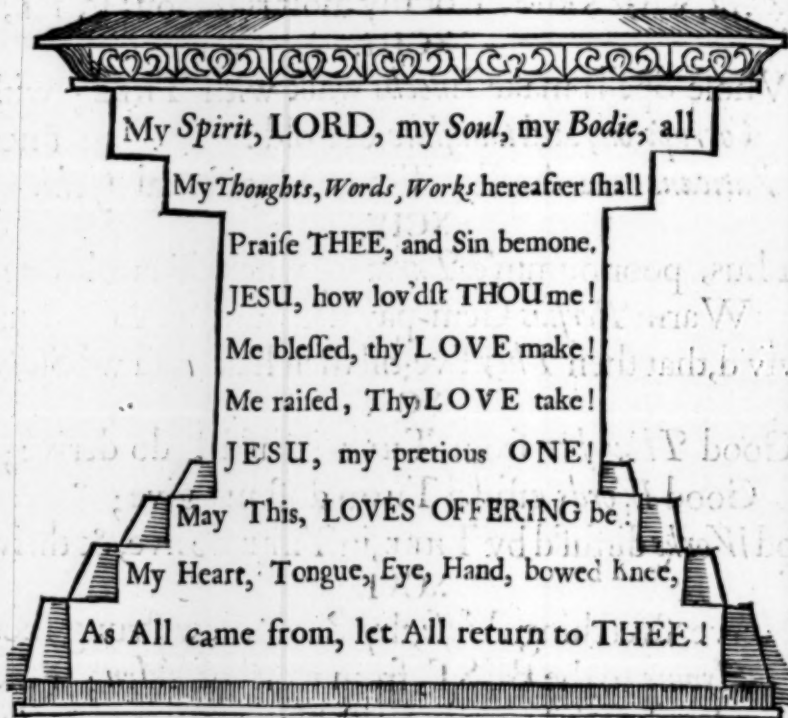
I WRITE.

E

My



C.



My Spirit, LORD, my Soul, my Bodie, all

My Thoughts, Words, Works hereafter shall

Praise THEE, and Sin bemone.

JESU, how lov'dst THOU me!

Me blessed, thy LOVE make!

Me raised, Thy LOVE take!

JESU, my pretious ONE!

May This, LOVES OFFERING be!

My Heart, Tongue, Eye, Hand, bowed knee,

As All came from, let All return to THEE!

**N**unc sacra primus habet Finem, mea Cura, Libellus;  
 Jam precor impellat sanctior Aura ratem!  
 I felix, rapidas diffundas Cæcula Syrtes;  
 Te Divina regit DEXTERA; Sospes abi.

**NON NOBIS DOMINE.**

**THEOPH.**

# THEOPHILAS

## LOVE-SACRIFICE.

### The Summary of the Poem.

**T**HEOPHILA, or Divine Love, ascends to her BELOY'D by three Degrees. By *Humilitie*, by *Zeal*, by *Contemplation*. In the First She is *Sincere*, In the Second *Fervent*, In the Third *Extatical*. In her *Humiliation* She sadly condoles her *Sin*, in her *Devotion* She improves her *Grace*, In her *Meditation* She anticipates her *Glory*, and triumphantly congratulates the *Fruition* of her *SPOUSE*. And by three *Ways*, which Divines call the *Purgative*, *Illuminative*, and *Unitive*; She is happily led into the Disquisition of *Sin* by *Man*; of *Suffering* by *CRIST* as SPONSOR; of *Salvation*, by *HIM* as REDEEMER. In the *Purgative* Way she falls upon Repentance, Mortification, Self-denial; helpt in part by the Knowledge of *her self*, which breeds Contrition, Renuntiation, and Purpose of Amendment: In the *Illuminative* she pursues Moral Vertues, Theological Graces, and Gospel-promises, revealed by *CHRIST*, as the Great *APOSTLE*, which begets in her Gratitude, Imitation and, Appropriation. In the *Unitive* she is wholly taken up with Intuition of supercoelestial *Excellencies*, with beatifical *Apprehensions*,

and *Adherencies*, as to CHRIST in *Bodie*, to the Holy GHOST in *Spirit*, to GOD the FATHER in a bright Resemblance of the Divine NATURE. All which are felt by the Knowledg of CHRIST as MEDIATOR; whence flow Admiration, Elevation, consummated in GLORIFICATION. And were *Mysteriously* intimated in the Symbolical *Oblations* of the Star-led *Sophies*, Who, by their *Myrrhe*, signify'd Faith, Chastity, Mortification, the *Purgative* Actions; by their *Incense* implied Hope, Prayer, Obedience, the *Illuminative* Devotions; by their *Gold* importing Charity, Satiety, Radiance, the *Unitive* Eminencies: And it is the only Ambition of THEOPHILA to offer these presents to her BELOV'D; by whom her Sin is *purged*, her Understanding *enlightened*, her Will and Affections *enflamed* to the *Communion* of all his GLORIES. Thus, *She* by recollecting past *Creation*, present *Corruption*, and future BEATIFICAL VISION, endeavors to rowze us up from *Hellish* Security, *Worldly* Solitude, and *Carnal* Concupiscence, that being rais'd, we may conform to the *will*, submit to the *Power*, and sympathize with the SPIRIT of CHRIST, by a total Resignation of Self-comforts, Abilities, Ends; and by the internal Acts of *Love*, *Devotion*, *Contemplation*, She makes *Sense* subservient to *Reason*, Reason to *Faith*, and Faith to the *written Word*. By *Faith* she beleeves what he has reveal'd, and yields him up all her *Understanding*: By *Hope* She waits for his *Promises*, and refers to Him all her *Will*. By *Charity* she Loves his *Excellencies*, and resignes to him all her *Affections*. And by *all these* She triumphs over *Sin*, *Death*, *Hell*, in the *sensual World*, and by his *Virtue*, *Grace*, *Favour*, enjoys an eminent Degree of PERFECTION in the *Intellectual*.

THEOPH.

## THE AUTHORS PRAYER.



THOU most High, distinct in PERSONS, undivided in ESSENCE ! Eternal PRINCIPLE of all *Substances*, essential BEING of all *Subsistencies*, CAUSE of all *Causalities*, LIFE of our *Souls*, and SOUL of our *Lives* ! Whose DEITY is as far beyond the Comprehension of our *Reason*, as thy OMNIPOTENCIE transcends our *Impotencie*: We, wretched Dust, acknowledge, that *Adams Fall*, as it *depriv'd* us of all *Good*, so hath it *deprav'd* us with all *Evil* ; for, from our production, to our Dissolution, our *Life*, if strictly discussed, will be found wholly tainted, alwayes tempted with *Sin*. We *discover* our Condition to be more corrupt than we can fully *discover* : The *Sense* of our *Sin* *stupifies* us, the *Sight* of it reveals our *Blindness*, and the *Remembrance* thereof doth put us in Minde of our *forgetfulness* of THEE. The *Number* of our *Transgressions* surpasseth our Skill in *Arithmetick* ; their *Weight* is *insupportable*, depressing us even to the *Abyss* ; their *Guilt* more extense than any thing but thy *MERCIE*. O LORD, we have loved *Darknesse* more than *Light*, because our *Deeds* were *evil* ! therefore THOU hast shew'd us *terrible Things* ; We have sucked out the *Dregs* of deadly *Wine* : Our *National Crimes* have extorted from thy *JUSTICE*, *National Judgements* : Our *bellish Sins* enflame thy *WRATH*, and thy *WRATH* enflames *Hell-fire* against us ! We want so much of *Happinesse*, as of

E 3

*Obedience,*



Obedience (our *Beatitude* consisting in a thorough Submission of our *Determinations* unto thy *Disposings*, and our *Practise* to thy *Providence*) which causeth us, with humbly-pressing Importunitie, to implore thy Goodnesse (for HIS SAKE, who of mere Love took upon Him a *Nature* of *Infirmities* to cure the *Infirmities* of our *Nature*) that THOU would'st give us a *Sense* of our *Senselesnes*, and a fervent Desire of more *Fervency*; and true *Remorse* and *Sorrow* for want of *Remorse* and *Sorrow* for these our Sins. O, Steer the mysticall Ship of thy CHURCH safe amidst the *Rocks* and *Quicksands* of *Schism* and *Heresie*, *Superstition* and *Sacriledge* into the fair *Havens* of PEACE and TRUTH! Give to thy disconsolate Spouse, melting in *Tears* of *Bloud*, the Spirit of *Sanctitie* and *Prudence*! May the *Light* which conducts her to thy *Cœlestial CANAAN* be never mockt by new false *Lights* of apostatizing *Hypocrisie*, nor extinguished by *Barbarism*! Thou, our FATHER, art the GOD of *Peace*; thy SON, our SAVIOUR, the Prince of *Peace*, Thy SPIRIT, the Spirit of *Peace*, thy Servants the Children of *Peace*, whose Dutie is the Studie of *Peace*, and the End of their Faith the *Peace* of GOD which passeth all *Understanding*! Let All submit to thy SCEPTER, adore thy JUDGEMENTS, revere thy LAWS, and love THEE above All, for thine OWN SAKE, and others (ev'n their Enemies) for THY SAKE, having THEE for our Pattern, thy PRECEPTS for our Rule, and thy SPIRIT for our Guide.

And now, in particular, I throw my self (who have unmeasurably swarved from thy *Statutes*) upon thy *Mercies*; beseeching THEE to give me a deep Sense

of

of my own *Unworthinesſ*, and yet withall ſincere Thankfulneſſe for thy *Aſſiſtancies* : Grant that my Sorrow for Sin may be unfeigned, my Deſires of *Forgivenesſ* fervent, my purpoſe of *Amendment ſtedfaſt* ; that ſo my *Hopes* of H E A V E N may be advanced, and, what T H O U haſt ſowen in thy M E R C I E, T H O U mayeſt reap from my *Duty* ! Let *Religion* and right *Reason* rule as *Soveraign* in me, and let the irascible and concupiſcible *Faculties* be their *Subjects* ! Give me an *Eſtate* balanc'd between Want and Waſte, Pity and Envie ; Give me *Grace* to ſpend my *Wealth* and *Strength* in thy *Service* ; Let all my *Melancholy* be *Repentance*, my *Joyes* ſpiritual *Exultations*, my *Reſt Hope*, my *Peace* a good *Conſcience*, and my *Acquiſcence* in T H E E ! In T H E E, as the *Principle of Truth*, in thy *Word* as the *Measure of Knowledge*, in thy *Law* as the *Rule of Life*, in thy *Promise* as the *Satisfaction of Hope*, and in thy *Union* as the higheſt *Fruition of Glory* ! O, Thou *Spring of Bountie*, who haſt given thy S O N to *Re-deem* me, Thy *Holy SPIRIT* to ſanctifie me, and Thy *SELF* to ſatiſfie me ; give me a generous *Contempt* of ſenſual *Deluſions*, that I may ſee the *Vanity* of the *World*, the *Deceitfulneſſe* of *Riches*, the *Shame* of *Pleaſures*, the *folly* of *Sports*, the *Inconſtancie* of *Honours*, the *Danger* of *Greatneſſ*, and the ſtrict *Account* to be given for *All* ! O, then give me an undaunted *Fortitude*, an elevated *Courſe* of *Contemplation*, a *Reſignation* of *Spirit*, and a ſincere *Deſire* of thy *Glory* ! Adde, O L O R D, to the *Cheerfulneſſ* of my *Obedience*, the *Aſſurance* of *Faith*, and to the *Confidence* of my *Hope*, the *Joyes* of *Love* ! O, T H O U who art the *Fountain* of my *Faith*, the Ob-  
ject

ject of my Joy, and the Rock of my Confidence, guide my *Passion* by *Reason*, my *Reason* by *Religion*, my *Religion* by *Faith*, my *Faith* by thy *Word*; be pleased to improve thy *Word* by thy *SPIRIT*; that so, being established by *Faith*, confirmed in *Hope*, and rooted in *Charitie*, I may be only ambitious of *THEE*, prizing *THEE* above the *Delights* of *Men*, *Love* of *Women*, and *Treasures* of the *World*! Nothing being so pretious, as thy *Favour*, so dreadfull as thy *Displeasure*, so hateful as *Sin*, so desirable as thy *Grace*! Let my *Heart* be alwayes fixt upon *Thee*, possessed by *Thee*, established in *Thee*, true unto *Thee*, upright toward *Thee*, and entire for *Thee*! that being thus inebriated with the sweet and pure streams of thy *Sanctuary*, I may serve *Thee* to the utmost of each *Faculty*, with all the *Extension* of my *Will*, and *Intension* of my *Affections*, till my *Love* shall ascend from *Earth* to *HEAVEN*, from small *Beginnings* to the *Consummation* of a well-regulated and never ceasing *Charitie*! O *GOD*, who art no lesse infinite in *Wisdom* than in *Goodness*, let me where I cannot rightly know *Thee*, there reverently admire *Thee*, that in *Transcendencies* my very *Ignorance* may honour *Thee*. Let thy *Holy SPIRIT* inflame my *Zeal*, inform my *Judgement*, conform my *Will*, reform my *Affections*, and transform me wholly into the *Image* and *Imitation* of Thy Onely *SON*! Grant that I may improve my *Talent* to thy *Glory*, who art the *Imparter* of the *Gift*, the *Blessor* of the *Action*, and the *Assister* of the *Designe*! So that having sown to the *Spirit*, I may by thy *Mercies*, and Thy *SONS* *Merits* (who is the *SON* of thy *Love*, the *Anchor* of my *Hope*), and the *Finisher* of my *Faith*) reap Life ever-



everlasting ! And now, in his only *Name* vouchsafe to accept from dust and ashes the *Oblation* of this weak, yet willing *Sérvice* ; and secure the *Possession* to *THY SELF*, that *Sin* may neither pollute the *Sacrifice*, divide the *Guift*, nor question the *Title*. Fill my Mouth with *Praises* for these happy *Opportunities* of *Contemplation*, the managing of publick *Actions* lesse agreeing with my *Disposition* ; and though my *Body* be retir'd, yet let my *Soul* be enlarged (like an uncaptiv'd Bird) to soar in the *Speculation* of *Divine Mysteries* ! O, be prayesd, for that, in this general *Combustion* of *Christendom*, *THOU* hast vouchsafed me a little *Zoar*, as Refuge, in which my *Soul* doth yet live to magnifie *Thee* ; But above All for my *Redemption* from the *Execution* of thy *Wrath* by the *Execration* of the *SON* of thy *Love*, having made *Innocence* to become guilty, to make the guilty innocent, and the *Sun* of *Righteousness* to suffer a total *Eclipse* to expiate the *Deeds* of *Darkness* : Be *THOU* exalted for the *Myriads* of thy *Mercies* in my *Travells* through *Europ*, as far transcending my *Computation* as *Compensation* ; But chiefly for the Hope *Thou* hast given me, that when I have served *Thee* in humbly-strict *Obedience* to the *Glorie* of thy *Name*, *THOU* art pleased that I shall enter into the *GLORY* of my *LORD* to all *Eternitie* ; where I shall behold *THEE* in thy *Majesty*, *CHRIST* thy *SON* in his *Glory*, the *SPIRIT* in his Sanctity, the *Hierarchy* of *Heaven* in their *Excellencie*, and the *Saints* in their *Rest* ; in which *Rest* there is perfect *Tranquillitie*, and in this *Tranquillity* *Joy*, and in this *Joy* *Variety*, and in this *Variety* *Security*, and in this *Security* *Immortality*, with *Thee*, Who reignest in the *Excellencies* of *Transcendency*



dencie, and in the infinite *Durations* of a blessed *Eternitie*.  
 To WHOM with the IMAGE of thy GOODNESSE, and  
 the BREATH of thy LOVE, ô most glorious TRINITY,  
 and ineffable UNITIE be all *Sanctitie* and *Adoration*  
 sacrificed now, and for evermore. *Amen, Amen.*

INTo the most Holy *TREASURIE*  
 Of the ever-glorious *PRAISES*  
 Of the MEDIATOR between  
 GOD & Man, CHRIST JESUS;  
 The *Empyrean Flame* of the DIVINITY,  
 Indefinible, Interminable, Ineffable;  
 The Immaculate *Earth* of the HUMANITY,  
 Inseparable, Inconfusible, Inconvertible;  
*Mysterious* in an *Hypostaticall UNION*,  
 WHO is,  
 The true LIGHT enlightning the *World*,  
 The ETERNAL WORD,  
 By ENERGIE Incarnated,  
 {Embrightning our knowledge,  
 {Enlivening our FAITH,  
 {Quickning our HOPE,  
 {Enflaming our LOVE:  
 Prostrated dust and ashes,  
 With an *adoring Awfulness*, & *trembling Veneration*,  
 To his INFINITE MAJESTIE  
 Doth humbly cast this Mite;  
 (Acknowledging from GOD all *Opportunities* of Good)  
 to be improved by His GRACE, to His GLORY.

THEOPH.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

## CANTO II.

### The Humiliation.

#### ARGUMENT.

*Unde superbit Homo? cuius Conceptio, Culpa;  
Nasci, Pæna; Labor, Vita; necesse mori.  
Totus homo prævus; Caro, Mens, Natura, Voluntas;  
Cœlicus aut Hominis Crimina tollit AMOR.*

*The Deform'd Soul deform'd by Sin, repents;  
In Pray'rs and Tears, her Grief She vents, Cments.  
And, till Faith cheer her by CHRIST'S Love, Life, Death, la-*

#### STANZA I.

**A**L MIGHTY POWER, Who did'st All Souls Create;  
Who did'st Redeem their saln Estate;  
Who still dost Sanctifie, and them Redintegrate.

#### II.

*Sourse, River, Ocean of all Blisse, instill  
Spring-rides into my low-ebb'd Quill: (Thy Will.  
Each graceful Work flowes from (what works all Grace)*

#### III.

**LORD!** Thou, before Time, Matter, Form, or Place,  
Wast All; Ere Natures mortal Race:  
Thy SELF, Host, Guest, and Palace, Natures total Space.  
When

## IV.

When yet (though not discern'd) in that Abyſſe  
 CREATOR, WORD, and SPIRIT of Blisse,  
 In UNITY the TRINE, one GOD, adored is.

## V.

E're THOU the Chryſtal-mantled HEAV'N didſt rear,  
 Or did the Earth, Sols Bride, appear,  
 Firſt Race of Intellectuals mad'ſt, THEE to revere.

## VI.

Praise beſt doth Inexprefſibles expreſſe:  
 Soul, Th' ARCHITECT of Wonders bleſſe;  
 Whoſe All-creating WORD embirth'd a Nothingneſſe.

## VII.

Who brooding on the Deep, Production  
 Diſpoſ'd, then call'd out Light, which on  
 The formleſs Worlds rude Face was all diſperſ'dly thrown.

## VIII.

When callow Nature, pluckt from out her Neſt  
 Of Cauſes, was awak'd from Reſt,  
 Her ſhapeleſs Lump with fledg'd effects He trimly dreſt.

## IX.

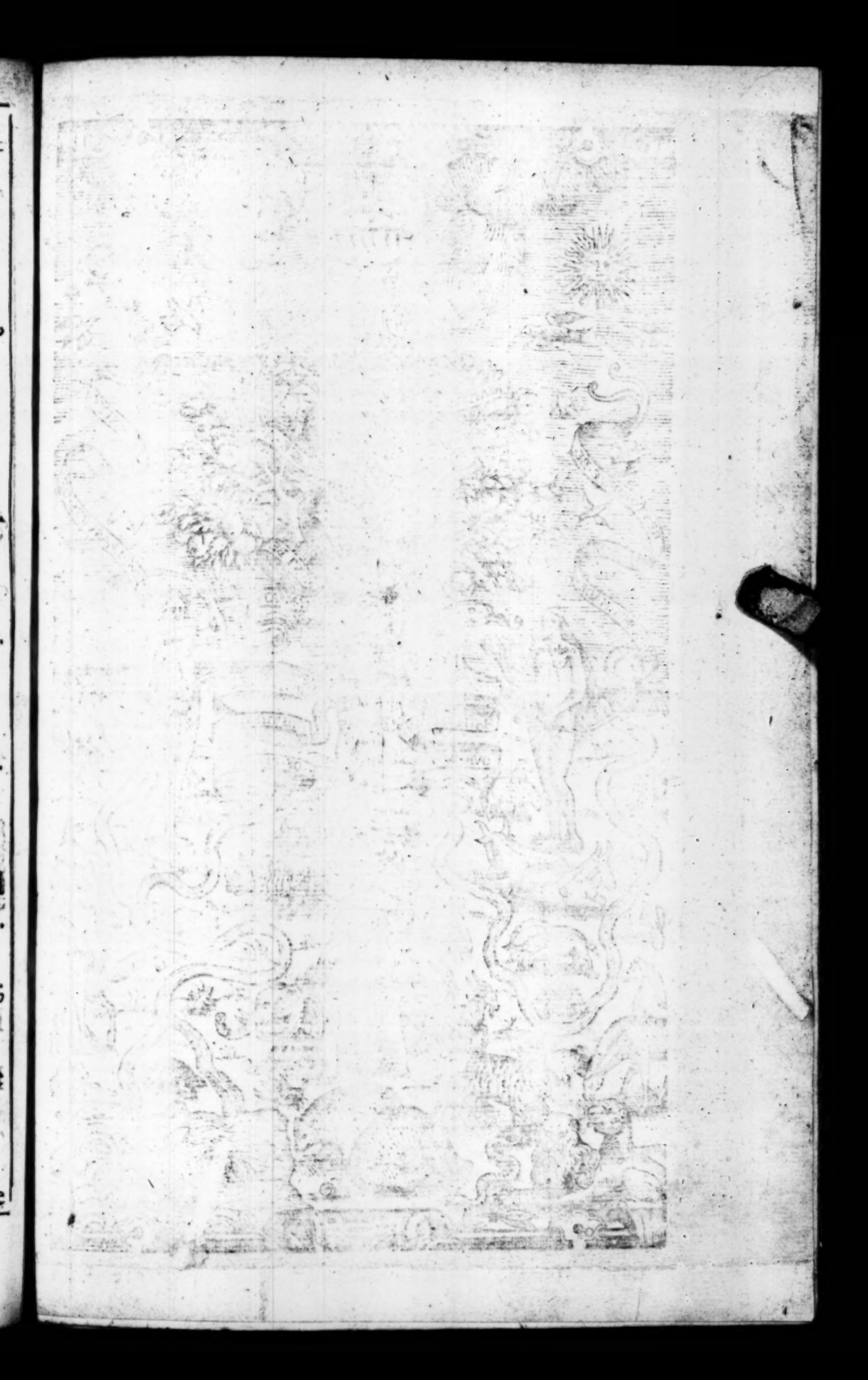
Then new-born Day He gilt with glittering Sun  
 (Contracted Light); with changing Moon  
 He Night adorn'd, and hung up Lamps, like ſpangled  
 X. (Bullion.

The Earth, with Water mixt, He ſeparates:  
 Earth Plants brought forth, and Beaſts All Mates;  
 The Waters Fowl, and Fiſh to yield Man delicates.

## XI.

Then did of th' Elements Duſt Mans Bodie frame  
 A perfect Microcoſm, the Same  
 He quickned with a ſparkle of Pneumatick Flame.

More







XII.

More Heav'nly specify'd by Life from th' Word;  
That, *Nature* doth, This, *Grace* afford;  
And *Glory* from the SPIRIT design'd, as threefold Cord.

XIII.

Man, ere a Childe; by Infusion wise; though He  
Was of, yet not for Earth, though free  
Chanc'lour install'd of *Edens* Universitie.

XIV.

His *Virgin-Sister-Wife* with Grove He woo'd,  
(Heav'n's Nursery); new *Fruit* his Food,  
*Skin* was his Robe: *Clouds* washt, *Winds* swept his Floor.

XV.

(All good.

Envie, that GOD should so love *Man*, first mov'd  
*Satan*, to ruine HEAV'NS *Belov'd*:  
The Serpent Devil'd *Eve*, She's Dam to *Adam* prov'd.

XVI.

*Both* taste, by tasting, tastelesse *Both* became;  
Who All would know, knew nought but Shame:  
They blush for That which They, when righteous, could

XVII.

(not name.

Still in our Maw that *Apples* Core doth stick,  
Which they did swallow, and the thick  
Rinde of forbidden *Fruit* has left our Nature sick.

XVIII.

Now serves our Guiltinesse, as winding Sheet,  
To wrap up *Lepers*; Cover meet; (greet.  
While thus stern *Vengeance* does our *Wormships* sadly

XIX.

*Disloyal Slaves*, look out, see, *Mischief* revels;  
Look in, see your own Denne of Evils; (fierce Devils.  
Look up, see Heav'ns dread JUDGE; Look down, see Hells

## XX.

*Created in GODS Image to look high;  
Corrupted, like to Brutes, you lie:  
Perdition's from your selves: No Cure for those will die.*

## XXI.

*Your Beautie, Rottenness skin'd o're, does show  
Like to a Dunghill, blancht with Snow,  
Your glorious Nature's by embasing Sin brought low.*

## XXII.

*Hence you the heavy Doom of Death do gain,  
Enforc'd unto laborious Pain;  
And th' ANGELS flaming Sword doth you, expuls'd, restrain.*

## XXIII.

*Thus She reproacht; Yet more (alas) remain'd;  
Mans Issue in his Loins is stain'd:  
Sin, set his Throne in Him, and since o're all has reign'd.*

## XXIV.

*Black Sin! more hideous then green Dragons Claws,  
Dun Gryphons Talons, swart Bears Paws,  
Then checquer'd Panthers Teeth, or tawnie Lions Jaws.*

## XXV.

*Forfeit to the CREATOR's thus Mans Race,  
And by the WORD withdrawn is Grace,  
From him the SPIRIT of GLORY turn'd his pleasing Face.*

## XXVI.

*Yet that this Second Race, in fallen Plight,  
Might not with th' First be ruin'd quite,  
The WORD doth interpose to stop th' incensed MIGHT,*

## XXVII.

*Then undertakes for Man to satisfie,  
And the sad losse of GRACE supply,  
That us He might advance to GLORIES Hierarchie.*

Then



## XXVIII.

Then *Peace* is preacht ith' *Womans SEED* ; but then  
 As *Men* increase ; So, *Sins* of *Men*,  
 And *Actual* on *Original* heart, *GOD's* vext agen.

## XXIX.

Till drencht they were in *Deluge*, had no *Shore* ;  
 And burnt in *Sodom-Flames*, of yore ;  
*Plagued* in *Egypt*, plung'd into the *Gulf* of *Core*.

## XXX.

And gnawn by *Worms* in *Herod* : *Sin's* *Asps* *Womb*,  
 Plotter, Thief, Plaintiff, Witnesse, Doom,  
 Sledge, Executioner, *Hells* *Inmate*, *Horrors* *Tomb*.

## XXXI.

Misgotten Brat ! thy *Trains* are infinite  
 To ruine each intangled *Wight* :  
*Mischiefs* nere rest in *Men*, th' have everlasting *Spite*.

## XXXII.

*Spite* wabeth *War*, then *War* turns *Law* to *Lust* ;  
*Lust* crumbles *Faith* into *Distrust* ;  
*Distrust* by causelesse *Jealousie* betrayses the *Just* ;

## XXXIII.

The *Just* are plunder'd by thy *Rage* ; thy *Rage*  
 Bubbleth from *Envie* ; *Envie's* *Page*  
 To thy *Misdeeds* ; *Misdeeds* their own *Misfate* engage.

## XXXIV.

Thus linkt to *Hell's* thy *Chain* ! Curs'd be that *Need*  
 Makes *Sinners* in their *Sins* proceed :  
 Shame, to *GUILTS* forlorn *Hope*, leads left-hand *Files*.

## XXXV.

(Take heed.

*GODS* *Fort* (the *Conscience*) in the worst does stand ;  
 Though *Sin* the *Town* keeps by strong *Hand*,  
 Yet lies it open to the *Check* at *HEAV'NS* *Command*.



## XXXVI.

Hence *Hell* surrounds them: In their *Dreams* to fall  
Headlong they seem, then start, groan, crawl  
From *Furies*, with excessive *Frights* which them appal.

## XXXVII.

Ne're was more *Mischief*, ne're was less Remorse;  
Never *Revenge* on his black Horse  
Did swifter ride; Never to GOD so slow Recourse!

## XXXVIII.

The Age-bow'd *Earth* groans under *Sinners* Weight;  
While guiltlesse *Blood* cries to HEAV'NS Height,  
JUSTICE soon takes th' *Alarm*, whose steeled *Arm* will

## XXXIX.

(smite.

Inevitable *Woes* a while may stay,  
Vengeance is GODS, Who will repay  
The desperately Wilfull, nor will long delay.

## XL.

'Tis darkeſt neer Day-break. HE will o'return  
Th' Implacable, who Mercie ſpurn;  
Superlative *Abuses* in th' *Abyſſe* ſhall burn.

## XLI.

Deaths *Hell* Deaths Self out-deaths! Vindictive Place!  
Deep under Depths! Excentrick Space!  
*Horror* It ſelf, than Thee, wears a leſſe horrid Face!

## XLII.

Where *Pride*, *Lust*, *Rage*, (*Sin* treble-pointed) dwell;  
Shackled in red-hot *Chains* they yell  
In bottomleſſe Extreameſ of never-flaking *Hell*!

## XLIII.

Riddle! Compell'd, at once, to *live* and *die*!  
*Frying* they *freez*, and *freezing* *frie*!  
On helpleſſe, hopeleſſe, eaſeleſſe, endleſſe Racks they lie!

And

## XLIV.

And rave for what they hate ! Cursing in vain,  
 Yet each *Curse* is a *Pray'r* for Pain,  
 For, cursing still their *Woe*, they *woo* GODS *Curse* again !

## XLV.

Devils and Shreeks their Ears, their Eyes affright !  
 There's blazing *Fire*, yet darkeſt *Night* !  
 Still *paying*, ne're *discharg'd*. *Sins* Debt is Infinite !

## XLVI.

*Angels* by one Sin fell ; So, *Man* : How then  
 May *Sinners* stand ! Let's quit *Sins* Den :  
 This *Moment's* Ours ; *Life* haſts away ; *Delays* gangrene.

## XLVII.

Conviction uſhers *Grace* ; Fall to prevent  
 Thy Fall, *Times* Fore-lock take ; Relent.  
*Shall* is to come ; and *Was* is paſt ; then, *Now* repent.

## XLVIII.

Before the *Suns* long *Shadows* ſpan up *Night* ;  
 E're on thy ſhaking *Head* *Snowes* light ;  
 E're round thy paſy'd *Heart* *Ice* be congealed quite ;

## XLIX.

E're in thy Pocket thou thine *Eyes* doſt wear ;  
 E're thy *Bones* ſerve for Calender ;  
 E're in thy *Hand's* thy *Leg*, or *Silver* in thy *Hair* ;

## L.

Preventing *Phyſick* uſe. Think, now ye hear  
 The Dead-awakening *Trump* ; Lo, there (Chear.  
 The queazie-ſtomack't *Graves* diſgorge *Worms* fatning

## LI.

*Sins* Sergeants wait t' attach you ; Then, make haſte,  
 Left you into Deſpair be caſt : (your Laſt.  
 The JUDGE unſway'd : Take *Days* at beſt, count each

LII.

*Time* posts on loose-rein'd Steeds. The Sun ere't face  
To West, may see Thee end thy Race :  
*Death* is a Noun, yet not declin'd in any Case.

LIII.

The *Cradle's* nigh the *Tomb*. That Soul has Woe,  
Whose drowzie March to HEAV'N is flow,  
As drawling Snails, whose slime glues them to *Things*

LIV.

(below.

*Anathema* to luke-warm Souls. -Lo, here  
THEOPHILA'S unhing'd with Fear, (appear.  
Clamm'd with chill sweat, when as her ranckling Sins

LV.

Perplext in *Crimes* meandring Maze, GODS Law,  
And *Guilt*, that does strict *Judgement* draw,  
And her too carnal, yet too stonie Heart She saw.

LVI.

Yet *Rocks* may cleave (she cries.) Then, weeps for *Tears*,  
And grieves for *Grief*; fears want of *Fears*;  
She Hell, HEAV'NS Prison, views; *Distress*, for Robe, She

LVII.

(wears.

Deprav'd by *Vice*, depriv'd of GRACE; with Pray'r,  
She runs *Faiths* Course; breaks through *Despair*,  
O'retakes *Hope*. Broken Legs by setting stronger are.

LVIII.

*Shame*, native *Conscience*, views That HOLY ONE,  
Who came from GOD to *Man* undone, (Sun.  
Whose *Birth* produc'd a Star, Whose *Death* eclips't the

LIX.

She sees *Earth-Heav'n*, *Flesh-Spirit*, *Man-GOD* in  
Of Him, who shakes, but does not cramp (Stamp  
The bruised Reed; Snuffs puts not out the sputtring Lamp.

She

## LX.

She sees for *Creatures* the *CREATOR* came  
To die; The *SHEPHERD* prov'd the *Lamb*  
For Sacrifice, when *Jews* releas'd a spotted *Ram*.

## LXI.

She sees defamed *Glory*, wronged *Right*,  
Debased *Majestie*, crush'd *Might*, (Spite.  
*Virtue* condemn'd, *Peace* robb'd, *Love* slain! And All by

## LXII.

She, streaming, sees, like Spouts, each broached Vein  
With Gore, not to be matcht again!  
Her Grief thence draws up *Mysts* to fall in weeping *Rain*.

## LXIII.

Vast Cares, long dumb, thus vent. Flow *Tears*, *Souls*  
*Juice* of an *Heart* oppress'd; Encline, (Wine,  
*LORD*, to this heart-broke *Altar* cemented with *Brine*!

## LXIV.

Remorsefull *Clouds*, dissolve in *Show'r's*; 'Tis *Blood*  
Turns rocky *Hearts* into a *Flood*:  
*Eyes*, keep your *Sluces* ope; *HEAV'N* best by *Tears* is woo'd.

## LXV.

THOU, Who one Shoarless *Sea* of All did'st make,  
Except one floating *Isle*, to take (Lake.  
*Vengeance* on *Guilt*; My *Salt Flood* rais'd, drown *Sin* i'th

## LXVI.

O, how these *Words*, Arise to Judgement quell!  
On *Wheels* in *Torments* broke I'd dwell,  
So as by *Grace* I might be sav'd from endlesse *Hell*.

## LXVII.

To *Angel-Intercessor*, I'm forbid  
To pray; Yet pray to *ONE* that did  
Pray to *ANOTHER* for *HIMSELF* when's *Blood-drops* slid.

FATHER



## LXVIII

FATHER! *Perfections Self* in CHRIST does shine;  
 Thy Justice then in HIM confine;  
 Through's Merits, make thy Mercies, both are endleß, mine!

## LXIX.

See not, but through's absterfive Blood, my Sin;  
 By which I being cleans'd within,  
 Adde Perseverance. 'Tis as hard to hold, as win.

## LXX.

Her Eyes are Centinels to Pray'r, to Moans  
 Her Ears, her Nose courts Charnel-bones;  
 Her Hands Breast-hammers are, her constant Food is

## LXXI.

(Groans.

Her Heart is hung with Blacks, with Dust she cloyes  
 Her golden Tresses; Weds Annoyes, (stroyes.  
 Breeds Sighs, bears Grief, which, Ibis-like, Sin-snakes de-

## LXXII.

Thus mounts she drizzling Olivet; the Plains  
 Of Jericho she leaves. (While Rains  
 The Farmer wet, they fully swell his earing Graines.)

## LXXIII.

She, her own Farmer, stockt from HEAV'N, is bent  
 To thrive; Care 'bout the Pay-day's spent.  
 Stange! She alone is Farmer, Farm, and Stock, and Rent.

## LXXIV.

The Porcupine so's Quiver, Bow, and Darts  
 To' herself alone; has all Wars Arts;  
 Her own Artillery needs no Aid from forreign Parts.

## LXXV.

Sad Votaresse! thy Earth, of late oregrown  
 With Weeds, is plough'd, till'd harrow'd, sown.  
 The Seed of Grace sprouts up when Nature is kept down.

Thy

## LXXVI.

Thy *Glebe* is melow'd with Faith-quickning Juice ;  
 The *Furrows* thence Hope-blades produce ;  
 Thy *Valley* cloth'd with LOVE will Harvest Joyes diffuse.

## LXXVII.

Live, *Phenix*, from Self-death. Ith' Morn who dies  
 To Sin, does but immortalize :  
 Who studie Death, ere dead, ere th' Resurrection rise.

## LXXVIII.

*Rachel!* thy *Children* Goal and Crown have won,  
 Ere they had Skill or Will to run. (have done.  
 Blest, who their whole *Dayes* Work in their *Lifes Morn*

## LXXIX.

Like misty Morn, *She* rose in Dew ; so found  
 She ne're was, till this Sicknesse, found ;  
 Till *Sin*, in Sorrows flowing Issue (Tears) lay drown'd.

## LXXX.

Souls Life-blood *Tears*, prevailing Pleaders, tame  
 Such Rebels, as by *Eve* did shame  
*Mans* Glory ; only *These* the old fain World new frame.

## LXXXI.

Lust causeth Sin, Sin Shame, *Shame* bids repent,  
*Repentance* weeps, *Tears* Sorrow vent,  
*Sorrow* shews Faith, *Faith* Hope, *Hope* Love, *Love* Souls

## LXXXII.

(Content.

Thus, from bruis'd *Spiceries* of her Breast, doth rise  
 Incense, sweet-smelling *Sacrifice* : (Eyes.  
 Whilst she lifts up to HEAV'N, her Heart, her Hand, her

## LXXXIII.

*I'm* sick with trembling, sunk with mourning, blasted  
 With sinning, and with sighing wasted ;  
 New Life begins to breath ; O, Joy, too long untasted !

Twice

LXXXIV.

Twice did'st new Life (by Breath, by Death) bestow  
On Man prevaricating, Who,  
By yielding to a Woman, made Man yield to Woe.

LXXXV.

Then did'st his Soul restore (as first inspire)  
With second Grace, renewing Fire;  
Whence He hath part again in thy Cœstia! Quire.

LXXXVI.

Once more for this Heav'n Denison did'st get  
A never-fading Coronet,  
Which was with two bright Jewels, Grace and Glory, set.

LXXXVII.

'Twas at my blood-stain'd Birth Thy Love said, Live :  
Links of Thy prævious Chain revive  
Ev'n crumbled Dust : So, Thou my Soul from Death reprove!

LXXXVIII.

CHRIST, Th' Uñction art, Salvation JESUS ; in  
Thy Death Redemption, Blood for Sin  
Gives Satisfaction, Thy Ascension Hope does winne ;

LXXXIX.

Thy Sessão Comfort. Though I did offend,  
LORD, Fears disband, give Grace t' amend,  
That, Hope, which reaps not shame, may rise, & Peace de-  
XC. (scend.

My Pardon signe. The Spear pierct THEE's the Pen,  
Thy Blood the Ink, Thy Gospel then  
The Standish is, O, let my Soul be Paper clean!

XCI.

Kinde, angry LORD, since Thou dost wound, yet cure ;  
I'l bear the Yoak, the Crosse endure ;  
Lament, and Love ; and, when set free, keep Conscience pure.

Thus

XCII.

Thus mourns she, and, in mourning thus, she joyes;  
 Ev'n that adds Comfort, which annoyes;  
 Sighs turn to Songs, & Tears to Wine, Fear Fear destroys.

XCIII.

As holy *Flame* did from her Heart arise,  
 Dropt holy *Water* from her Eyes,  
 While *Pray'r* her *Incense* was, & *Love* her *SACRIFICE*!

XCIV.

Arm! Arm! She breaks in with strong *ZEAL*; The  
*Sin* quits, now garison'd by *GRACE*; (Place.  
 Illustrious *Triumphs* do the Steps of Victors trace.

XCV.

When the loud Volleys of her *Pray'rs* begin  
 To make a Breach, they soon take in  
 The Parapets, Redouts, and Countercarps of Sin.

XCVI.

At once she *works* and *fights*: With Lamp she waits,  
 Midst Virgins, at the BRIDEGROOMS Gates,  
 With Him to *feast*, Her with his BRIDAL DELICATES.

XCVII.

To HEAV'N now goes she on her *Knees*; which cry  
 Loud, as her *Tongue*; much speaks her Eye:  
 HEAV'N, storm'd by *Violence*, yields. Eyes, Tongue, and

XCVIII.

(Knees scale high.

My Last crave Pardon for my First *Extreams*;  
 Be prais'd, who crown'st my Morn with Beams;  
 Converted Age sees *Visions*, erring Youth dreamt Dreams.

XCIX.

RELIGION's its own Lustre; Who This shun,  
 Night-founder'd grope at midday Sun.  
 Rebellion is its own self-tort'ring Dungeon.



C.

*Mans* restlesse Minde, GODS Image, can't be blest  
 Till of this ONE, This ALL, posselt.  
 THOU our Souls Center art, our everlasting REST!

*Pars superata Freti, Lucem præbentibus Astris ;*  
*Longior at nostræ Pars superanda Viæ.*  
 Da, DEUS, ut Cursus suscepti nostra propinquet  
 Meta, laboranti grata futura Rati.

Magnificat Anima mea DOMINUM.



THEOPH.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

## CANTO III.

### The Restauration.

#### ARGUMENT.

*Lætior una Dies, JESU, tua SACRA Canenti ;  
Quàm sine TE, melicis Secula mille Lyris.  
Ut paveam Scelus omne, petam super Omnia COELUM ;  
Da mihi Fræna TIMOR, Da mihi Calcar AMOR !*

The Authors Rapture ; GRACE is prais'd ; a Flood  
Of Tears is pour'd for Albions Blood,  
Shed in a Mist ; for smot Micahs PEACE is woo'd.

#### STANZA I.

**M**USE, twang the pow'ful Harp, & brush each String  
O'th' warbling Lute, and Canzons sing  
May ravish Earth, and thence to HEAV'N in Tri-

#### II.

(umph spring.

Noble Du-bartas, in a high-flown Trance,  
Observ'd to start from's Bed, and dance ;  
Said: Thus by me shall caper all the Realm of France.

#### III.

As viscous Meteors, fram'd of earthy Slime,  
By Motion fir'd, like Stars, do clime  
The woolly-curdled Clouds, & there blaze out their Time.

G

Streaming

## IV.

Streaming with burnisht *Flames* ; yet *Those* but ray  
 To spend *Themselves*, and light our *Way* ;  
 And panting *Winds*, to cool *ours*, not their own *Lungs*,  
 (play.

## V.

So, my enliv'ned *Spirits* ascend the *Skies*,  
 Wasting to make the Simple wise. (Eyes.  
 Who bears the *Torch*, himself *shades*, *lightens* others

## VI.

As *Lust* for *Hell*, *ZEAL* sweats to build for *HEAV'N*,  
 When fervent *Aspirations*, driv'n (giv'n.  
 By all the *Souls* quick *Pow'rs*, to that high *Search* are

## VII.

High is the *Sphear* on which *FAITHS Poles* are hing'd:  
 Pure *Knowledge*, Thou art not restring'd,  
 Thy *Flames* enfire the *bushie Heart*, yet leave't *unsing'd*.

## VIII.

Suburbs of *PARADISE* ! Thou, *Saintly Land*  
 Of *Visions*, Woo'd by *WISDOMS Band* ;  
 By dull *Mules* in *gold-trappings* how do'st *sleighted* stand !

## IX.

Whose *World's* a frantick *Sea* ; more crosse *Winds* fly  
 Than *Sailers* *Compasse* knows ; *SAINTS* ply  
 Their *Sails* through airy *Waves*, & *anchor* still on *HIGH*.

## X.

'Tis *HOLINES* lands there ; where *None* (distasted)  
 Rave with *GUILTS* Dread, nor with *Rage* wasted ;  
 Nor *Beauty-dazled* *Eyes* with *Femal Wantons* blasted.

## XI.

No *childish* *Toyes* ; no boyling *Youths* wilde *Thirst* ;  
 No ripe *Ambition* ; no accurst  
 Old griping *Avarice* ; no *doting* *Sloth* there's nurst :

No

## XII.

No *Glutt'nies* Maw-worm; nor the Itch of *Lust*;  
 No Tympanie of *Pride*; nor Rust  
 Of *Envie*; no *Wraths* Spleen; nor *Obdurations* Crust:

## XIII.

No Canker of *Self-Love*; nor Cramp of *Cares*;  
 No *Schism*-Vertigo; nor night-Mares  
 Of inward *Stings* affright; here lurk no *penal* Snares.

## XIV.

Hence Earth a dim Spot shoves; where *Mortals*  
 For shot-bruif'd *Mud-walls* (childish broil;) (toil  
 For *pot-gun-cracks* 'gainst *Ant-hill-works*; ô, what a *Coil*!

## XV.

Where *Glutt'ny* is full gorg'd; where *Lust* still spawns;  
 Where *Wrath* takes Blood, and *Avarice* pawns;  
 Where *Envy* frets, *Pride* struts, and dull *Remisness* yawns.

## XVI.

Where *Mars* th' *Ascendant's*: How *Realms* shatter'd  
 With scatter'd *Courts*, beneath mine Eye; (lie,  
 Which shew like atoms chac'd by *Winds* Inconstancie.

## XVII.

Here, th' *Universe* in *NATURES* Frame doth stand,  
 Upheld by *TRUTH*, and *WISDOMS* Hand:  
*Zanzūmims* shew from hence as *Dwarfs* on *Pigmy* land.

## XVIII.

How vile's the *World*! *Fancie*, keep up thy *Wings*,  
 (Ruffled in *Busle* of low Things,  
 Toss'd in the common Throng) then acquiesce beve

## XIX.

(Kings.

Thus, *Thou* being rapt, and struck with *Embean* Fire,  
 In *SKIES* *Star-chamber* strike thy *Lyre*;  
 Proud *Rome*, not all thy *Cesars* could thus high aspire.



## XX.

Mans *spiritual State*, enlarg'd, still widening flowes,  
As th' *Helix* doth: A Circle shoves (throwes.  
Mans *natral Life*, which *Death* soon from its *Zenith*

## XXI.

HEAV'NS Perspective is over-reasning FAITH,  
Which *Soul-entrancing VISIONS* hath;  
*Truths* Beacon, fir'd by *Love*, *Joyes* Empire open lay th.

## XXII.

This All-enforming LIGHT i'th pregnant *Minde*,  
The *Babe* THEOPHILA enshrin'd: (sign'd.  
GRACE dawns when *Nature* sets: *Dawn* for fair *Day* de-

## XXIII.

Breathe in thy dainty *Bud*, sweet *Rose*; 'Tis *Time*  
Makes Thee toripened VIRTUES clime, (Prime.  
When as the *SUN* of *GRACE* shall spread Thee to thy

## XXIV.

When her *Lifes-Clock* struck twelve (*Hopes Noon*)  
She beam'd, that *Queen* admir'd her *Sight*, (so bright  
Viewing, through *Beauties Lantern*, her *intrinsick Light*.

## XXV.

As, when fair *Tapers* burn in *Crystal Frame*,  
The *Cafe* seems fairer by the *Flame*: (Dame,  
So, do's HEAV'NS brighter *LOVE* brighten this lovely

## XXVI.

Her *Soul* the *Pearl*, her *Shell* out-whites the *Snow*,  
Or *Streams* that from *stretcht Udders* flow;  
Her *Lips* *Rock-rubies*, and her *Veins* wrought *Saphyrs*

## XXVII.

Her *Attractive Graces* dance about her *Lips*; (show.  
Spice from thofe scarlet *Portals* skips; (slips.  
Thence *Gileads* mystlick *Balm* (*Griefs* sovrain *Balsam*)

Such

## XXVIII.

Such precious *Fume* the incens'd ALTAR vents:

So, *Gums* in Air breath *Compliments*:

So, *Roses* damaskt *Robe*, prankt with green *Ribbons*, sents.

## XXIX.

Her *Eyes* amaze the *Viewers*, and inspire

To Hearts a warm, yet chaste Desire,

(As *Sol* heats all) yet feel they in *Themselves* no Fire.

## XXX.

Those *Lights*, the radiant *Windows* of her *Minde*,

Who would pourtray, as soon may finde

A way to paint the viewless, poise the weightless *Winde*.

## XXXI.

But, might we her sweet *Breast*, *LOVES* Eden, see;

On those *Snow-moumtlets Apples* be,

May cure those *Mischiefs* wrought by the forbidden *Tree*.

## XXXII.

Her *Hands* are soft, as swannie Down, and much

More white; whose temperate *Warmth* is such,

As when ripe *Gold* and quickning *Sun-beams* inly touch.

## XXXIII.

Ye *Syrens* of the Groves, who, pearcht on high,

Tune gutt'ral *Sweets*, *Air-Minstrels*, why

From your Bough-Cradles, rockt with *Windes*, to HER

## XXXIV.

(d'ye flie?

See, *Lilies*, gown'd in *Tissue*, simper by HER;

With *Marigolds* in flaming *Tire*; (Fire.

Green sattin'd *Bayes*, with *Primrose* fring'd, seem all on

## XXXV.

(thatcht,

Th' art *silver-voic'd*, *Teeth-pearl'd*, thy Head's gold-

Natures Reviver, *Flora's* patcht, (She's matcht.

Though trickt in *Mayer* new Raiment, when with Thee

## THEOPHILAS

XXXVI.

Thou, chaste as fair, Eve ere she blusht : From Thee  
The Libe'ral Arts in Capite,  
The Virtues by Knight-service, Graces hold in Fee.

XXXVII.

A gracious Soul, figur'd in Beauty, is  
Best Pourtrayture of Heavenly Bliss,  
Drawn to the Life : Wit-seign'd Pandora vails to This,

XXXVIII.

So, Cynthia seems Star-chambers President,  
With crescent Splendor from Sol lent,  
Rallying her starrie Troop to guard her glittering Tent.

XXXIX.

(Pearl'd Dews add Stars) yet Earths Shade shuts up  
Her Shop of Beams ; Whose Cone doth run  
Bove th' horned Moon, beneath the golden-tressed Sun.

XL.

Wh' on Skie, Clouds, Seas, Earth, Rocks doth Raies  
Stars, Rainbows, Pearls, Fruits, Diamonds pierce ;  
The Worlds Eye, Sourse of Light, Soul of the Universe.

XLI.

Who glowes like Carbuncles, when winged Hours  
Dandle the Infant-Morn, which scours  
Dame Luna, with her twinkling Spies, from azure Tow'rs.

XLII.

Thee, THEOPHIL, Dayes sparkling Eye we call ;  
Thy Faith's the Lid, thy Love the Ball,  
Beautying thy graceful Mein with Form ANGELICAL.

XLIII.

That Lady-Prioreſs of the cloyster'd Skie,  
Coacht with her spangled Vestalls nigh,  
Vails to this Constellation from DIVINITIE.

Vertue's

XLIV.

Vertue's her Spring of Honour, her Allies  
Are Saints, Guard Angels, HEAV'N her Prize;  
Whose Modestie looks down, while thus her Graces rise.

XLV.

Eugenia Wit, Paidia Art affords,  
Eusebia Truth for Her upbords.  
(Poets have Legislative Pow'r of making Words.)

XLVI.

Her Heart's a Court, her richly temper'd Breast  
A Chappel for Loves regent Guest;  
Here feasts She sacred Poets, SHE Herself a Feast.

XLVII.

Ye Bay-crown'd Lords, Who dig from Wisdoms Pits  
The Oar of Arts, and with your Wits  
Refine't, who prop the doating World in staggering Fists;

XLVIII.

And in Fames Court raise Obelisks divine;  
Such Symphonies do ye combine,  
As may inspirit Flesh with your Soul-ravishing Wine.

XLIX.

While Winter Autumn, Summer clasps the Spring;  
While tender'd Time shall Peans sing, (Wing.  
Your Eagle-plumes (that others waste) shall yamp Fames

L.

The rampant Juice of Teneriffe recruits  
Wildely the routed Spirits: So, Lutes,  
Harps, Viols, Organs, ah! and Trumpets, Drums & Flutes!

LI.

Though Art should humour grumbling Bases still,  
Tort ring the deep-mouth'd Catlins, till  
Hoarse-thundering Diapasons should the whole Room fill;

Yet



LII.

Yet those—But string this *LADIES* Harp; She'l trie  
Each Chords tun'd *Pulse*, till She descry  
Where moſts harmonious *Musicks* myſtick Soul do's lie.

LIII.

Now *Grace* with *Language* chimes; *Thrice* bleſt, who  
Their *HEAV'N* on Earth, in *Lifes* Book grac't; (taſt.  
Who leaving *Sense* with *Sense*, their Spirit with *SPIRITS* have

LIV.

(plac't.

With thoſe divine *Patritians*, who being not  
Eclipſt with *Sense*, or *Bodies* Spot,  
Are in the Spring of living *FLAME* Seraphick hot.

LV.

One *TASTE* gives *Joyes*! *Joyes*, at which, *Words* but  
*Schools*, purblind, grope at *Things* Above, (rove;  
*Cymmerian-like*, on whoſe *Suns* brow *Clouds* darkly move.

LVI.

*HEAV'NS* *Paths* are traceleſs; by *Exceſs* of *Light*;  
O're-fulgent *Beams* daz'd *Fyes* benight.  
Say *Ephata*, and *Clay's* *Collyrium* for my *Sight*!

LVII.

*Transported* in this *Extasie*, befriend  
*Me*, like the *Stagirite*, to end  
*My Thoughts* in *That* *Euripus*, *None* can comprehend!

LVIII.

This myſtick *Chain*, ô, lengthen't ſtill! imparts  
*Links*, fett'ring 'bove all *Time-born* *Arts*;  
Such ſweet *Diviſions* from tun'd *Strings* may raviſh

LIX.

(Hearts.

Beſt *Tenure* holds by th' *Ear*: In *Saul*, diſguiſ'd,  
When *Satan* oft *Tarantuliz'd*, (priz'd.  
The *Pſalming* *Harp* was 'bove they ſwaying *Scepter*  
This

LX.

This Hymn, ZEALs burning Feaver, do's refine  
My gross hydropick Soul; Divine  
Anthems unbowel BLISSE, and ANGELS down endline.

LXI.

ANGELS shot forth the happiest CHRISTMAS Newes;  
Ev'n CHRIST to warble Hymns did use;  
When Heav'ns high'st DOVE do's soar, He Wings of

LXII.

(Verse doth chuse.  
No Verse, no Text. Since Verse charms All, Sing on;  
Let Sermons wait till PSALMS be done;  
Soul-raisers, ye prevent the RESURRECTION.

LXIII.

But, ah! in War (Wraths Midwife) which do's tire,  
Yet never fills the Jaws of Ire,  
(Keen as the Evening Wolf) can She yet use her Lytle.

LXIV.

Yes. She's unmov'd in Earth-quakes, tumb'd in fars;  
(Fear argues Guilt) She stands in Wars,  
And Storms of thund'ring Brass, bright as coruscant Stars.

LXV.

Vertue's a Balsam to It self. Invoke  
She MERCE did to oyl steels Yoke;  
Thus, in an iron Age, This golden VIRGIN spoke.

LXVI.

Dread GOD! Black Clouds surcharg'd with Storms,  
When Purple Robes hide Scarlet Sin, begin,  
Ingrain'd from that Life-blood, which murthered their Souls in.

LXVII.

Our Sea-girt World (once Fortunate Isle, O, changed  
Deplorable) & It self seems strange;  
Unchristy Death has spread where thriving Peace did range.

War

## LXVIII

War bath our luke-warm Claret broacht with Spears:  
 LORD, save thy Ark from Floods of Fears,  
 Or thy sad Spouse may sink as deep in Bloud, as Tears!

## LXIX.

She chaws Bread steeped in Woes, gulpt down with Cries;  
 She drinks the Rivers of her Eyes;  
 Plung'd in Distress for Sin, to THEE She fainting flies.

## LXX.

Tune th' Irish Harp from Sharps to Flats! Compose  
 Whatever vicious Harshnesse grows  
 Upon the Scottish Thistle, or the English Rose!

## LXXI.

No ramping Lion its own Kind do's fear,  
 No tusked Bore, no rav'ning Bear:  
 Man, Mans Apollyon, doth CHRIST'S mystick Body tear.

## LXXII.

Ye Sons of Thunder, if You'l needs fight on,  
 Lead your fierce Troops 'gainst Turkish Moon,  
 Out of the Line of FAITH'S Communication.

## LXXIII.

The large-commanding Thracian Force desie:  
 Like Gun-stocks, though your Corps may flie  
 To Earth, Your Souls, like Bullets, will ascend on HIGH.

## LXXIV.

If GOD be then i'th Camp, much more will HE  
 In's Militant Church (His Temple) be,  
 To chasten Schism, and perversicacious Heresie.

## LXXV.

LORD! rent's thy Coat, Loves Type! This, sads the Good!  
 Though Presters, rudely fierce, fain wou'd  
 Be heard; THOU hat'st uncivil Pray'r, and civil Blood.

## LXXVI.

*Ah, could dissembling Pulpeteers cry't Good  
To wade through Seas of native Blood, (Hood!  
Break greatest Ties, play fast and loose, beneath Smeets*

## LXXVII.

*By Such were Catechisms, Communion, Creeds  
Disus'd! As March spawns Frogs; so, Weeds  
Sprung hence. Worst Atheist from corrupted Church-*

## LXXVIII.

(man breeds.

*Use the LORDS Pray'r, be th' Publican; recant  
The Pharisee; Or else, avant  
With your six-hundred-sixtie-six-word-Covenant.*

## LXXIX.

*LORD, they, through faithlesse Dreams, the Feast dis-  
Of thy SONS INCARNATION! (own  
(Then whether will such Proteus-tants at last be blown?)*

## LXXX.

*That FEAST of Feasts, Archangels Joy, Heav'n here  
Espous'd to Earth, Saints Blisse, most dear  
Prerogative o'th' Church, The Grand Day of the Year.*

## LXXXI.

*Man, first made Good, Himself unmade, and then  
The WORD, made Flesh, must dwell with Men,  
That, Man, thus worse then nought, may better'd be agen.*

## LXXXII.

*Dare to own Truth. Drones seiz'd the Bees full Bow'r;  
All's paint that Butterflies deflow'r;  
As Ants improve; so, Grasshoppers impair their Hour.*

## LXXXIII.

*When Pirat-wasps sail to the hony'd Grot,  
They'l finde a Trap-glasse, Death i'th Pot: (got.  
Levites, sleight not your Breast-work for vain Out-works*

We



LXXXIV.

*We ken Kirk-Interest; Draco's Laws recall;  
Repair the old Church; Saints the Wall,  
True Pastors Conduits, Grace the Font, Love cements All.*

LXXXV.

*Passé freely would we of Oblivion  
An Act, and pardon all by-gone, (done!  
Would you smite Hand on Thigh, and say, What have we*

LXXXVI.

*Truths Pensioners! your Flocks bleat; Food they need;  
CHRISTS Flesh, their Meat; Blood, Drink indeed:  
View GLORIES CROWN; In Season, out of Season, feed.*

LXXXVII.

*Ye Friends to th' BRIDEGROOM, Stewards to the Bride,  
With Oracles of Truth us guide; (abide.  
Truth blesseth Church and State; Faithful, till crown'd,*

LXXXVIII.

*So, when the JUDGE with his Reward appears,  
You'l reap in Joy what's sown in Tears: Ears.  
Moyst Seed-times crown the Fields with golden-bearded*

LXXXIX.

*JUDGE-ADVOCATE to th' wrong'd; sure, THOU to Guilt,  
Which would unmake thy Creatures, wilt  
Be just, when Inquisition's made for Blood that's spilt.*

XC.

*At our Ears Port land Peace and Truth! O, then,  
Welcome, as Sol to th' Rufs in's Den!  
As Shoar to shipwrackt, as to Towns dismantled, Men!*

XCI.

*O, might a second ANGEL-QUIRE nere cease  
To Worms, worn out with Wars Distress,  
To sing, in all Mens hearing, their blest Song of PEACE!*

Peace!

## XCII.

Peace! *Home of Pilgrims, first Song at CHRIST'S Birth;*  
 Peace, *His last Legacie on Earth;* (Mirth.  
 Peace, *gen'ral Preface to all Good;* Peace, *SAINTS true*

## XCIII.

Love, *Thou, Support to Martyrs!* as *Jet Straw,*  
*So Us to our BELOV'D dost draw;*  
*Thou art Golds true Elixir, Thou summ'st up the Law.*

## XCIV.

*Who can Divine Love speak in words of Sense?*  
*Since, Man, as ransom'd, Angels thence (nence!*  
*Transcends! Such is CHRIST'S Passions high Prehemi-*

## XCV.

Here did *She* seal her *Lips,* unsluce her *Eyes*  
 To flowing *Rhetrick,* and descries (Prize.  
 The *World's* a Cask, its *Wine* false Mirth, its *Lees* Fools

## XCVI.

And now, by lympid *Spring* of *Life-joy,* where  
*Crystal* is lymbect all the *Year* (rear.  
 To *GOD* *She* would her *Heav'n-ascending Raptures*

## XCVII.

Taught hence, misguided *Zeal,* whom *Heats* dispose  
 To *Animosities,* may close;  
 And bloody *Furies* *CONVERTS* be, by pond'ring *Those.*

## XCVIII.

Harmonious *Beauty,* feast our *Ear!* They're *Kings*  
 At least, who hear, when *LOVE* thus sings:  
*LOVE,* to high *Graces* *Key* skrues up low *Natures* *Strings.*

## XCIX.

Love, *Thou* canst Ocean-flowing *Storms* appease;  
 And such oregrown *Behemoths* please,  
 As tax the scaly *Nation,* and excise the *Seas.*

C.

If, THEOPHIL, thy LOVE-SONG can't assuage  
 The *Fate* incumbent on this *Age*,  
 No Time to write, but weep; For we are ripe for *Rage*!

*Ite sacrosanctæ Tabulata per Alta Carinæ ;  
 Non opus est Fluviis, Lintea pando Mari.  
 Ite Rates Ventis, quo vos rapit Aura, secundis :  
 Brittica Cymba pias findat AMORIS Aquas.*

— Animarum Sponsus IESUS.



THEOPH.

P. 51





The Soule against Temptations fights,  
 Whom Death and Hell present with Frights:  
 The World with Wealth and Honour courts;  
 The Fleeshes Glasse invites to Sports:  
 But ~~Temptations~~ by Faith her Shields,  
 And Hopes firm Anchor stands the Field;  
 Accompany'd with GRACE and LOVE,  
 By ANGELS SHE does upward move.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

## CANTO IV.

### The Inammoration.

#### ARGUMENT.

*O, DEUS, aut nullo caleat mihi Pectus ab Igne !  
Aut solo caleat Pectus ab Igne Tui !  
Languet ut Illa DEO, mihi Mens simul æmula languet !  
Cœlitus ut rapitur, me Violenta rapit !*

She Onset makes, first with *Love-darts* aloof ; (Roof;  
Then, with *ZEALS Fire-works*, storms *HEAV'NS*  
Whose *FAITHS Shield*, & *SALVATIONS Helmet* are Hell-  
(proof.

#### THEOPHILA'S Soliloquie.

#### STANZA I.

**W**hen *Heav'ns LOVE Paramount*, HIMSELF reveals,  
And to the suppliant *Soul*, her *Pardon* seals,  
At *fear'd-Hopes* doubtful Gate, w<sup>th</sup> trembling fell,  
2. (Who *Heav'n-ward* sails, coasts by the *Cape of Hell*)  
That *Her HE* deigns to take, *She* joyes in *Woes*,  
To have in *Labour* pass'd the *Parturition Throes*,

3.  
 All *Travell-pangs*, all *New-birth* Heart-deep Groans,  
 All *After-births* of Penitential Mones,  
 Are swallow'd up in living Streams of *Bliss*;  
 4. When as the *Heav'n-born Heir*, the *New-man* is,  
 By th' quickning SPIRIT of the HIGH'ST reborn:  
 Time *past* hath *pas'd* her Night, *present* presents her Morn.

5.  
 See *Joy* in *Light*, See *Light* in *Joy*; O, see, (*Tree*,  
 Poor worthless Maid, *Fruit* brought thee from *Lifes*-  
 By th' SPOUSE & SPIRIT, *Saints* sole *Supporters*! Rise  
 6. Then, *Hells* Apostate, and be *Heav'nly* wife:  
 THOU art (Lets interpledge our *Souls*) my ONE,  
 My ALL, though not by UNITIE, by Union!

7.  
 Ineffably mysterious Knot begun;  
 Saints mount, as Dew allur'd by beckning Sun:  
 Loves faithful Friends, what parallels your Guard,  
 8. Where *Truth* is Sentinel, and *Grace* the Ward?  
 The *Way* is Flow'r-strown, where the *Guide* is Love:  
 His SPIRIT with you *below*, your Spirit with HIM *Above*.

9.  
 Reciprocal *Excesse* of *Joy*! Then, soar  
 My *Soul* to HIM, Who *Man* became; Nay more,  
 Took *Sin* it self, to cleanse thy fully'd *Clay*,  
 10. But took it, only to take it away.  
 O, SELF DONATION! peerlesse GIFT, unknown!  
 Now since that HE is *Thine*, be never *Thou* thine own!

11.

O, *Prodigie* of Great and Good! Faith, sound  
This *LOVES* *Abyss*, that do's so strangely bound  
*ALMIGHTINES* IT SELF! From *Whose* *Veins*, see,

12. Unfluct, *LOVES* purple *Ocean*, when His Free  
Red-streaming *Life* did vanquish *Death & Hell*!  
That thou might'st live, He dy'd! That thou might rise,  
He fell!

13.

God so lov'd *Man*, that Naturalists may deem  
God to set *Man* before HIMSELF did seem!

When *Man*, with seeing blinde, 'gainst God arose,  
14. And slew his only FRIEND, God say'd his *Foes*!  
*Sol* mour'nd in blacks! *Heav'n's* *Vice-roy*, *Nature*, f'wound-  
*Excess* *LOVES* Reason was, *Immensitie* Love bounded! (ed!

15.

Ye *Twins* of *Light*, as *Sun-flow'rs* be enclin'd  
To th' *SUN* of *RIGHTEOUSNES*; Let *Taste*, refin'd,  
Like nothing as *LOVES* *Heav'nly* *Manna*; and

16. Let all but *CHRIST* feel rough, as *Esaus* *Hand*;  
Let nought like's *Garment* smell; Let *Ears* rejoyce,  
But in expresles *Dictates* of *LOVES* whisp'ring *Voice*!

17.

He's thy bright *Sun*; twixt *WHOM*, and thy *Souls* *Bliss*,  
Thy earthie *Body* interposed is;  
Whereby such dread *Eclipses* caused are,

18. As fam'd *Astronomers* can ne're declare:  
Yet oft He shines; Then, vanish servile *Fears*;  
Then, *Heav'n-ward* filial *Hopes* dry up thy trickling *Tears*.



19

Spiritual *Light* Spirituals clears: In HEAV'N  
 Thou'lt view that *full*, what now by *Glimps*, like *Steph'n*  
 Thou canst but *spy*; There, shalt thou *Face to Face*,  
 20. His *Light*, His *Joy*, His *Love*, His *Pow'r*, His *Grace*,  
 And His ALL-FILLING GLORY clearly see!  
 In optick *Emanations* from ETERNITIE!

21

I'th' RING of boundless LUSTER, from whose *Ray*  
 This petty *World* gleaneth its *peep* of *Day*:  
 Thou shalt be *Crown'd* with *Wreaths* of endless *Light*:  
 22. Here, oft's an *Enterview* in *Heat*, and *Might*,  
 By *Inter-lucidations* from ABOVE,  
 Twining *Embraces* with's ensphearing ARM of LOVE!

23

Most blessed *Souls*, to whom He do's appear,  
 Folded within your *Arms* chaste *Hemisphear*!  
 O, Condescend! How's *LIPS* shed *Love*! *Life*, *Merit*!  
 24. He makes his *Angels* Court of *Guard*! By's *SPIRIT*  
 He *crowns* you with his *Grace*! So, with his *BLOOD*,  
 When He *Redeem'd* you, and consign'd His *FLESH* for  
 (Food!

25

*Meat* came from th' *Eater*, from the *Strong* did *Dew*  
*Sweetnesse*; when as, incomparably true,  
 OMNIPOTENCIES SELF did largely shed  
 26. His mystick *Oil* of *Joy* upon thy *Head*:  
 Then, trample *Sin* in *Babylons* golden *Cup*;  
*Treasures* away She *trifles*, *Trifles* *treasures* up.

Oyl

27

Oyl of this *Lamp*, obsequious *Soul*, lights *Thee*

To thine approaching *HEAV'N*! In *Sanctitie*

Be actuated then; Being up assum'd

28. By this bright *Sun*, with this rich *Oyl* perfum'd,  
Th' art prepossess'd with *Heav'nly Comforts*, which,  
With their *Soul-chearing Sweets*, both ravish and enrich.

29

! Poor, panting *Heart*, Loves *Seat*, yearn for *Joys Pith*!

To have (thy highest *Bliss*!) *Communion* with

The *FATHER* & the *SON*, one *SPIRIT* with *CHRIST*!

30. And *One* in *THEM*, as *THEY* are *One*! Thou fly'st

Through *Grace* to *GLORY*! *VISION* shall sublime

Thy *Faith*, *FRUITION* *Hope*, *ETERNITY* thy *Time*!



THEOPH.

# THEOPHILAS

## LOVE-SONG.

### STANZA. 31.

**S**elf! ô, how mean an *Harmonie* it breeds!  
**JESUS!** All Names this NAME of Names exceeds!  
 This Name's GODS *Mercie* at full Sea, 'tis *LOVES*  
 32. High *Tow'r*, foyes *Loadstone*; This, my *Spirit* moves.  
 Hark: *Rise my Love, my Fair One, Come away*;  
*Lingring breeds Losse*; I am thy *Leader, Light, and Way*.

### 33.

What *Speed Speeds* self can make, *Soul*, flie withall;  
 GREATNES and GOODNES most *Magnetical*!  
 Shoot, like a *Flash of Fire*, to th' *ruby Wine*,  
 34. His precious *BLOOD*, transcendently *Divine*!  
 (How *poor* those costly *pearls* were, drunk by *Some*)  
 My *LORD*, drink *Blood* to me! Let It to th' *Worlds Health*  
 come!

### 35

All *Hope's* unanchor'd but in *THAT*. *THOU* art,  
 'Bove *Indies Womb*, rich to my *Love-sick Heart*!  
*Flesh-fair Endowments* are but *Skin-deep Brags*,  
 36. *Varnisht Corruption*; *Wealth* is but *Cares Bags*;  
 The *Bag* impostom'd choaks. *Gold, Beauty, Fame*  
 Are sublunary *Myfts* to *SAINTS Seraphick Flame*.

JESUS,

37

JESUS! THIS fans my *Fire*, which has at best  
 But Grains of *Incense*, Pounds of *Interest*.  
 Go, *Int'rest*; Take the *Principal*, Thine own:  
 38. Divine LOVE loves thy LOVELINES alone!  
 What *Flames* to THINE proportionable be!  
 LORD, had'st not first lov'd *Man*, *Man* could not have  
 (lov'd THEE!

39

Why lov'st us, but because THOU would'st? O, why  
 For *Lepers* would the UNDEFILED die?  
 That *Pen* was dipt i'th' *Standish* of thy BLOOD,  
 40. Which wrot th' *Indenture* of our termless Good!  
 O, LOVE, 'bove *Wish*! Never such LOVE enroll'd!  
 Who think their utmost *Flames* enough for THEE, are  
 (cold.

41.

Whose HIGHNES did not to *be low* disdain,  
 Yet, when at Lowest, Highest did remain!  
 Who bow'dst HEAV'NS *Altitude*, refresh with *Flours*,  
 42. With JESSESSov'raign *Flow'r*, my fainting Pow'rs,  
 Which sink (as shaft-struck *Hart* embost) twixt *Grief*,  
 And *Joy*: *Grief* for my *Sin*, *Joy* for thy free *Relief*.

43.

Wrackt is with *bitter-sweet* Extreame my *Minde*,  
 Shell'd, sheath'd, cag'd, coffin'd in her treacherous  
 Her always tempting ma's of *Flesh* She bears, (*friend*;  
 44. Her *Hopes*, did they not sprout from Thee, were *fears*:  
 HOPE, Thou *Perfume* of LOVERS, for thy *Sake*  
 LOVE's generous, throws at All: *Life's* but a petty *Stake*;

Scarce



45

Scarce worth the *Prize*. LOVE makes two *Spirits* but  
 Me, *Counterpart* to thy *Indenture*, own ; (one ;  
 I, active then as *Light*, tread *Air* and *Flame*,  
 46. Without or *Wing*, or *Chariot* ; and disclaim  
 All the faint *Sweets* of *Earth*. Thy *SPIRIT* views  
 How in *Loves* torrid *Zone* thy sweltring *Martyr* stews.

47

Row me, ye *Dove-wing'd Oars*, whom *Hope* do's buoy,  
 To wisht-for *Hav'n*, flowing with *Tides* of *Joy* !  
 Yet wish I not, my *Joy*, thy *Joyes* Above,  
 48. Meerly for *Joy* ; nor *Pleasures* of thy *LOVE*,  
 Only for *Love* of *Pleasure* ; No, let free  
*Spiritual Languors* teem ! *Fruitful*, yet *Virgins* be !

49

Give, give me *Children*, or I die ! LOVE, rest  
 Thy Head upon the *Pillows* of my *Breast* !  
 When me THOU shalt impregn'd with *Vertues* make  
 50. A fruitful *Eden*, All the *Frutage* take !  
 Thy *Passion*, *Jonathan*, below did move ;  
 Rapt *SPIRITS*, in high *Excess* flame with intensest *Love* !

51

My *Life* is hid with THEE in *GOD* ! Descry  
 THY SELF, ô, THOU, my plighted *SPOUSE*, that I  
 May ever glorious be ! That my joy'd *Soul*  
 52. With THEE may make up *Marriage* ! and my whole  
 Self THEE for *Bridegroom* have ! My *Hope* still sends  
 Up *Come*, that I may enter with thy *feasted Friends* !

53.

O, *That* long-long'd for COME! ô, COME! mine Eyes,  
 Loves *Sentinels*, watch, like officious *Spies*!

Strike *Sparks* of Joy t' enflame Loves *Tinder*! make  
 54. The *Exile* view her *Home*, the *Dreamer* wake!

*Tears* raise the *Fire* of LOVE! Ease *Sighs* of *Air*,  
*Fires* *Palsion*, watry *Tears*, and *earthly* self *Despair*!

55.

My *Sighs*, condens'd to *Drops*, compute *Hours* spent!  
 Cancell the *Lease* of my *Clay-Tenement*,

Which payes deer *Rent* of *Groans*! ô, grant a *Writ*  
 56. Of *Ease*! I *languish* out, not *live*! Permit

A *Passe* to *SIONS MOUNT*! But, I resigne  
 My green-sick *Will*, though sick of LOVE, to *that* of *Thine*!

57.

*Waitings*, which ripen *Hopes*, are not *Delays*;  
*Presence* how great, how true's LOVE, *Absence* saies:

While *Lungs* my *Breath* shall organ, I'l pres still  
 58. Th' *Exinanition* of my o'regrown *Will*.

*Behold*, I quickly come. O're-joyd I'm here!  
 O Come! Till then, each *Day's* an *Age*, each *Hour* a *Year*.

59.

JESU! (That NAME's *Foyes* *Essence*!) hasten on!  
 Throng amorous *Sighs* for *Dissolution*!

Fastidious *Earth*, avant; With *Love-plumes* soar,  
 60. My Soul, to meet thy SPOUSE. Can'tst wish for more?

Only Come! give a RING! Re-eccho then,  
 O, Come. Even so, LORD JESU, COME! Amen. Amen.

Who

## LXI.

Who's this Inamor'd VOTRESSE? Like the Morn  
From Mountain unto Mountain born?  
Who first, with Night-drops dew'd, seem'd Turtle Dove

## LXII.

(forlorn?

But now, e're warped Body, neer Decay,  
Stands, Bow-like, bent, to shoot away (Day,  
Her Soul, Ere prone Looks kiss her Grave, e're her last

## LXIII.

She (LOVE-fill'd) wants no Mate, has rather one  
Body too much. I'th' SPIRITS Throne (alone!  
CHRISTS Peace is fullest Quire! Such Loneness, least

## LXIV.

When soft-flying Sleep, Deaths Sister, Wings do's  
Over that curtain'd Grave, her Bed, (spread  
Then, with prophetick Dreams the HIGHEST crowns her

## LXV.

(Head.

Behold, a comely PERSON, clad in white,  
The all-inlightning Sun, lesse bright  
Than that illustrious FACE of HIS, which blest her Sight.

## LXVI.

To Her, in MAJESTIE, His Way HE broke,  
And, softly thus to Her HE spoke.  
Come, Come away. My JESUS? saies She. So, She woke.

## LXVII.

Her Pray'rs, more passionate, than witty, rise,  
As Sols Postilion, bright; her Eyes, (dise.  
Wrastling with GOD for GRACE, bedew Loves Para-

## LXVIII

Betimes, when keen breath'd Winds, with frosty Cream,  
Periwig bald Trees, glaze tatling Stream: (Theme.  
(For May-games past, white-sheet-peccavi is Winters  
Those

## LXIX.

"Those *Day-breaks* give good *Morrows*, w<sup>ch</sup> *She* takes  
 With *Thanks*, so, doubly *Good* them makes.  
 Who in *GODS Promise* rests, in *GODS Remembrance*

## LXX.

(wakes.

*SAINTS* nothing more, *SAINTS* nothing lesse regard,  
 Than *LOVES SELF*, than *self-Love*; unscar'd,  
 Though rackt into an *Anagram*, their *Souls* being spar'd.

## LXXI.

Through *Vertuous Self-mistrust* *They* acted move  
 Like *Needle*, toucht by th' *Stone of Love*.  
 Blest *Magnet*, which attracts, and *Souls* directs *ABOVE*!

## LXXII.

Were *She* but *mortal*, *She* were satisfy'd,  
 So *GOD* liv'd in *Her*, till *She* dy'd; (Guide.  
 His *WORD*, her *Deed*; his *WILL*, her *Warrant*; *BOTH*, her

## LXXIII.

Thus, this *DEVOTA* breaths out yerning *Cries*.  
 Let not *Dust* blinde my *sensual Eyes*,  
 When as my *Spirits Energie* transcends the *Skies*!

## LXXIV.

*VIRTUES* raise *Souls*. *All's FILIAL* to *ABOVE*;  
 Low'st *Step* is *Mercenary Love*;  
*Fraternal* are the *Sides* that *SAINTS Ascent* improve.

## LXXV.

*Manna* to my *enamour'd Soul*, art *THOU*!  
 The *SPIRIT* of *Heav'n*, distill'd, do's flow & grow.  
 From thy *ASPECT*; By That, from *Brutes*, we *ANGELS*

## LXXVI.

Had I, ô, had I many *Lives*, as *Years*;  
 As many *LOVES*, as *Love* bath *Fears*;  
 All, All were *THINE*, had I as many *Hearts*, as *Hairs*!



## LXXVII.

From THEE my JOY-EXTENSIONS spreading flow ;  
 Dilating, as Leaf-gold ! be n't slow, (I woo !  
 O, THOU, my All, and more ! Love-lorn, THEE still

## LXXVIII.

The Widow press'd, till THEE to grant She bound ;  
 The VIRGIN sought THEE, till she found ;  
 The Publican did knock, till opening, knocking crown'd.

## LXXIX.

Though nought but dross I in my self can spie,  
 Yet melted with THY beaming EYE,  
 My Refuse turns to Gold, by mystick Alchymie ;

## LXXX.

Then, whet thy blunt Sythe, Time, and wing thy Feet :  
 Life, not in Length, but Use, is sweet : (fleet !  
 Come, Death, (the Body brought a bed o'th' Soul.) Come,

## LXXXI.

Be Pulse, my passing-Bell ; be Skin, my Herse :  
 Nights sable Curtains that disperse (Verse !  
 The Rayes of Day, be Shroud : Dews, weep my funeral

## LXXXII.

Pittie me, Love-sick Virgins ! Then, She swoond ;  
 O'recome with Zeal, She sunk to th' Ground :  
 Darts of intolerable Sweets her Soul did wound.

## LXXXIII.

She lay with flaming LOVE empierc't to th' Heart :  
 Wak't, As She bled, She kist the Dart ;  
 Then sigh'd. Take all I am, or have ! All, All THOU art !

## LXXXIV.

Then, sunk again. Reviv'd, Love's Bow She bent,  
 And marry'd String to Shaft, and sent  
 Ejaculations, which the Skies, like Lightning, rent.

Piercing

## LXXXV.

Piercing *Them* through (feather'd with *Sighs*) to show  
 She *little* pay'd, yet *much* did owe :  
 The *Feathers* fung, and fir'd, as they did upward go.

## LXXXVI.

No ice-fring'd *Cloud* may quench *LOVES* soaring  
*LOVE* is more strong then *Death*, or *Shame*. (*Flame* :  
 Grown up all *Soul*, the *Flesh* sinks in a triple *Qualm*.

## LXXXVII.

I charge ye, *SION VIRGINS*, let Her still  
 Enjoy her disencloystred Fill  
 In These high Extasies of *UNION* and *WILL*.

## LXXXVIII.

Do not with Claps of Hands, or noise of Feet,  
 Awake Her from what is more sweet,  
 Till the bright rising Day-star light Her to *HEAV'NS* Street.

## LXXXIX.

Yeeld Her, what her unfetter'd Rapture gives,  
 Since She's more where She loves, than lives :  
 Transanimations, scaling *HEAV'N*, break carnal Gyves.

## XC.

In *LOVES* triumphant Chariot plac't She is ;  
 Concentrick are her *JOYES* with *HIS*  
 Encharioted in Fire, her Spirit *HEAV'N*-ripe for Blisse.

## XCI.

They're only found, who Thus are lost in Trance ;  
 Transported to the *Highest* Advance,  
 With Him, who was in Spirit rapt to' expresseless Glance.

## XCII.

Return'd; She cry'd: O, slay me thus again !  
 Ne're loves She who thus ne're is slain ! (pain !  
 How sweet the Wounds of LOVE ! No Pleasure to *LOVES*

45

Scarce worth the *Prize*. LOVE makes two *Spirits* but  
 Me, *Counterpart* to thy *Indenture*, own ; (one ;  
 I, active then as *Light*, tread *Air* and *Flame*,  
 46. Without or *Wing*, or *Chariot* ; and disclaim  
 All the faint *Sweets* of *Earth*. Thy *SPIRIT* views  
 How in *Loves* torrid *Zone* thy sweltring *Martyr* stews.

47

Row me, ye *Dove-wing'd Oars*, whom *Hope* do's buoy,  
 To wisht-for *Hav'n*, flowing with *Tides* of *Joy* !  
 Yet wish I not, my *Joy*, thy *Joyes* Above,  
 48. Meerly for *Joy* ; nor *Pleasures* of thy *LOVE*,  
 Only for *Love* of *Pleasure* ; No, let free  
*Spiritual Languors* teem ! *Fruitful*, yet *Virgins* be !

49

Give, give me *Children*, or I die ! LOVE, rest  
 Thy Head upon the *Pillows* of my *Breast* !  
 When me THOU shalt impregn'd with *Vertues* make  
 50. A fruitful *Eden*, All the *Frutage* take !  
 Thy *Passion*, *Jonathan*, below did move ;  
 Rapt *SPIRITS*, in high *Excess* flame with intens'est *Love* !

51

My *Life* is hid with THEE in *GOD* ! Descry  
 THY SELF, ô, THOU, my plighted *SPOUSE*, that I  
 May ever glorious be ! That my joy'd *Soul*  
 52. With THEE may make up *Marriage* ! and my whole  
 Self THEE for *Bridegroom* have ! My *Hope* still sends  
 Up *Come*, that I may enter with thy *feasted Friends* !

53.

O, *That* long-long'd for COME! ô, COME! mine *Eyes*,  
 LOVES *Sentinels*, watch, like officious *Spies*!

Strike *Sparks* of Joy t' enflame LOVES *Tinder*! make  
 54. The *Exile* view her *Home*, the *Dreamer* wake!

*Tears* raise the *Fire* of LOVE! Ease *Sighs* of *Air*,  
*Fires* *Palsion*, watry *Tears*, and *earthly* self *Despair*!

55.

My *Sighs*, condens'd to *Drops*, compute *Hours* spent!  
 Cancell the *Lease* of my *Clay-Tenement*,  
 Which payes deer *Rent* of *Groans*! ô, grant a *Writ*  
 56. Of *Ease*! I languish out, not live! Permit  
 A *Passé* to *SIONS MOUNT*! But, I resigne  
 My green-sick *Will*, though sick of LOVE, to *that* of *Thine*!

57.

*Waitings*, which ripen *Hopes*, are not *Delays*;  
*Presence* how great, how true's LOVE, *Absence* saies:  
 While *Lungs* my *Breath* shall organ, I'll press still  
 58. Th' *Exinanition* of my o'rgrown *Will*.  
 Behold, I quickly come. O're-joyd I'm here!  
 O Come! Till then, each *Day's* an *Age*, each *Hour* a *Year*.

59.

JESU! (That NAME's *Foyes* *Essence*!) hasten on!  
 Throng amorous *Sighs* for *Dissolution*!  
 Fastidious *Earth*, avant; With *Love-plumes* soar,  
 60. My Soul, to meet thy SPOUSE. Can't wish for more?  
 Only Come! give a RING! Re-eccho then,  
 O, Come. Even so, LORD JESU, COME! Amen. Amen.

Who



## LXI.

Who's this Inamor'd VOT'RESSE? Like the *Morn*  
 From *Mountain* unto *Mountain* born?  
 Who first, with Night-drops dew'd, seem'd *Turtle Dove*

## LXII.

(forlorn?

But now, e're warped *Body*, neer Decay,  
 Stands, *Bow-like*, bent, to shoot away (Day,  
 Her Soul, Ere prone *Looks* kifs her *Grave*, e're her last

## LXIII.

She (LOVE-fill'd) wants no *Mate*, has rather one  
*Body* too much. I'th' SPIRITS *Throne* (alone!  
 CHRIST'S *Peace* is fullest *Quire*! Such *Loneness*, least

## LXIV.

When soft-flying *Sleep*, *Deaths* Sister, *Wings* do's  
 Over that curtain'd *Grave*, her *Bed*, (spread  
 Then, with prophetick *Dreams* the HIGHEST crowns her

## LXV.

(Head.

Behold, a comely PERSON, clad in white,  
 The all-inlightning *Sun*, lesse bright  
 Than that illustrious FACE of HIS, which blest her Sight.

## LXVI.

To Her, in MAJESTIE, His Way HE broke,  
 And, softly thus to Her HE spoke.  
 Come, Come away. My JESUS? saies She. So, She woke.

## LXVII.

Her Pray'rs, more passionate, than witty, rise,  
 As Sols Postilion, bright; her Eyes, (dise.  
 Wrastring with GOD for GRACE, bedew Loves Para-

## LXVIII

Betimes, when keen breath'd *Winds*, with frosty *Cream*,  
 Peri'wig bald *Trees*, glaze tatling *Stream*: (Theme.  
 (For *May*-games past, white-sheet-peccavi is *Winters*  
 Those

## LXIX.

Those *Day-breaks* give good *Morrows*, w<sup>ch</sup> She takes  
 With *Thanks*, lo, doubly *Good* them makes.  
 Who in *GODS Promise* rests, in *GODS Remembrance*

## LXX.

(wakes.

*SAINTS* nothing more, *SAINTS* nothing lesse regard,  
 Than *LOVES SELF*, than *self-Love*; unscar'd,  
 Though rackt into an *Anagram*, their *Souls* being spard.

## LXXI.

Through *Vertuous Self-mistrust* *They* acted move  
 Like *Needle*, toucht by th' *Stone of Love*.  
 Blest *Magnet*, which attracts, and *Souls* directs *ABOVE*!

## LXXII.

Were *She* but *mortal*, *She* were satisfy'd,  
 So *GOD* liv'd in *Her*, till *She* dy'd; (Guide.  
 His *WORD*, her *Deed*; his *WILL*, her *Warrant*; BOTH, her

## LXXIII.

Thus, this *DEVOTA* breaths out yerning *Cries*.  
 Let not *Dust* blinde my *sensual Eyes*,  
 When as my *Spirits Energie* transcends the *Skies*!

## LXXIV.

*VIRTUES* raise *Souls*. *All's FILIAL* to *ABOVE*;  
 Low'st *Step* is *Mercenary Love*;  
*Fraternal* are the *Sides* that *SAINTS Ascent* improve.

## LXXV.

*Manna* to my *enamour'd Soul*, art *THOU*!  
 The *SPIRIT* of *Heav'n*, distill'd, do's flow & grow.  
 From thy *ASPECT*; By That, from *Brutes*, we *ANGELS*

## LXXVI.

Had I, ô, had I many *Lives*, as *Years*;  
 As many *Loves*, as *Love* bath *Fears*;  
 All, All were *THINE*, had I as many *Hearts*, as *Hairs*!

## LXXVII.

From THEE my Joy-EXTENSIONS *spreading flow* ;  
*Dilating, as Leaf-gold ! be n't slow, (I woo !*  
 O, THOU, my All, and more ! Love-lorn, THEE still

## LXXVIII.

The Widow *press'd*, till THEE to grant She bound ;  
 The VIRGIN fought THEE, till she found ;  
 The Publican did knock, till opening, knocking crown'd.

## LXXIX.

Though nought but dross I in my self can spie,  
 Yet melted with THY beaming EYE,  
 My Refuse turns to Gold, by mystick Alchymie ;

## LXXX.

Then, whet thy blunt Sythe, Time, and wing thy Feet :  
 Life, not in Length, but Use, is sweet : (fleet !  
 Come, Death, (the Body brought a bed o'th' Soul) Come,

## LXXXI.

Be Pulse, my passing-Bell ; be Skin, my Herse :  
 Nights sable Curtains that disperse (Verse !  
 The Rayes of Day, be Shroud : Dews, weep my funeral

## LXXXII.

Pittie me, Love-sick Virgins ! Then, She swoond ;  
 O'recome with Zeal, She sunk to th' Ground :  
 Darts of intolerable Sweets her Soul did wound.

## LXXXIII.

She lay with flaming LOVE empierc't to th' Heart :  
 Wak't, As She bled, She kist the Dart ;  
 Then sigh'd. Take all I am, or have ! All, All THOU art !

## LXXXIV.

Then, sunk again. Reviv'd, LOVE'S Bow She bent,  
 And marry'd String to Shaft, and sent  
 Ejaculations, which the Skies, like Lightning, rent.

Piercing

## LXXXV.

Piercing *Them* through (feather'd with *Sighs*) to show  
 She *little* pay'd, yet *much* did owe :  
 The *Feathers* fung, and fir'd, as they did upward go.

## LXXXVI.

No ice-fring'd *Cloud* may quench *LOVES* soaring  
*LOVE* is more strong then *Death*, or *Shame*. (*Flame* :  
 Grown up all *Soul*, the *Flesh* sinks in a triple *Qualm*.

## LXXXVII.

I charge ye, *SION VIRGINS*, let Her still  
 Enjoy her disencloystred Fill  
 In These high Extasies of *UNION* and *WILL*.

## LXXXVIII.

Do not with Claps of Hands, or noise of Feet,  
 Awake Her from what is more sweet,  
 Till the bright rising Day-star light Her to *HEAV'NS* Street.

## LXXXIX.

Yeeld Her, what her unfetter'd Rapture gives,  
 Since She's more where She loves, than lives :  
 Transanimations, scaling *HEAV'N*, break carnal Gyves.

## XC.

In *LOVES* triumphant Chariot plac't She is ;  
 Concentrick are her *JOYES* with *HIS*  
 Encharioted in Fire, her Spirit *HEAV'N*-ripe for Blisse.

## XCI.

They're only *sound*, who Thus are lost in Trance ;  
 Transported to the *Highest* Advance,  
 With Him, who was in Spirit rapt to' expresseless Glance.

## XCII.

Return'd ; She cry'd. O, slay me thus again !  
*Ne're* lives She who thus *ne're* is slain ! (pain !  
 How sweet the Wounds of *LOVE* ! No Pleasure to *LOVES*



## XCIII.

*In furnac't Heat, Pyrausta-like, I fry !  
 To live is Faith ! 'tis Gain to die !  
 One Life's enough for Two ! Thou liv'st in me, not I !*

## XCIV.

*How, mid'st Regalios of Loves Banquet, I  
 Dissolve in Sweets Extremitie !  
 O, Languors ! Thus to live is in pure Flames to die !*

## XCV.

*Three Kings three Gifts to th' KING of Kings did bring ;  
 Myrrhe, Incense, Gold, to Man, GOD, King :  
 For Myrrhe, Tears ; Incense Pray'rs ; Gold, take Loves*

## XCVI.

(Offering !

*O, take Loves Hecatomb ! Then, through her Eyes  
 Did LOVE inamoring Passions rise :  
 HIGH'ST GLORY CROWNS THEOPHILA'S Love-Sacrifice.*

## XCVII.

*Not She, Mortality alone did die ;  
 Death's but Translation to the Skie :  
 All Virtues fir'd in her pure BREAST their Spicerie.*

## XCVIII.

*As, when Arabias Wonder Spices brings,  
 Which fann'd to Flames by her own Wings,  
 She, from the glowing Holocaust in Triumph springs:*

## XCIX.

*So, VIRTUES Pattern, (Priestesse, Altar, Fire,  
 Incense, and Victime) up did spire ;  
 VICTORIA, VICTORIA, sung All HEAV'NS QUIRE.*

## C.

*She Ecchoing (Eccho, which do's all surpasse !  
 GODS Sight is GLORIES Looking-glasse !)  
 MAGNIFICATS, HOSANNAS, HALLELUIAHS!*

Pars

*Pars Cursûs emensâ mei, Pars restat aranda :  
 Ex æquo Metam Vesper & Ortus habent.  
 Ergo per immensos properent cava Lintea Fluctus :  
 Factatam capiant Littora sancta Ratem !*

—Amans Animâ satiatur Amantis.



View here the Authors high Design,  
 His Book display'd, his Tapers shine,  
 His Athenian Bird, the Dog, and Cat,  
 Whose watchfull Study intimate  
 THEOPHILA doth before Him stand  
 Amused with erected Hand;  
 And, like an Eagle, upward flies,  
 Rapt by bright ANGELS to the SKIES.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

## CANTO V.

### The Representation.

#### ARGUMENT.

*Mundus Opes, Animam COELUM, Terramq̃ resumpsit  
Terra : DEUS, Vitam cum tulit, IPSE dedit.  
Solut AMOR facit esse DEUM; QUEM, Mente capaci,  
Si Quis conciperet, posset & esse DEUS.*

*The Authors Vision, Her Ascent, HEAV'NS Place  
Descry'd, where reigns all glorious GRACE,  
Where's all-sufficient Good, the Sum of BLISSE She has.*

#### STANZA I.

**I**M vile, a thing impure, Corruptions Son,  
Earth-crawling Worm, by Sin undone,  
Whose suppliant Dust doth own its Shame, and

II. (t' HEAV'N doth run.

GRACE, intervene 'twixt Sin and Shame, and tie

A hopeful BLISSE to Miserie!

LORD, pardon dust and ashes : both, yea worse, am I!

III.

(did turn

Though dust, thy Work : though Clay, Thy HAND

This Vessel; and, though ashes, th' URN

Thou art, them to restore when Skie & Earth shall burn.

Whil'st



## IV.

Whil'ft that my *Heav'n-allyed-Soul* does ftay  
 Wholly on *THEE*, not *Europs Sway*  
 Can elevate my *Wifh*, like one *Grace-darted Ray*.

## V.

Meet, meet my prifon'd Souls *Address* ! oh, might  
*She* view, through mouldring Earth, thy *SIGHT* !  
*GRACE* perfects *Natures* want : Say here, *Let there be*

## VI.

(Light!

Then, though in *Flefh* my *Spirit* prifned be,  
 She may by *FAITH* ascend to *THEE*,  
 And up be raifd, till *ſhe* ſhall mount to *Libertie*.

## VII.

Clear-fighted *FAITH*, point out the *Way* ; I will  
 Neglect curld *Phraſes* frizled *Skill* :  
 Humble *DEVOTION*, liſt *Thou* up my flagging *Quill* ;

## VIII.

Which faints at firſt *Approach* ; my *Faith's* too light  
 To move *This MOUNTAIN*, reach *This HEIGHT* :  
 Can ſqueaking *Reeds* ſound forth the *Organs* full delight?

## IX.

I'm mute, for only *Light* can *Light* declare ;  
 A *Diamond* muſt a *Diamond* ſquare ;  
 Yet, where I dare not *ſpeak*, there yet *adore* I dare.

## X.

*Ear* has not heard, nor *Eye* has ſeen, nor can  
 Mans *Heart* conceive (vaſt *Heart of Man*)  
 The *Riches* treaſur'd up in *GLORIES Ocean* !

## XI.

*Tomes* full of myſtick *Characters* enſenſe  
 Thoſe *Seas of BLISSE* ! To write to *Senſe*  
*HEAV'NS Chronicle*, wou'd ask a *HEAV'ND-Intelligence*.

How

## XII.

How then, from *Flood of Tears* may an *Arkt Dove* try  
 Its ventrous *Pineons*, to descry  
 That *Land*, unknown to *Nature*: Vast *ETERNITIE*!

## XIII.

Fear *Gulfs* unfathomable; nor desire,  
 Ere of *GODS Court* thou art, & aspire  
 To be of's *Counsell*; Pry not, but with *Awe* admire.

## XIV.

Dwarf-words do *limp*, do *derogate*, do *scan*  
 Nor *Height*, nor *Depth*. Since *Time* began,  
 What constitutes a *Gnat* was ne're found out by *Man*.

## XV.

Dares mortal *Slime*, with ruder tongue, expresse  
 What ev'n *CELESTIALS* do confesse  
 Is *inexpressible*: Thou *Clod of Earth*, first guesse

## XVI.

In like *Degrees* from *Æquinoctial Track*,  
 Why *Men* are *tawny*, *white*, and *black*?  
 Why *Bactrias* Camel two? *Arabs*, one Bunch on's Back?

## XVII.

Canst lead *Leviathan* with a filken String?  
 Canst cover with a *Hornets Wing*  
*Behemoth*: Canst thou *Seas* into a *Nutshell* bring?

## XVIII.

Canst *Motion* fix? count *Sands*? recall past *Day*?  
 Shew *Height*, *Breadth*, *Length* & th' spreading *Ray*?  
 Discardinate the *Sphears*? and rapid *Whirlwindes* stay?

## XIX.

Tell, tell how pond'rous *Earths* huge propleffe *Ball*  
 Hangs poised in the fluent *Hall*  
 Of fleeting *Air*? how *Clouds* sustained are from *Fall*?

How

## XX.

How burnt the *Bush*, when *Verdure* cloth'd its *Fire*?  
 How from the *Rock*, Rod-struck in *Ire*,  
 Did *Cataracts* gush out? How did the *Sea* retire?

## XXI.

Canst thou take *Post-Horse* with the coursing *Sun*,  
 And with *Him* through the *Zodiack* run?  
 How many *Stages* be there ere the *Race* be done?

## XXII.

Then, tell how once *He* shot his *Beams* down-right  
 From the same *Zenith*, while for *Night*,  
*Mortals* stood gazing at a doubled *Noon-dayes-Light*?

## XXIII.

Tell, how that *Planet* did in after-dayes  
 Turn *Cancer*, shooting *Parthian* *Rayes*,  
 Ten whole *Degrees* reverst, which did the *World* amaze.

## XXIV.

Poor thingling *Man*! Propitious *HEAV'N*, assign  
 Some *ANGEL* for this high *DESIGN*!

*HEAV'NS* *HISTORIE* requires at least a *SERAPHIN*.

## XXV.

O, might some glorious *SPIRIT* then retire,  
 And warble to a *sacred Lyre*  
 The *Song* of *Moses* and the *LAMB* in *HEAV'NS* full *Quire*!

## XXVI.

'Twas at *Nights Noon*, when *Sleep* th' *Opprest* had  
 But *sleepless* were *Oppressors* found; (drown'd;  
 'Twas, when *Skies* spangled *Head* in *sable Veil* was bound:

## XXVII.

For, theevish *Night* had *stole*, and *clof'd* up quite,  
 In her dark *Lantern*, starrie *Light*:  
 No *Planet* seen to *sail* in that dead *Ebbe* of *Night*:

When

## XXVIII.

When, lo, all-spreading RAYES the Room surround!  
 Like such Reflections, as rebound,  
 Shooting their Beams to th<sup>e</sup> Sun, from Rocks of Diamond.

## XXIX.

This, to a Wonder, summoned my Sight,  
 Which dazzled was at so pure Light!  
 A FORM ANGELICK there appear'd divinely bright!

## XXX.

I wisht my Self more Eyes to view this Gleam;  
 I was awake, I did not dream;  
 Too exquisite Delight makes true Things feigned seem.

## XXXI.

Model of HEAV'N it was; I floated long  
 Twixt Joy and Wonder; Palsion strong, (Tongue!  
 Wanting due Vent, made Sight my Speech, & Eyes my

## XXXII.

Oft, my rapt Soul, ascending to the Eye,  
 Peep't through upon ANGELITIE,  
 Whose Blaze did burnisht Plate of sparkling Sol outvie!

## XXXIII.

If gracious Silence shind forth any where  
 With sweet Aspect, 'twas in this Sphear;  
 The Soul of Sweetness, and the SPIRIT of Joys mixt here.

## XXXIV.

From out LOVES Wing He must a Pensil frame,  
 Who, on Times cloth, would paint this Flame:  
 None can pourtray this glorious Draft but who's the same.

## XXXV.

Vail then, Timantes-like, this guess'd at FACE,  
 (The Curtain of That inward GRACE)  
 Whose Forebead with Diaphanous Gold impaled was.

For,



## XXXVI.

For, starrie *Knobs*, like *Diamonds*, did attire  
That *Front* with *GLORY*, and conspire  
To lavish out their *Beams*, to radiate that *Fire*.

## XXXVII.

Whose *Amber-curling Tresses* were unbound,  
And, like a *glittering Veil*, spread round,  
And so about the *snowy Shoulders* sweetly wound.

## XXXVIII.

Whose *Robe* shot forth a *Tissue*-waving *Shine*,  
Which seem'd loose-flowing, far more fine  
Than any interwoven *Silk* with *silver-Twine*.

## XXXIX.

With gracious *Smile*, approaching neerer, fate  
This *glorious THING* : ô, humble *State* !  
Yet, on the *VISION* *inexpressive RAYES* did wait.

## XL.

'Twas glorify'd *THEOPHILA* sat there.  
I, mute, as if I tongueless were,  
Till Her *Voice*, *Musick* drew my *Soul* into mine *Ear* :

## XLI.

'Twas 'bove *Lutes* sweetest *Touch*, or richest *Air* !  
I bring *Thee Things* (saies She) are rare :  
All subcœlestial *Streams Drops* to this *OCEAN* are.

## XLII.

Hear, first, my *Progress*. Loos'd from *Natures Chain*,  
And quit from *Clay*, I did attain,  
Swift as a glancing *Meteor* to th' *Aerial Plain* :

## XLIII.

Where, passing through, I did perfume the *Air*  
With sacred *Spice*, and incens'd *Pray'r* ;  
While grateful *Clouds* their liquid *Pearl*, as *Gift*, prepare.

XLIV.

I spare unlock those Treasures of Snow ;  
Or tell what paints the rainy Bowe ;  
Or what cause Thunders, Lightnings, Rains, or whence

XLV.

(Windes flow.

Those Regions pass'd, where bearded Comets light  
The World to fatall Woes ; a bright  
Large Orb of harmles Fire enflam'd my Heav'n-ward

XLVI.

To azure-arched Skie ascends my Soul,  
(Thence view I North and Southern Pole)  
Where Globes in Serpentine, yet order'd Motions rowl.

XLVII.

Thence by the changing Moons alternate Face,  
Up, through unwear'd Phosphors Place,  
I mount to Sols Diurnal and his Annual Race :

XLVIII.

By whose propitious Influence Things are  
Quickned below, this Monarch Star,  
Making his Progresse through the Signes, unclouds the Air ;

XLIX.

And, eight-score Times out-bulks the Earth ; whose Race  
In four and twenty HOURS space  
Bove fifty Milions of Germanick Leagues do's pace.

L.

This Giant with as many Tongues as Rayes,  
Speaks out, so oft as He displayes (should praise.  
His Beams, which gild the World ; that Man his LORD

LI.

Through Sphears I pass'd to Stars, that nail HEAV'NS  
(My Stay was with Skie-wonders short,) (Court,  
Which, by first Movers Force, are whirl'd about their Fort.

## LIII.

Through the blew-spangled Frame, my psalming Tongue  
 Made th' Orbs suspend their usual Song,  
 To hear Coelestial Hymns the glistring Quires did throng.

## LIII.

Chime out, ye Crystal Sphears, and tune your Poles;  
 Skies, found your Base, ere ye to Coals  
 Dissolve, and tumble on the Bonfire World in Shoals.

## LIV.

The Primum Mobile do's seem immense,  
 And doth transfused Influence  
 Through all inferiour Orbs, as swift as Thought, dispense.

## LV.

Suppose, a Millstone should from thence be hurl'd  
 Unto the Center of this World,  
 'T would make up sixscore Years, ere it could down be whirl'd.

## LVI.

Now, entred I HEAV'NS Suburbs, pav'd with Gems;  
 No orient Jewels cast such Beams;  
 (O, might this Verse be wreath'd but with such Diadems.)

## LVII.

Sols radiant Fulgence in meridian Skies  
 Seem'd Shade unto those CLARITIES;  
 Where Beauties Self might beautifie her fairest Eyes.

## LVIII.

'Tis 'bove high'st Verge, where Reason dares be bold;  
 That HEAV'N of GOD is of such Mold,  
 That Eyes, till glorify'd, cannot the same behold.

## LIX.

'Tis purely Spirit'al, and so must be,  
 Above compare in all Degree, (gree.  
 With Ought that draws its Line from th' six Dayes Pedi-

## LX.

*'Tis immaterial, 'bove the highest Sphear,  
 Dotb brighter then the rest appear ;  
 Than Orbs of Fire, Moon, Sun, or Cryſtaline more clear.*

## LXI.

*'Tis Space immense, from whence Apoſtates driv'n,  
 Their Rooms might ſo to Men begiv'n  
 With Thoſe confirmed SONS, th' Indigenæ of HEAV'N.*

## LXII.

*Absurdly ſome Philoſophers did dream,  
 That HEAV'N'S an uncreated Beam  
 Which forth eternally from GOD HIMSELF did ſtream.*

## LXIII.

*'Tis but a Creature, though its Eſſence be  
 To change unſubject, ſtanding free  
 On never ſhaken Pillars of INFINITIE.*

## LXIV.

*Ocean of JOYES ! Who can THEE fully ſtate ?  
 For clearer knowledge Man muſt wait ;  
 Firſt ſhoot Deaths Gulf, thy Soul may then arrive thereat:*

## LXV.

*For no One enters There, till He hath trod  
 Deaths Path, then, from that Period  
 Elected Souls aſcend to Heav'n, to BLISSE, to GOD !*

## LXVI.

*(Zeal through me fir's its way to ſpeak, that I  
 Would thither, like wing'd Lightning, flie,  
 Were my Fleſh-curtain drawn that clouds my Spirits*

## LXVII.

(Eye!

*What Heights would Souls affect, could they undreſs  
 Themſelves of Rags, that them depreſs !  
 How beautiful's the Form of naked HOLINES !*



## LXVIII

New Light, Life, Love, Joy, Bliss there boundless  
 There shall my Soul thy GLORY know, (flow!  
 When She her Robe of Clay shall to Earths wardrobe

## LXIX.

(throw!

Fond that I am to speak. Passe on to BLISSE,  
 That with an individual Kisse  
 Greets Thee for ever! Pardon this Parenthesis.)

## LXX.

Faith's the Souls Eye; As nothing were between,  
 They that beleewe, see Things unseen:  
 Close then thy carnal, thy spiritual Eyes unscreen.

## LXXI.

For, my transplanted Spirit shall emblaze  
 Words, may make Wonder stand at Gaze:  
 Unboundless Bliss doth ev'n the seprat Spirit amaze!

## LXXII.

O, Fleet of Intellectuals, Glory-fraught,  
 (Inestimable Arras, wrought  
 With Heart-orecoming Colours) how ye pass all Thought!

## LXXIII.

THOU All-comprizing, uncompri'd! WHO art  
 Ever, yet never made, impart  
 THOU (Loves Abyss, without or Ebbe, or Shoar) an Heart

## LXXIV.

Of WISDOM to attempt, proceed, and end  
 what never Was, Is, Can be penn'd! (hend?  
 (May Spots in Maps (dumb Teachers) Empires compre-

## LXXV.

The Skie-enchased Diamonds lesser show  
 Than Julie's hairy Worms that glow,  
 Sampled with those Rebounds unbounded GLORIES throw.

That

## LXXV.

*That Vessel of Election, rapt to th' Soil  
Of highest BLISSE, did here recoyl:  
Itb' same Attempt 'tis Honour to confess a Foyl.*

## LXXVII.

*Senſe knowes not 'bove Court-Triumphs, Thrones, or  
Gems, Muſick, Beauties, Banquetings, (Kings,  
Without ſuch Tropes it can't unfold Spiritual Things.*

## LXXVIII.

*O, how That moſt unutterable BLAZE  
Of HEAV'NS all-luminating RAYES  
Do's Souls (diſrob'd of Fleſh) both brighten, & amaze!*

## LXXIX.

*That boundleſſ Solſtice, with tranſparent Beams,  
Through HEAV'NS triumphant ARCHES ſtreams,  
And, gliding through each Spirit with inſinſick Gleams*

## LXXX.

*Pierceth to th' little World, and doth diſpell  
The gloomy Clouds of Sin, that ſwell  
The Soul, decoying it to ever-burning Hell!*

## LXXXI.

*By GLORY, how are SPIRITS made divine!  
How ſuper-radiantly They ſhine  
From th' ever-flowing SPRING of the refulgent TRINE!*

## LXXXII.

*Beyond Report of highſt Diſcourſe They dart  
Their Radiations, 'bove all Art!  
This cath'like BLISSE ore-flows the moſt capacious Heart!*

## LXXXIII.

*Conceiv'd a Court, where all Joyes domineer,  
Where Seas of Sweets ore-flow, and where  
GLORIES exhauſtleſſ Mines, Sports endleſſ Springs, appear:*

## LXXXIV.

*Where infinite Excesse of Sweets ne're cloyes !  
Where, still Fruitions Feast employes  
Desire ! where Who enjoy the least can't count their Joyes !*

## LXXXV.

*One may t' a Glimps, None to a Half can rise,  
Had He more Tongues, than HEAV'N has Eyes !  
Such, nothing see, as would in Words this SIGHT comprize !*

## LXXXVI.

*Can Measures such UNMEASURABLES hold ?  
Can Time INFINITIE unfold ?  
Superlative DELIGHTS may be admir'd, not told.*

## LXXXVII.

*When GLORIES Heav'n is all one Sunny Blaze,  
That flowing RADIANCE doth amaze,  
While on That inconceivable RESULT we gaze !*

## LXXXVIII.

*What King would not court Martyrdome, to hold  
In Capite a Citie' of Gold,  
Where, look how many Gates, so many Pearls are told !*

## LXXXIX.

*The Structure's Square ; A firm Foundation,  
Twelve-fold, for Each a precious Stone,  
The LAMBS APOSTLES Names engraven therupon.*

## XC.

*There sparkles forth the verdant Emerald,  
The blew-ey'd Saphyr therein walk'd,  
The Topaz too, with that Stone which from Gold is call'd:*

## XCI.

*There, Jasper, Chalcedon, Chrysoprase shine,  
There Sardonyx, and Sardius join,  
There Beryl, Hyacinth, and Amethyst combine.*

## XCII.

*No sympathizing Turkise there, to tell  
By Paleneste th' Owner is not well,  
For, Grief's exild to Earth, and Anguish groans in Hell!*

## XCIII.

*The Streets with Gold perspicuous are arraid,  
With blazing Carbuncles inlaid; (display'd:  
Yet, All seem Night, to GLORIES from the LAMB*

## XCIV.

*For, thousand Suns make an Eclipse to THOSE!  
The Diamond there for Pavement growes,  
As, on its glittering Stock, and all its Sparkles throwes.*

## XCV.

*And there, on every Angel-trodden Way  
Loose Pearls, instead of Pebbles, play,  
Like duskie atoms in the Suns embrightning Ray.*

## XCVI.

*Had I a Quill sent from a SERAPHS Wing,  
And Skill to tune't! I could not sing  
The Moity of that Wealth, w<sup>ch</sup> That All-glorious KING*

## XCVII.

*Of HEAV'N enstates Those in, who follow Good,  
And priz'e't above their vital Blood!  
HEAV'N my be gain'd on Earth, but never understood!*

## XCVIII.

*As, when the Sun shakes off the Vail of Night,  
And scatters on the Dawn his Light,  
He soon takes Pris'ner to Himself th'engaged Sight:*

## XCIX.

*So, when I view those indeficient BEAMS,  
O, They in overfulgent GLEAMS,  
Like Diamonds, thaw'd to Air, embubble forth in Streams!*



C.

*Ev'n SPIRITS, who have disrob'd their Rags of Clay,  
Lay'd up in Ward-robe till that Day,  
Orecome, They dazled are by each IMPERIOUS RAY!*

*Sexta percussa, Pars antepenultima, Ponti,  
Imparibus restat perficienda Modis;  
Quam (si præstiterit Mentem DEUS OPTIMUS) addam  
Flammiferos Phœbus cum jucat ortus Equos.*

*Ex obscuro spectabile COELUM.*



THEOPH.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

CANTO VI.

## The Association.

### ARGUMENT.

*Panduntur COELL, juvat hinc invifere Divum  
Atria, mortali non adeunda Pede:*

*Hic, Animæ pennis advecta THEOPHILA, cernit  
Agmina COELICOLUM ducere sancta Choros.*

HEAV'NS Order, Beauty, Glory is defcry'd;  
Here, read the State o'th' GLORIFY'D,  
Which THEOPHIL ith' Heraldry of HEAV'N had ey'd.

### STANZA I.

**T***Hose happy Mansions, glorious SAINT, discover,  
Where the bright Host of Spirits hover!  
Bring down all HEAV'N before the Eyes o'th'*

### II. (HEAV'NLY LOVER.

Frail *Man*, with Zeal, and Wonder here behold  
Clay cast into a *Heav'nly Mold*:  
*Faith* did, now VISION does BEATITUDE unfold.

### III.

The *Tenants* in This splendid FRAME are They  
Whose grosser and unpolish Clay,  
Calcin'd in Graves, now Robes of GLORY do array.

Here

## IV.

Here MARTYRS sit enthron'd, who late did bleed  
 Sap from their fertile *Wounds*, to feed (Seed.  
 With Oyl the *Churches* Lamps, and with red *Dew* her

## V.

These o'vant *Souls*, KNIGHTS of Saint VINCENT are,  
 For high *Atchievements* gain'd; each *Scar*,  
 To make a golden *Constellation*, seems a *Star*.

## VI.

Not by *inflicting*, but *receiving* Blowes,  
 By suffering, They o're-came their Foes:  
 How long, LORD, ere THOU do'st avenge their *Blood* on

## VII.

These own their *Bliss*, sprung from the *Word & Will*  
 O'th' LAMB, by Whom They conquer'd still  
*Themselves*, and that revolted *Band* that Hell do's fill.

## VIII.

Therefore, *Each* prostrate casts, with th' *Elders*, down  
 At the LAMBS *Feet* their *Palm* and *Crown*,  
 Beholding round all *Eminencies*, but their *own*.

## IX.

Th' APOSTLES here, with *Him*, in whose sweet *Tongue*  
 The *Lute* of high-tun'd LOVE was strung,  
 When through so many *Regions* He the GOSPEL sung.

## X.

The loving, lov'd EVANGELIST here lives  
 On LOVE's pure *Influence*, and gives (strives.  
 No *Bounds* to's flaming *Love*, but how to *heighten't*

## XI.

LOVE was his only *Theme*. SHE, here is crown'd,  
 Who, neer *Deaths* Tomb, *Life* risen found;  
 Whose *Eye-bowl* was *Tear-brimm'd*, whose *Towel* Hair  
 (unbound.  
 Parc'ht

XII.

Parcht *Africks* GLORY, born in's Mothers Eyes,  
(An happier *Off-spring* of her Cries,  
Than of her *Womb*) here to ecstasick LOVE does rise.

XIII.

The Bounds are boundless of divine AMOUR;  
Love hopes, and yet hath all Things, for,  
In HEAV'NS eternal *Heraldry*, true LOVE is Or.

XIV.

Fruition LOVE enfires, thence *Zeal's* rem'd;  
LOVE hath the SPIRITS Plenitude,  
Burning with *Flames* in SPLENDOR of BEATITUDE

XV.

LOVE caus'd the SON of GOD from's Throne dis-  
And make HIMSELF of no Account, (mount,  
Become a *Man of Sorrows*, Who of *Joy's* the Fount!!!

XVI.

This LOVE, by *Quire* of HEAV'N scarce understood!  
Could so much Ill cause so much Good,  
For *Man's Redemption* that GODS SON should shed

XVII.

THOU, LOVE, when as my guilty Soul did dwell  
In Nest of Ruine, did'st unshell (Cell,  
My Spirit (fledg'd with GRACE) from that disord'red

XVIII.

And, having crusht the outward *Film* of Earth,  
Gav'st Her, new form'd with GLORY, Birth  
That She might stye to th' SEAT of *Beatifick Mirth*!

XIX.

And praise THEE, with those VIRGIN-SOULS, who in  
The *Cloysters* of their *Flesh* have bin (Sin.  
Washt in their SAVIOURS Bath of *Blood* from Spots of  
Flow'rs



THEOPHILAS

LXXXIV.

*Where infinite Excellence of Sweets nere close!  
Where, still Fruitions Feast employes  
Desire! where Who enjoy the least can't count their Joyes!*

LXXXV.

*One may t a Gilups, None to a Halt can rise,  
Had He more Tongues, than HEAV'N has Eyes!  
Such, nothing see, as would in Words this SIGHT comprize!*

LXXXVI.

*Can Measures such UNMEASURABLES hold?  
Can Time INFINITIE unfold?  
Superlative DELIGHTS may be admir'd, not told.*

LXXXVII.

*When GLORIES Heav'n is all one Sunny Blaze,  
That flowing RADIANCE doth amaze,  
While on That inconceivable RESULT we gaze!*

LXXXVIII.

*What King would not court Martyrdome, to hold  
In Capite a Citie' of Gold,  
Where, look how many Gates, so many Pearls are told!*

LXXXIX.

*The Structure's Square; A firm Foundation,  
Twelve-fold, for Each a precious Stone,  
The LAMBS APOSTLES Names engraven therupon.*

XC.

*There sparkles forth the verdant Emerald,  
The blew-ey'd Saphyr therein wall'd,  
The Topaz too, with that Stone which from Gold is call'd.*

XCI.

*There, Jasper, Chalcedon, Chrysoprase shine,  
There Sardonix, and Sardius joyn,  
There Beryl, Hyacinth, and Amethyft combine.*

## XCH.

*No sympathizing Turkite there, to tell  
By Palenette th' Owner is not well,  
For, Grief exults to Earth, and Anguish groans in Hell!*

## XCIII.

*The Streets with Gold perspicuous are arraid,  
With blazing Carbuncles inlaid; (display'd:  
Yet, All seem Night, to GLORIES from the LAMB*

## XCIV.

*For, thousand Suns make an Eclipse to THOSE!  
The Diamond there for Pavement grows,  
As, on its glittering Stock, and all its Sparkles throws.*

## XCV.

*And there, on every Angel-trodden Way  
Loose Pearls, instead of Pebbles, play,  
Like duskie atoms in the Suns embrightning Ray.*

## XCVI.

*Had I a Quill sent from a SERAPHS Wing,  
And Skill to tune't! I could not sing  
The Moity of that Wealth, w<sup>ch</sup> That All-glorious KING*

## XCVII.

*Of HEAV'N enstates Those in, who follow Good,  
And prize't above their vital Blood!  
HEAV'N my be gain'd on Earth, but never understood!*

## XCVIII.

*As, when the Sun shakes off the Vail of Night,  
And scatters on the Dawn his Light,  
He soon takes Pris'ner to Himself th'engaged Sight:*

## XCIX.

*So, when I view those indeficient BEAMS,  
O, They in overfulgent GLEAMS,  
Like Diamonds, thaw'd to Air, embubble forth in Streams!*

C.

Ev'n SPIRITS, who have disrob'd their Rags of Clay,  
Lay'd up in Ward-robe till that Day,  
Orecome, They dazled are by each IMPERIOUS RAY!

*Sexta reperi, Pars antepenultima, Ponti,  
Imparibus restat perficienda Modis;  
Quam (si præstiterit Mentem DEUS OPTIMUS) addam  
Flammiferos Phœbus cum jugat ortus Equos.*

Ex obscuro spectabile COELUM.



THEOPH.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

## CANTO VI.

### The Association.

#### ARGUMENT.

*Panduntur Coell, juvat hinc invisere Divum  
Atria, mortali non adeunda Pede:*

*Hic, Animæ pennis advecta THEOPHILA, cernit  
Agmina COELICOLUM ducere sancta Choros.*

HEAV'NS Order, Beauty, Glory is descry'd;  
Here, read the State o'th' GLORIFY'D,  
Which THEOPHIL i'th' Heraldry of HEAV'N had ey'd.

#### STANZA I.

**T***Hose happy Mansions, glorious SAINT, discover,  
Where the bright Host of Spirits bower!  
Bring down all HEAV'N before the Eyes o'th'*

#### II. (HEAV'NLY LOVER.

Frail *Man*, with Zeal, and Wonder here behold  
Clay cast into a *Heav'nly* Mold:  
*Faith* did, now VISION does BEATITUDE unfold.

#### III.

The *Tenants* in This splendid FRAME are They  
Whose grosser and unpolish Clay,  
Calcin'd in Graves, now *Robes* of GLORY do array.

Here



## IV.

Here MARTYRS sit enthron'd, who late did bleed  
 Sap from their fertile *Wounds*, to feed (Seed.  
 With Oyl the *Churches* Lamps, and with red *Dew* her

## V.

These *ovant Souls*, KNIGHTS of Saint VINCENT are,  
 For high *Atchievements* gain'd; each *Scar*,  
 To make a golden *Constellation*, seems a *Star*.

## VI.

Not by *inflicting*, but *receiving* Blowes,  
 By *suffring*, They ore-came their Foes:  
 How long, LORD, ere THOU do'st avenge their *Blood* on

## VII.

(Those?  
 These own their *Bliss*, sprung from the *Word & Will*  
 O'th' LAMB, by Whom They conquer'd still  
*Themselves*, and that revolted *Band* that Hell do's fill.

## VIII.

Therefore, *Each* prostrate casts, with th' *Elders*, down  
 At the LAMBS *Feet* their *Palm* and *Crown*,  
 Beholding round all *Eminencies*, but their own.

## IX.

Th' APOSTLES here, with *Him*, in whose sweet *Tongue*  
 The *Lute* of high-tun'd LOVE was strung,  
 When through so many *Regions* He the GOSPEL sung.

## X.

The loving, lov'd EVANGELIST here lives  
 On LOVES pure *Influence*, and gives (strives.  
 No *Bounds* to's flaming *Love*, but how to *heighten*'t

## XI.

LOVE was his only *Theme*. SHE, here is crown'd,  
 Who, neer *Deaths* Tomb, *Life* risen found;  
 Whose *Eye-bowl* was *Tear-brimm'd*, whose *Towel* Hair  
 (unbound.  
 Parc'ht

XII.

Parcht *Africks* GLORY, born in's Mothers Eyes,  
(An happier *Off-spring* of her Cries,  
Than of her *Womb*) here to ecstatick LOVE does rise.

XIII.

The Bounds are boundless of divine AMOUR;  
Love hopes, and yet hath all Things, for,  
In HEAV'NS eternal *Heraldry*, true LOVE is Or.

XIV.

Fruition LOVE enfires, thence *Zeal's* rem'd;  
LOVE hath the SPIRITS Plenitude,  
Burning with *Flames* in SPLENDOR of BEATITUDE.

XV.

LOVE caus'd the SON of GOD from's Throne dis-  
And make HIMSELF of no Account, (mount,  
Become a *Man* of Sorrows, Who of *Joy's* the Fount!!!

XVI.

This LOVE, by *Quire* of HEAV'N scarce understood!  
Could so much Ill cause so much Good,  
For *Mans Redemption* that GODS SON should shed

XVII.

(His Blood?

THOU, LOVE, when as my guilty *Soul* did dwell  
In Nest of Ruine, did'st unshell (Cell,  
My *Spirit* (fledg'd with GRACE) from that disord'red

XVIII.

And, having crusht the outward *Film* of *Earth*,  
Gav'st Her, new form'd with GLORY, Birth  
That She might stye to th' SEAT of *Beatifick Mirth*!

XIX.

And praise THEE, with those VIRGIN-SOULS, who in  
The *Cloysters* of their *Flesh* have bin (Sin.  
Washt in their SAVIOURS Bath of *Blood* from *Spots* of  
Flow'rs

## XX.

*Flowers* on our *Heads*, as on their *Stems*, do grow,  
Which into fadeless *Colours* flow,  
Nor *Cold* to blast, nor *Heat* to scorch, nor *Age* they know.

## XXI.

Scenting 'bove thousand precious *Ointments*, shed  
On consecrated *AARONS* Head;  
Above pearl'd *Dew* on *Hermons* ever-fragrant *Bed*.

## XXII.

How far, *immaculate* *FLAMES*, do *You* excell  
All that in *Thoughts* high *Turret* dwell!  
What then can *Opticks* see? What then can *Volumes* tell?

## XXIII.

If *Beauties* *Self* we could *incarnate* see,  
Teeming with *Youth* and *Joy*, yet *She*  
Would not so *beauteous* as the *VIRGIN-MOTHER* be.

## XXIV.

*Who*, like a full-orb'd *Moon*, our *Stars* out-shin'd  
In glorious *Fulgurance* of *Minde*!  
For whose surpassing *Splendour* I this *Ode* desig'nd.

## XXV.

*Hail*, blessed *VIRGIN-SPOUSE*, who didst bequeath  
Breath unto *HIM*, Who made *Thee* breathe!  
And gav'st a *Life* to *HIM*, Who gave the *Life* from *Death*!

## XXVI.

*Who* bor'st *HIM* in thy *Womb*, *Whose* *Hands* did stack  
The studded *Orbs* with *Stars*, and tack  
The glowing *Constellations* to the *Zodiack*!

## XXVII.

And, what improves the *Mystery* begun,  
New *Mysteries* from *Thee* were spun,  
He did, at once, become thy *Father*, *Spouse*, and *Son*!

*Conceiving*

XXVIII.

Conceiving HIM, as by the Womb, so th' Ear ! W

By th' ANGELS Tongue HEAV'N cast Seed there !  
Thou heard'st, believ'dst, & thence didst breed, & thence

XXIX.

(didst bear !

Thou only may'st (so it be humbly) boast

To have brought forth the ETERNAL HOST  
By mystick OMBRICATION of the HOLY GHOST !

XXX.

By Thee did GOD and Man embrace Each other !

Thus, HEAV'N to Earth became a Brother !

Thus, Thou, a VIRGIN, to thy MAKER wast a MOTHER !

XXXI.

Thy Fleece was wet, when all the Ground lay drie !

Drie, when all moist about did lie !

As AARONS rootleß Rod, so didst Thou fructifie ! W

XXXII.

Thou art, from whence FAITHS Burgeon sprang, the

Before, in, after Birth was found (Ground !

Pureness untoucht, with VIRGIN-MOTHERS Honour

XXXIII.

(crown'd !

Thou, Shrine of GLORY, Ark of BLISSE, Thou, high

Fair Temple of DIVINITY,

In Thee, the Master-peece of Nature I descry ! W

XXXIV.

My ravisht Soul (said She) extols his NAME,

who rules the HEAV'NS expanded Frame,

whose MERCIE rais'd me up to magnifie the SAME. W

XXXV.

Who can anatomize the glorious List

Of Heirs to GOD, Coheirs with CHRIST,

Who Royalize it There by GRACES high Acquist ?

L

Whose



## XXXVI.

Whose several GLORIES *admirable* are!  
 And yet as INFINITE, as *Fair*!  
 Where *All's* enjoy'd at *Full*; where every *Thing* is rare!

## XXXVII.

The *Joy* of EACH ONE is the *Joy* of ALL!  
 BEATITUDE'S reciprocall! (his *Gall*!  
 They drink CHRIST'S *Cup* of flowing *Wine*, who pled'gd

## XXXVIII.

*Silence* most *Rhet'rick* hath, and GLORIES best  
 Do *pourtray* forth that Royal FEAST,  
 At which each *blessed* SAINT is an *Eternal* GUEST!

## XXXIX.

Nor can a Thought of earthly *Friends* Annoyes  
 Extenuate one *Grain* of JOYES, (stroyes!  
 While MERCY saves the *Wise*, while JUSTICE *Fools* de-

## XL.

Strangely their *Intellects* enlightned be!  
*Natures Compendium* did not see  
 One *half*; yea, ere He tasted the forbidden *Tree*!

## XLI.

If, that Sea-parting PRINCE, from cleft Rocks Space  
 Viewing GODS *Back-parts*, thought it *Grace*,  
 What *Honour* is it then to see HIM FACE to FACE!

## XLII.

WHO doth *inspirit* the' indeficient *Ray*,  
 Not dimm'd with a minute *Allay*;  
 Where, though no *Sun* ere rose, yet 'tis ETERNAL DAY!

## XLIII.

Where, ALL are *fill'd*, yet ALL from *Food* abstain!  
 Where ALL are *Subjects*, yet ALL reign!  
 ALL *rich*, yet have no *Bags* that stifled *Wealth* contain!

Where

XLIV.

Where each SAINT do's a glorious *Kingdom* own;  
Where each KING hath a starry *Crown*;  
Each CROWN a *Kingdom*, free from the rude *Peoples*

XLV.

(Frown.

Where *Each* hath *All*, yet, more than *All*, *They* owe;  
All *Subjects*, yet no KINGS *They* know, (Foe.  
Save KING of *Kings*, & LORD of *Lords*, who quell'd their

XLVI.

Where highest Joy is their perpetual *Fare*;  
Their *Exercise* *HOSANNAS* are;  
SPIRITS the *Choristers*, the *Subject* PRAISE and PRAYER.

XLVII.

The *Laureate* KING his *Psalm*ing *Voice* doth raise,  
And *sings* to's solemn *Harp* high *Layes*,  
Being HIMSELF the *Organ* to His MAKERS *Praise*.

XLVIII.

Enflam'd with holy *Zeal*, and high *Desire*,  
Encircled with the *Enthean* *QUIRE*,  
Warbles This *Epinician* *Canzon* to his *Lyre*.

XLIX.

*Thou*, CROWN of *BLISSE*, whose *Footstool's* *Earth*, whose  
*Outshines* ten thousand *Suns* in One, (Throne  
*Who art the* *Radical* *LIFE* of all true Joy alone!

L.

Royal PROTECTOR! when in THEE, *Lights* *Sun*,  
Mortals wou'd deem the last *Hour* run,  
We finde no Wane of Day, but a SOLSTITIAL Noon!

LI.

When, We *Times* *Volumes* of past *Thousands* scan,  
Thy ORIGEN with Time to span,  
We finde no Track in *Infant* Age when It began!

LII.

ANCIENT of DAYES ! to WHOM all Times are Now;  
 Before WHOM, SERAPHIMS do bow, (low !  
 Though highest CREATURES, yet to their CREATOR,

LIII.

Who art by Light-surrounded POWERS obey'd,  
 (HEAV'NS HOSt Thy ministring SPIRITS made)  
 Cloath'd with UBIQUITY, to WHOM all Light is Shade !

LIV.

Whose Thunder-clapping HAND do's grasp the Shole  
 Of total Nature, and unroul  
 The spangled Canopy of HEAV'N from Pole to Pole !

LV.

Who, on the Clouds and Windes, thy Chariot, rid'st ;  
 And, brideling wildest Storms, them guid'st ;  
 Who, moveless, All dost move ; Who, changing All, abid'st !

LVI.

The Ocean Thou begirt'st with misty Shrouds ;  
 That Monster wrapt'st in swathing Clouds,  
 And, with thy mighty WORD controul'st tempestuous Flouds !

LVII.

Earth-circling Oceans Thy DISPLEASURE flee ;  
 Mountains dismounted are by THEE ;  
 Those airy Giants smoak if THOU incensed be !

LVIII.

Innumerable Troops of Joyes do stand  
 Before Thy boundless PRESENCE, and  
 Uncestantly attend Thy ever-blisefull HAND !

LIX.

Thou, LORD ; Good, without Quality, dost send  
 Blisse to All Thine ; Great, without End ;  
 Whose Magnitude no Quantity can comprehend !

What's

LX.

*What's worthlesse Man? what his earth-crawling Race?  
That THOU shouldst such a shadow grace,  
And in unspeakable triumphant GLORY place!*

LXI.

*Who may thy MERCIES Height, Depth, Breadth extend?  
In Height It do's to HEAV'N ascend,  
Confirms the ANGELS, and in Depth doth low descend,*

LXII.

*Lessening the Pains o'th' damned ev'n in HELL;  
In Breadth, from East to West do's swell,  
And over all the World, and all thy WORKS excell!*

LXIII.

*Immense EXISTENCE! HEAV'N's amaz'd at thy  
INCOMPREHENSIBILITIES!  
INTELLIGENCIES dread Thine All-commanding-EYE!*

LXIV.

*Ye winged HERO's, whom all BLISSE embow'rs,  
To HIM in Anthems strain your pow'rs,  
Whose Sea of Goodness has no Shoar, whose Age, no How'rs!*

LXV.

*Then, ore the trembling Cords his swift Hand straves,  
And clos'd All with full Diapaze;  
As, in a sounding Quire the well-strook Consort playes.*

LXVI.

*Victorious Jubilies, when Eccho'd clear  
From the Church-Militant, are dear (hear.  
To HEAV'NS triumphing QUIRE; Such no gross Ear can*

LXVII.

*Musicks first Martyr, Stradas Nightingale,  
Might ever with (poor Bird) to fall  
On that excelling HARP, and joy ith Funeral!*



## LXVIII

Had it but heard Those AYRS, where *Musick* meets  
 With *Raptures* of *Voice-warbled Sweets*,  
 Flowing with ravishing EXCES in SIONS STREETS.

## LXIX.

All, what *Symphonious Breaths* inspire, All, what  
 Quick *Fingers* touch, compar'd, sound flat:  
 Could I but coyn a *Word* beyond all *Sweets*! Twere THAT

## LXX.

What *Orders* in NEW-SALEMS HIERARCHIE,  
 In what *Degrees* They enstated be,  
 Are *Wings* that mount my *Thoughts* to high *Discovery*.

## LXXI.

Blest *Sight*, to see HEAV'NS order'd Host to move  
 In *Legions* glistring ALL Above, (LOVE!  
 Whose *Armour* is true ZEAL, whose *Banner* is pure

## LXXII.

Bright-harnessed INTELLIGENCIES! Who  
 Enucleate can your ESSENCE so,  
 As Men may both your mighty Pow'r, & Nature know!

## LXXIII.

Invisible, impassive, happy, fair,  
 High, incorporeal, active, rare,  
 Pure, scientifick and illustrious SPIRITS You are.

## LXXIV.

Guesse at their *Strength*, by ONE; Was not almost  
 Two hundred thousand of an Host (did boast?  
 By an ANGEL slain, when *Affurs* Chief 'gainst HEAV'N

## LXXV.

In *Brightness* They the *Morning Star* out-vie;  
 In *Nimbleness* the *Windes* out-flie;  
 And far surpasse the *Sun-beams* in *Subtiltie*.

LXXVI.

ARCHANGELS, Those superiour SPIRITS, are  
GODS LEGATS, when he will declare  
His *Minde* to's *Chosen*; GABRIEL did thus prepare

LXXVII.

GODS *Embassie*, when his BELOV'D did tie  
Our *Flesh* to his DIVINITIE; (High;  
GRACE was the *Kisse*, the UNION was the *Ring* from

LXXVIII.

ANGELS the *Posie* sung; *This*, made our *Clay*  
O're *Empyrean* Courtiers sway, (display.  
When as the SPOUSE his mystick NUPTIALS did

LXXIX.

No sooner shall *That* great ARCHANGEL sound  
His wakefull *Trump* of Doom to th' Ground,  
And *Eccho* shall, as banded *Ball*, make quick *Rebound*;

LXXX.

But, pamper'd *Graves*, with all their *Faves*, shall yawn;  
And *Seas*, *Flouds* Nurse, strange *Shoals* shall spawn  
Of *Men*, to wait o'th' dreadfull JUDGE at's *Judgements*

LXXXI.

(Dawn.

To *Incorruption* then *Corruptions* Night  
Shall turned be; for *That* strange Sight  
Inebriates *Souls* with deepest *Woes*, or high'st DELIGHT!

LXXXII.

Then shall my *Ear*, my *Nose*, my *Hand*, *Tongue*, *Eye*,  
Always *hear*, *smell*, *feel*, *taste*, *espye*,  
*Hosanna's*, *Incense*, *Offrings*, *Feasts*, *Felicitie*!

LXXXIII.

To act GODS WILL, ore sublunary *Things*,  
The DOMINATIONS sway, as *Kings*;  
He curbs *Aerian* Potentates, by th' POW'RS He wings;

The

LXXXIV.

The PRINCIPATES, of *Princes* take the Care,  
 T' enlarge their *Realms*, or to empair;  
 VIRTUES in acting of his WILL have their full Share;

LXXXV.

THRONES HIM contemplate, nor from's *Presence* move;  
 To CHERUBS HE reveals Above  
 Hid *Things*; He SERAPHINS enflames with ardent *Love*.

LXXXVI.

Præcelling SERAPHS shew GODS ARDOR still;  
 Wise CHERUBS his ABYSSE of SKILL  
 In Governing of ALL; beatious THRONES instill

LXXXVII.

TO US his STEDDINES in's blessed THRONE,  
 Ever unalterably ONE;  
 Pow'r's, *Virtues*, *Principates* to his *Commands* are prone;

LXXXVIII.

*Dominions* own his REGAL SWAY; and so  
 ARCHANGELS, ANGELS swiftly show  
*Agilitie* that from the DEITIE do's flow.

LXXXIX.

Their *Number*'s numberlesse, not half so few  
 As orient *Pearls* of early Dew;  
 Like *Aromatick Lamps* THEY in HEAV'NS TEMPLE shew:

XC.

And yet of THEM though vast the *Number* be,  
 The *Thing* that most do's glorifie  
 Their MAKER's *This*, THEY differ *specifically*.

XCI.

Of the first *Machine* THEY the *Parcels* are;  
 Yet, if we *Them* with GOD compare, (most fair.  
 Then w<sup>th</sup> their *Wings* they skreen *Themselves*, though else

Lawless

XCII.

Lawlesse *Desire* do's never pierce their *Breast* ;  
 Th' *ALMIGHTIES FACE* is still their *FEAST* ;  
 Their *BLISSE* in *Service* lies, in *Messages* their *REST* :

XCIII.

They speak with *Thought*, atchieve without a *Fee* ;  
*Silence* They *hear*, *Ideas* *see* ;  
 Still magnifying *HIM*, who cannot *GREATER* be !

XCIV.

Thus, *THEY*, with one fleet *Glance* intuitive,  
 Into Each others *Knowledge* dive ;  
 And, by *Consent*, *Thoughts*, else inscrutable, unrive.

XCV.

Each *ONE* in *Psalms* *ETERNITY* employes ;  
 Where *Use* nor tires, nor *Fulness* cloyes ;  
 Enjoying *GOD*, their *END*, without an end of *JOYES* !

XCVI.

Each ravishing *Voice*, each *Instrument*, each *Face*  
 Compos'd such *MUSICK*, that I was  
 In Doubt, Each so in *Tune*, which did precede in *GRACE* :

XCVII.

The spritely *Instruments* did sweetly smile ;  
 The *Faces* play'd their *Parts* ; mean while  
 The *Voices*, with both *Graces*, did them *Both* beguile.

XCVIII.

The Nine-fold *QUIRE* such Heav'nly *Accents* there  
 In *Sweets* *EXTENSION* still do rear,  
 As over-pow'r the *Windings* of a mortal *Ear*.

XCIX.

Who *MUSICK* hate, in barb'rous *Discord* rowle ;  
 In *HEAV'N* there is not such a *Soul* ;  
 For, there's *All-Harmony*. *SAINTS* sing, the *damm'd* howl.

Cœlestial



C.

·Cœlestial Sweets did this *Discourse* excite;  
 Firm *Joy*, fast *Love*, fixt *Life*, fair *Sight*!  
 But may a *Creature*, its **CREATORS GLORY** write?

*Nunc alti Plumbum scrutatur Viscera Ponti,  
 Viscera Navarchæ non repetenda Manu!  
 Hinc, procul optatam divino LUMINE Terram  
 Cernimus, optatum perficiamus Iter!*

Te **DEUM** Laudamus.



THEOPH.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

CANTO VII.

## The Contemplation.

### ARGUMENT.

*Pango nec humanis Opus enarrabile Verbis,  
Quæ melius possem Mira silendo loqui !  
Da, DEUS, Illa canam, quæ Vox non personet ulla,  
Metiar ut minimis MAXIMA MIRA modis !*

She launcheth into shoarlesse SEAS of LIGHT,  
Inexplicable, Infinite ! (Sight !  
Whose BEAMS both strike her *blinde*, and renovate her

### STANZA I.

**E**re all Men *Maro's*, were those *Maro's* all  
EVANGELISTS, met in *Earths* Hall  
For *Grand-Inquest* of That w<sup>ch</sup> we ETERNAL call:

### II.

Draw *Time* from's Cradle (*Innocence*) could *They*,  
And piled *Heaps* of *Ages* lay  
Amassed in one Scale ; *Those* would they find to weigh,

### III.

Ballanc't with THEE, no more (when *All* is done)  
Than, if *They* vainly had begun  
To poize minutest atome with the MIGHTY SUN.

Could

## IV.

Could *They* Earths *Ball* with *Numbers* quilted see;  
 Yet, those throng'd *Figures* sum not *THEE*,  
 They were but *Cyphers* to immense *ETERNITIE*!

## V.

Should every *Sand* for thousand *Ages* run,  
 When empty'd *Shoars* of *Sands* were done,  
 That *Glass* no more *THEE* measures, then if *now begun*!

## VI.

Had *Tongues* *HEAV'NS* *Mint*, to coyn each *ANGEL*-  
 In *Dialect*; *They'd* fail o'th' *Space*, (GRACE  
 Where *All* to *come* is *One* with *All* that ever *was*!

## VII.

FAITH, stretch thy *Line*, yet *That's* too short, to sound  
*SEA* without *BOTTOM*, without *BOUND*;  
 As *Circular*, as *Infinite*, ô *Shoarlesse Round*!

## VIII.

Immense *ETERNITIE*! What mystick *Art*  
 Of *THEE* may copy any *Part*,  
 Since *THOU* an indeterminable *CIRCLE* art!

## IX.

Whose very *CENTER* so diffus'd is found,  
 That not *HEAV'NS* *Circuit* can It bound,  
 Then what, what may the whole *CIRCUMFERENCE* sur-

## X.

(round?  
*HEAV'NS* *HERO's*, can ye find for th' *ENDLES End*?  
 Can *POW'RS* *IMMENSITY* extend? (hend?  
*UBIQUITIE* inclose? The *BOUNDLES* compre-

## XI.

*JEHOVAH's* *Zone* to this uncentred *BALL*,  
*Ecliptick*, and *Meridionall*,  
 Who *WAS* *before*, *Is* *with*, and *SHALL* be *after All*!

But

## XII.

Bur now behold *Its Height*, Above all Height!  
 Plac't beyond *Place*! Above *Lights Light*!  
 Rapt were the three *APOSTLES* by a *Glimpse* both *Sight*!

## XIII.

O, *Thou* all-splendent, all transcending *Throne*!  
 Compact of High'st *Dominion*!  
 That bove the *Super-Eminence* of *LUSTRE* shone!

## XIV.

From Each of *Thine* ineffably bright *Sides*,  
 Diffusion of such *Splendor* glides,  
 As rowls'bove thousand Seas of *JOYES* in flaming *Tides*

## XV.

With such *Refulgence*, that, if *CHERUBS* might,  
 With *Face* unvail'd, gaze on That *Sight*,  
 Strait their *Spiritual Natures* would be *nothing'd* quite.

## XVI.

*Nature*, put on thy most coruscant *Vest*;  
 Thy *Gayeties* shew, brought to this *Test*,  
 As a crude *Felley* dropt from dusk'd *Clouds* at best.

## XVII.

Could'st *Thou* improv'rish every *Indian Mine*,  
 And, from each golden *Cell*, unshrine (*Shine* :  
 Those *Beams*, that w<sup>th</sup> their *Blaze* out-face *Dayes* em'lous

## XVIII.

Could'st finde out secret *Engins* to unlock  
 The treas'ring *Casket* of each *Rock*,  
 And reap the glowing *Harvest* of that sparkling *Shock* :

## XIX.

Could'st thread the *Stars* (fixt and erratick) here,  
 That *stud* the luminated *Sphear*,  
 That all those *Orbs* of *Light* one *Constellation* were :



XX.

Couldst joyn *Mines, Gems, Skie-Tapers*, All in one;  
 Whose neer-Immense Reflection  
 Might both *outrival*, and *outvie* the glorious *Sun*:

XXI.

Could all thy *Stones* be *Gems*, *Seas* liquid *Gold*,  
*Air* *Crystal*, *Dust* to *Pearl* enroll,  
 Each *Star* a *Sun*, that *Sun* more *bright* a thousand fold:

XXII.

Yet would those *Gems* seem *Flints*, those *Seas* a *Plash*,  
 Those *Stars* a *Spark*, That *Sun* a *Flash*; (trash:  
*Pearl'd Islands*, *Diamond Rocks*, *Gold Mines*, All fully'd

XXIII.

Yea, were all *Eyes* of *Earth*, *Skie*, *HEAV'N* combin'd,  
 And to one *Optick* point confin'd,  
 This super-radiant *OBJECT* would ev'n strike *That* blind!

XXIV.

*Blinde*, as the fable *Veil* of gloomy *Night*;  
 (The *GOSPELS* *SELF* but hints *This SIGHT*)  
 All seem obscurer *Shades* to *This* non-pareil *LIGHT*!

XXV.

*Amazing*! Most *Inexplicably RARE*!  
 O, if, but *Those* *Who* *Worthy* are, (declare!  
 None may *This LIGHT* declare; None may *This LIGHT*

XXVI.

Best *Eloquence* is languid, high't *Thoughts* vail,  
 To *think*, to *speak*, *Wit*, *Language* fail;  
 'Tis an *ABYSSE*, through which no *SPIRIT'S* *Eye* can fail!

XXVII.

Here *GLORY* dwells, with *Lustres* so furrounded,  
 That brightest *RAYES* are quite confounded,  
 When *they* approach *this* radiant *Eminence* unbounded!

Forth

## XXVIII.

Forth from *This* FULGURANCE such Splendors fly,  
 As shall draw up *frail* Dust on HIGH;  
 Which, else, would in its *lumpish* Urn still *bedrid* lie,

## XXIX.

Before the ALMIGHTIES Throne my Soul I throw,  
 WHENCE *All*, that's Good and Great, does flow.  
 LORD, I that GRACE implore, w<sup>ch</sup> may this GLORY show!

## XXX.

GREAT GOD! THOU All-beginning, Unbegun!  
 Whose Hand the Web of Nature spun!  
 At once the Plenitude of All, and yet but ONE!

## XXXI.

PARENT of Beings, Entities sole Stud!  
 Spirits eternal SPRING and FLOOD! (GOOD!  
 Sprung of THY SELF, or rather no way sprung! CHIEF

## XXXII.

Abstract of Foyes, whose WISDOM an ABYSSE!  
 Whose POW'R OMNIPOTENCY is!  
 Whose Soul-enlivening SIGHT's the Universal BLISSE!

## XXXIII.

THOU dost descend on Wings of Air displaid,  
 Bove Majesty It self arraid, (made!  
 Curtain'd with Clouds, the HOST of HEAV'N Attendants

## XXXIV.

ESSENCE of Glory, SUMMITY of Praise!  
 Abasht at thy All-piercing RAYES,  
 Heav'ns QUIRE does chaunt uncessant ALLELUIAHS!

## XXXV.

Diamonds than Glas, than Diamonds Stars more bright;  
 Than Stars the Sun, than Sun Heav'ns Light;  
 But infinitely purer than Heav'ns Self's THY SIGHT!

## THEOPHILAS

XXXVI.

*Great is the Earth, more large the Airs Extent :  
Planets exceed ; The Firmament  
Of Stars outvies ; Unlimited's the HEAV'NLY TENT :*

XXXVII.

*But, as my tender'd Minde its Spirits still  
Strains forth, from lesse to more (LORD, fill  
My out-spent Raptures by thy All-repairing SKILL !)*

XXXVIII.

*When I above Air, Stars, HEAV'N, ON wou'd press  
Rackt Thoughts to SPHEARS beyond EXCES ;  
Myriads of Sphears seem Motes to thy Immense ONE,*

XXXIX.

(NESSE !)

*ETERNITY is but THINE Hoverglass !*

*IMMENSITY but fills THY Space !*

(place !)

*Whole Natures six Dayes Work took up but six Words*

XL.

*One Word did th' All-surrounding Skie-roof frame,  
With all its Starrie sparkling Flame !  
Not all created Wisdom can spell out THY NAME !*

XLI.

*Supreme COMMANDER of the rowling Stars !  
Thy LAW sets to their Progresse Bars,  
Does Epicycle their obliquely gliding Cars !*

XLII.

*No Lines, Poles, Tropicks, Zones can THEE enthrall,  
First MOVER of the Sphearick Ball,  
Above, Beneath, Without, Within, Beyond them All !*

XLIII.

*What could, but thy All-potent HAND, sustain  
Those Magazines of Hail, Snow, Rain,  
Lest They should fall at once, and deluge All again ?*

XLIV.

By Them THOU Plenty dost to Earth distill;  
 And Mans dependent Heart dost fill:  
 Windes are Van-Curriers, & Postilions to THY WILL!

XLV.

'Tis That the ominous Cause of Earth-quakes bindes  
 In Subterranean Grotts; That findes  
 Strange Ruptures to enfranchise th' ever-strugling Winds!

XLVI.

Thy Sandy Cord do's proudest Surges bound;  
 And Seas unfathom'd Bottoms sound;  
 Thy semi-circling Bow i'th' Clouds thy Covenant crown'd!

XLVII.

Earths Hinges hang upon thy Fiat; set  
 Midst Air-surrounding Waters, yet  
 Stand fixt on That, like Which, what is so Firm, so Great!

XLVIII.

Yet Earths fast Columns at thy Frown do quake;  
 And Oceans dreadful Horrors make;  
 Flints melt, the Rocks do rowl, the airie Mountains shake!

XLIX.

Yea, HEAV'NS SELF trembled, and the Center shook,  
 With thy amazing PRESENCE strook,  
 When POWER of POW'RS on Sina's Mount His Station took!

L.

Each ENS (as linkt to PROVIDENCE, thy Chain)  
 Is govern'd by thy FINGERS Rein!  
 THOU, seeing us, we GRACE; we, THEE, do GLORY gain!

LI.

WHO hast no Eyes to see, nor Ears to hear;  
 Yet see'st, and hear'st, All-EYE, All-EAR!  
 WHO, no where art contain'd, yet art THOU every where!



LII.

*The optick Glasſ we of thy PRÆSCIENCE may  
Call th' Ark, where all Idæas lay,  
By which each Entitie THOU doſt at firſt pourtray!*

LIII.

*Future Events are præexiſtent here,  
As if they lately acted were;  
Then any new diſſect Anatomy more clear!*

L'V.

*Each where, at once, THOU totally art ſtill  
The ſame unchang'd; yet, at thy Will, (fill  
THOU changeſt All; Who, though THOU art unmov'd, doſt*

LV.

*Things that are moſt remote; In whoſe Forecaſt  
Contingencies do crowd ſo faſt,  
As if, paſt Things were now, and Things to come were paſt!*

LVI.

*Though Acts on Earth croſſe to thy WILL are done,  
Beſides thy WILL yet acteth None;  
Preceding and ſucceeding Will, in THEE are One!*

LVII.

*Of whoſe vaſt MANNOR all the Earth's Demains!  
Though Earth, nor Air, nor HEAV'N contains,  
Yet each obſcurer Grott thy OMNIPRESENCE gains!*

LVIII.

*Though nought accrues to Thy unbounded STATE  
From Spirits, which THOU didſt create,  
Yet They thy GOODNES and thy LOVE ſhall ſtill dilate!*

LIX.

*THOU, who mad'ſt All, mad'ſt neither Sin, nor Death;  
Mans Folly firſt gave them their Breath;  
That did abaſe whole Nature with it ſelf beneath.*

LX.

But Sin to cure, THOU in a Crib gav'st Man  
 EMANUEL! DIVINE-humane! (scan!  
 WHO diff'ring Natures joynd; Whose REIGN no Ages

LXI.

And THOU, O MEDIATOR! THOU, whose PRAISE,  
 Like Morning Dewes, to first of Dayes  
 Was sung by Heav'nly CHORISTERS in SERAPH LAYES!

LXII.

GOD, by the HOLY GHOST, begat THEE, LORD!  
 Flesh took by the ETERNAL WORD!  
 Whose Self-Eternal EMANATION None record!

LXIII.

As thy Eternal EMANATION's past;  
 So to ETERNITY shalt last!  
 In the beginning was the WORD, shews still THOU wast!

LXIV.

There GOD in ESSENCE, One in PERSONS Three!  
 Here NATURES two in One agree!  
 THOU, sitting in the Midst of TRINAL-UNITY

LXV.

At Heav'n's High Councel-Table, dart'st such Rayes,  
 As strike ev'n CHERUBS with amaze!  
 Of which the School, disputing All, it nothing sayes.

LXVI.

Search we the Ages past so long ago,  
 None, None this MYSTERY could show,  
 Till in that Maiden-Birth, 'twas acted here below!

LXVII.

A Dove hatch't in that Nest THY SELF did build!  
 A LAMB that Thine own Flock does shield! (Field!  
 A Winter FLOW'R that fram'd, from whence it sprung, the  
 The

## LXVIII

*The Jewish* Shepherds all affrighted are,  
 When HERALDS THEE proclaim'd i' th' Air!  
 Yea, Magi came t' adore, led by a new-born Starre!

## LXIX.

Yet, though thus wond'rously begot, thus born,  
 SPONSOR for us, faln Race, forlorn,  
 T'ingratiate us with GOD, becam'st to Man a Scorn!

## LXX.

The GRACE SELF wast, th' Honour t' Evangelize!  
 The sacred FUNCTION, as a Prize,  
 Thou took'st, yet That not on, till call'd in Aarons Guize!

## LXXI.

Which GOD t' Apostolize did bring to passe,  
 By th' HOLY GHOSTS Descent, at Face  
 Of Jordans then blest Streams, of Which John Witneß was!

## LXXII.

Thence, led by th' HOLY GHOST to th' Wilderness,  
 There tempted by the Fiends addresse,  
 Him overcam'st by Scriptum est; Hence our Release!  
 Then forth thou went'st. — LXXIII.

Thy SERMONS, Oracles; ACTS, Wonders were!  
 THOSE Faith begot, THESE OTHERS Fear!  
 By BOTH, thus wrought in us, to THEE our selves we rear!

## LXXIV.

THOU gav'st the Lame swift Legs, the Blinde clear Eyes!  
 THOU heal'dst all humane Maladies! (rise!  
 THOU mad'st the Dumb to speak! THOU mad'st the Dead to

## LXXV.

And art to Dead Men LIFE, to sick men HEALTH!  
 SIGHT to the Blinde, to th' Needy WEALTH!  
 A PLEASURE without Pain! a TREASURE without Stealth!

LORD,

LXXVI.

LORD, in, not of this World, Thy KINGDOM is;  
Thy chos'n Apostles preach't thy Blisse;  
That none of all thy Creatures might SALVATION misse.

LXXVII.

Abra'ham, long dead before, yet saw THY DAY,  
In Isaack born, and Vowes did pay!  
Type first, then Antitype, and quicknest every way!

LXXVIII.

Thy Gospel WISDOMS Academie shew'd;  
Thy Mercy, JUSTICE calm'd; Life, view'd  
Is TEMPERANCE; Thy Death the Flag of FORTITUDE!

LXXIX.

Thou, Altar, Sanctuary, Sacrifice,  
Priest, Bread of Life dost All suffice!  
Nere cloying Feast, where Apperite by Food doth rise!

LXXX.

And, SON of MAN, dost Sin of Man forgive!  
To be THY Victimes Hearts do strive, (live!  
Who liv'dst that Life might die, and di'dst that Death might

LXXXI.

Yet dy'dst THOU not, but that (Spirit quickned) free  
THOU might'st Saints Paradised see,  
Rejoyc'd Assurance give to Them rejoyc'd in THEE!

LXXXII.

And that, from thence, to Satans gloomy Shades,  
Made Prison for the damned Hades, (fades!  
Thou might'st Thy CONQUEST shew, Thy GLORY that ne're

LXXXIII.

Thence loos'd Deaths Chains from BODY, up to rear It,  
That, when RAIS'D STATE THOU dost inherit,  
THOU might'st become to us an ever-quickning SPIRIT!

The



LXXXIV

*The FATHER to reveal gives to his SON  
THEE, HOLY GHOST (thus THREE in ONE)  
Of All peculiar SANCTIFIER, yet not Alone!*

LXXXV.

*The FATHERS Love, and SONS; Adoptions Seal,  
The SPRING of Sanctitie, The WEAL  
Of th' Church: THY SELF in Light of fiery Tongues reveal!*

LXXXVII

*O LIGHT unscann'd! Of Wisdom every Glance  
Beams only from Thy COUNTENANCE;  
Whose STORE, when empty'd most Itself most doth advance!*

LXXXVII.

*Whose Fruits are Gentleness, Peace, Love, and Joy,  
All crown'd with Blisse; free'd from Annoy; O'stroy!  
Which neither Time, World, Death, Hell, Devil can de-*

LXXXVIII.

*THOU art a Feast, fram'd of that fruitfull Fare,  
Which Hungers wast not, but repair!  
A rich Perfume, no Windes can winnow into Air!*

LXXXIX.

*A Light unseen, yet in each Place dost shine!  
A Sound no Art can ere define!  
A pure Embrace, that Times Assault can n'ere untwine!*

XC.

*Flouds of unebbing Joyes from THEE do rowl!  
Which, to each Sin-disdaining Soul  
THOU dost exhibit in an unexhausted Bowl!*

XCI.

*This Wine of EXTASIE, by th' SPIRIT giv'n,  
Doth raise the ravisht Souls to HEAV'N!  
Affording them those COMFORTS are of Earths bereav'n!*

Thy

## XCII.

Thy UNION is as strict, as large Thy MERIT !

No HEAVEN but THEE, which SAINTS inherit  
Through Grace, divinest Sap, deriv'd by th' HOLY SPIRIT !

## XCIII.

When Souls enflam'd by that highest LIGHT,

Fix on Thy glorifying SIGHT,  
All Glories else, compar'd to THAT, are duskie NIGHT !

## XCIV.

When high'st INFUSIONS passe our highest Sense,

Amazement is high Eloquence,  
Above all Hyperboles which fall to Exigence.

## XCV.

Blest TRINITY, TH' art ALL ; Above All, GOOD !

Beatitudes BEATITUDE !

Which swallows us, yet swim we in this LIVING FLOOD !

## XCVI.

TH' art KING of Kings, of Lords LORD ! None like

Who, for thy Style hast MAJESTIE ! (THEE !

And for thy Royal Robes hast IMMORTALITIE.

## XCVII.

MERCIE for Throne ! for Scepter JUSTICE hast !

IMMENSITIE'S for Kingdom plac't !

And for thy Crown such GLORIE as doth ever last !

## XCVIII.

For Peace, what passeth Understandings Eye !

Pow'r, IRRESISTABILITIE !

For HOLINES, All what's most sacred, pure, and high !

## XCIX.

For Truth, thy WORD ! WISDOM for Counsellour !

OMNIPOTENCE does Guard Thy TOW'R !

Thou ministring Angels hast to act thy Sovereign POW'R !

OMNI-

C.

OMNISCIENCE Thine *Intelligencer* is !  
 For *Treasure* Thou hast *Endlesse BLISSE* !  
 For *Date* *ETERNITY* ! O, swallow me *ABYSSE* !

*Ite, pii Cantus, Cantus quibus arduus Æther*  
*Est Portus ; Portum, quem videt alma Fides.*  
*Visuram Littus Navem, sacra Serta coronent,*  
*Serta per innumeros non peritura Dies !*

Gloria in excelsis DEO.



THEOPH.

# THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE.

## CANTO VIII.

### The Admiration.

#### ARGUMENT.

COELI trina MONAS, TRIAS una, faveto precanti !  
PERSONAS una Tres DEITATE colo !  
Sunt tria, sunt & idem, Fons, Flumen, Gurges aquarum :  
Sic tria sunt unum, Sol, Jubar, atq; Calor.

Th' Elixir centuples *It self*. But, ô  
Myriads of Myriads must *She* so,  
T'express GODS ESSENCE which no *Intellect* can show!

#### STANZA I.

**R**ojection to my Soul! Thy SIGHT's a Wreath  
Of GLORY; Thou dost VIRTUE breath;  
Thy Words, like sacred Incense, Fuel, & Flame be-  
queath.

#### II.

THOU MAID of HONOUR in HEAV'NS Court! to break  
Thy Gold-twist LINES shews Judgment Weak;  
Yet deign to hear my Suit; Of GODS bid NATURE speak!

#### III.

Can Counters sum up INFINITE? Fond Man,  
Could'st grasp whole Oceans in thy Span,  
And Phœbus could'st out-face in his Meridian;

N

Tear



## THEOPHILAS

## IV.

Tear *Rocks* of *Adamant*, and scale the *Wall*  
 O'th' glorious *Empyræan* *HALL* ;  
 And *Worms* to Super-Eminence of *SERAPHS* call !

## V.

Yet *THIS*, ev'n *then*, thou could'st nor *learn*, nor *teach* :  
 The *World*, unravell'd, cannot *stretch*  
 To sound th' *ABYSSE*. *IT SELF* alone *IT SELF* can reach.

## VI.

Of all *Intelligencies* not all *Light*  
 Mustred into one *Optick* *Sight*, (He ight!  
 Can speak what each where is, yet no where seen to th'

## VII.

Who out of *Nothing* all *Things* did compact ;  
 Whose *Will's* His *Work*, whose *Word* his *Act* :  
 Of *WHOM*, who say's the most, must from His *WORTH*

## VIII.

How from the *ESSENCE* the *CREATOR* flowes !  
 Or how the *WORD*, what *Creature* knowes !  
 How th' *SPIRIT*, All in't, All from't, do's *Heav'ns* *Assembly*

## IX.

Here they, who leave the *Churches* *Ship*, are tost  
 Till irrecoverably lost ! (GHOST.  
 Whose *Rudder* is *GODS* *Word*, *Steersman*, th' *HOLY*

## X.

*ARCHESSENCE* ! *THOU*, Self-full ! Self-Infinite !  
 Residing in approachlesse *LIGHT* !  
 In the *INCOMPREHENSIBILITIES* of *HEIGHT* !

## XI.

Thy peerlesse uncreated *NATURE* is  
 The *SUPER-EXCELLENCE* of *BLISSE* !  
 Where *Holineß* & *Pow'r* ; where *Truth* & *Goodneß* kifs !

## XII.

WHO only in THY SELF sublists, without  
Or *Form*, or *Matter* ! yet, no doubt,  
*Inform'st* the *Matter* of the *Universe* throughout !

## XIII.

No *Need* compels THEE, no *Disasters* sad  
Disturb thy *STATE*, no *Mirth* makes glad ;  
*Oblivion* takes not from THEE, nor can *Mem'ry* adde !

## XIV.

With prudent Rev'rence, *Thus*. What ere's in GOD,  
His *ESSENCE* is ; *There's* His *ABode* ;  
Whose *Will* his Rule, whose *Heav'n* his Court, whose

## XV.

(*Hell* his Rod.  
He exists an active *ENS*, uphoulding both  
*IT SELF*, and every *Thing* that doth  
Exist ; without distinction or of *Parts*, or *Growth* !

## XVI.

Not made by *Nothing*, *Nothing* *Nothing* makes ;  
Nor *Birth* from any *Thing* HE takes ; (*Lakes*.  
For, what gives *Birth*, precedes : *Springs* usher in their

## XVII.

Were HE *Material*, then HE *local* were ;  
All *Matter* be'ing in *Place* ; So, there  
Th' *INCIRCUMSCRIPTIBLE* would *circumscrib'd* appear.

## XVIII.

HE's so *diffusive*, that HE's All in All !  
All in the *Universall Ball* !  
All out of *It* ! The only *WAS*, the *Is*, the *SHALL*.

## XIX.

To help thy *Reason*, think of *Air* ; there see  
*Ubiquitie* unseen, and free  
From *Touch* ; *Inviolable*, though it *pierced* be.

## XX.

Meer *Air* corrupts not, though convey'd unto  
 All Lungs ; for, thither *It* does go (show :  
 To cool them ; Quickneth All, as the *Worlds Soul* doth

## XXI.

*Moysture* and *Heat*, its *Qualities*, are Cause  
 Of all *Production* : yet, because  
 This *Element's* a *Creature*, GOD CREATOR pause.

## XXII.

SELF-LIFE the *Attribute* of's BEING is !  
 His WILL, of Governing ! and *His*  
 COMMAND of Execution ! and his LOVE of Blisse !

## XXIII.

All's ty'd in this *Love-knot* : JEHOVAH's LOVE.  
*Times* Birth the TRINITY do's prove : (move :  
 CREATOR made, WORD spake, & SPIRIT of GOD did

## XXIV.

*Let us in our own Image Man create.*  
 Which, *Salomon* do's explicate ;  
 Remember the CREATORS in thy youthful State.

## XXV.

The FATHER spake, the SON i'th' Stream did move  
 At his *Baptizing* ; from Above  
 The HOLY GHOST descended in the *Form* o'th' DOVE.

## XXVI.

Of HIM, to HIM, and through HIM all Things be :  
*Of, through, and to* declare the THREE ;  
 And in the HIM, the UNITY of GOD we see.

## XXVII.

Thus HOLY, HOLY, HOLY's nam'd, to show  
 A TERNION we in UNION know :  
 The *Notions* issuing from the TRINE, int' ONE do flow.

Whilst

## XXVIII.

Whil'st that I think on THREE, I am confin'd  
To ONE ! while I have ONE in Minde,  
I am let forth to THREE ! Yet THREE in ONE combin'd!

## XXIX.

O, Inconceivable INDENTITIE !  
In ONE how may a PLURAL be !  
COEQUAL both in ATTRIBUTES, and MAJESTIE !

## XXX.

The FATHER is true GOD i'th TERNION :  
The WORD unborn, yet after SON :  
The SPIRIT GOD Coessential ; THREE, cause THREE

## XXXI.

The FATHER & WORD are ONE ! ONE, shews their  
Are, distinct PERSONS. ONE does shour (Power :  
On Tritheits Vengeance : Are, does Arrians devour.

## XXXII.

ONE, yet not One ! The FATHER and the SON  
In PERSONS two, from FATHER one  
By th' SPIRIT ; SON is one by Resignation !

## XXXIII.

The WORD is what HE was ; yet, once was not  
What now HE is ! for, HE hath got  
A NATURE more then once HE had, to cleanse our Spot!

## XXXIV.

For, ne're had Man from Earth to Heav'n attain'd,  
Had GOD from Heav'n to Earth not deign'd  
His SON ! now unto GOD Mans way by MAN is gain'd!

## XXXV.

EQUAL, and SON, the form of Servant takes !  
The World, unmade by Sin, new makes !  
EQUAL, SON, Servant ! All are Mysteries, not Mistakes !



## XXXVI.

Thus, by free GRACE is Mans *Defection* heal'd :  
 Behold the *Mysterie* reveal'd. (seal'd!  
 WORD, *Æqual* ; shado'wing, SON ; Unction is *Servant*

## XXXVII.

Because GODS *ÆQUAL*, *Serpents* Tempts are  
 Yet HE, as SON, to *Death* must yeeld (quell'd:  
 For us ; by *Resurrection* to regain the *Field*.

## XXXVI. I.

The SPIRIT is true GOD ; from Ever HE  
 Did reign with BOTH ! The TRINITIE  
 COEQUAL, COETERNAL, COESSENTIAL be !

## XXXIX.

The FATHER's full, though th' SON hath All en-  
 Nor yet is *ought* of this *All* lost, (grost !  
 Though th' FATHER give HIM SELF to th' SON by

## XL. (th' HOLY GHOST !

For, though HE freely thus give All his STORE ;  
 Yet hath HE INFINITE, as before ! (Ore !  
 Conceive for *Glimps* some endless *Spring*, or *Mine* of

## XLI.

What *Soul* will have this TRIAD for his *Book*,  
 With *Faith* must on the *Back-parts* look,  
 For, with HIS glorious FACE, blind are ev'n SERAPHS

## XLII.

By *Speculation* from *Sols* Substance, we  
 The FATHER, from its *Splendor* see  
 The SON ; from's *Heat* the HOLY GHOST. Here,

## XLIII.

One is Three.

The *Intellect*, the *Memory*, the *Will*  
 Resemblance make o'th' TRINE ; These fill  
 One *Soul*, yet are distinct in outward *Workings* still !

Thus

## XLIV.

Thus, to restore from *Fall*, we may descrie

THE TRINITY in UNITY!

Inscrutable ABYSSE rebates our weaker *Eye*!

## XLV.

Be Ever-Ever-Ever blest, ô, TRINE!

EVER UNITEDNESSE divine!

WHO dost as well in *Ants*, as in ARCHANGELS shine!

## XLVI.

The *Principats*, *Thrones*, *Dominations*, all

*Archangels*, *Pow'rs Cœlestial*

Are *Ministers* attending on thy SOVERAIGN CALL!

## XLVII.

The *Government* 'bove *Star-embroidred Hall*,

Thus truly is *Monarchicall*, (All!

Where All are *Kings*, and yet one KING does rule Them

## XLVIII.

Lesse then the *thousand* Part I have exprest;

Mans *Weaknesse* cannot bear the *Rest*.

For thy Expresselesse NATURE, LORD, be ever blest!

## XLIX.

Soul of all Sweets! my Love, Life, Joy and Bliss!

To enjoy THEE's *Heav'n*! Hell THEE to misse!

What's *Earths*! Ev'n *Heav'n* hath its *Beatitude* from

## L.

(THIS!

Remove the *Needle* from the *Pole-Star*, and

'Tis still with trembling motion fann'd,

Till it returns. No *Fixure* but in GOD does stand.

## LI.

To *Saints* all other *Objects* prizelesse be;

In GOD, the ALL of All, we see:

*Feast* to the *Taste*, all *Beauty* to the *Sight* is HE!

*Musick*

LII.

*Musick* to th' *Ear*; and Those whom *He* unites,  
Partake with *HIM* in high'st *DELIGHTS*!  
*Spring-tides* of *Pleasures* over-whelm their raviſht *Sprites*!

LII.

But, *Contraries*, when *opposite*, beſt ſhow,  
(As *Foils* ſet *Diamonds* off, we know)  
See *Hell*, where *Caitives* pine, yet ſtill their *Tortures* grow!

L.V.

As *Metals* fierie *Waves* in *Furnace* ſwell,  
That *Founders* run, to caſt each *Bell*;  
*This*, not endur'd; more *Rage* ten thouſand *Times* is *Hell*!

LV.

Where *Souls* ſtill rave, aduſt with horrid *Pain*!  
They tug, they tear, but all in vain,  
For, them from raging *Smart*, *HOPE* never ſhall unchain!

LVI.

O, that for traſh theſe *Eſaus* ſold their *BLISSE*!  
For *Sin*, that worſe than *Nothing* is!  
*This* *deſperates* their *Rage*! How they *blaſpheme* at *This*!

LVII.

*This Viper* clings, corrodes, 'gainſt which no *Ward*!  
*GODS* *BEATIFICK* *SIGHT* debarr'd,  
Renders their *Cafe*, 'bove all the *Pains* of *Senſe* more hard!

LVIII.

O, never-fated *Worm*! unpity'd *Woes*!  
Unintermitted! what *Sin* owes,  
*Hell* payes! The *Damn'd* are *Anvils* to relentleſs *Blowes*!

LIX.

*Fiends* forfeit not their *Energie*. There *Cain*  
Fries, but for one *Lamb* by him ſlain! (ſuſtain?  
O, what *Flames* then ſhall *Butchers* of *CHRISTS* *Flock*

Earths

## LX.

Earth's fatal *Mischief*, prosp'rous *Thief*, that *Thunder*  
Which tore the *Nations* all asunder,  
Whom Just *Fate* slew, i'th' *Worlds* *Revenge*, that con-

## LXI.

(qu'ring *Wonder*,

That *Ghost* of *Philips* hot-brain'd *Son* may tell  
Heart-breaking *Stories* of his *Hell*!  
Too late *He* findes one *Soul* did his whole *World* excel!

## LXII.

There, curs'd *Oppressors* dreadful *Rackings* feel!  
Whose *Hearts* were *Rocks*, and *Bowels* *Steel*!  
O, scorching *Fire*! (cryes *Dives*) for one *Drop* I kneel!

## LXIII.

Oblig'd is *Man*, *GODS* *Steward*, to supply  
*Brethren*, in *CHRIST* *Cohairs*, who lie  
Gasping in stiff'ning *Frosts*, no *Cov'ring* but the *Skie*:

## LXIV.

Whose wither'd *Skins*, sear as the sapless *Wood*,  
Cleave to their *Bones*, for want of *food*, (*Flood*.  
Seem *Natures* *Monsters* thrown a *Shoar* by *Miseries*

## LXV.

Though all their *Physick's* but a *Diet* spare;  
Have no more *Earth*, than what they are,  
Nor more o'th' *World*, than *Graves*, yet in *Heav'ns* *Love*

## LXVI.

(they share.

Inestimable *Love*, from *None* bereav'n!  
*HEAV'N* sunk to *Earth*, *Earth* mounts to *HEAV'N*!  
Just *JUDGE*! to *Dives* *Hell*, to *Laz'rus* *Heav'n* is giv'n!

## LXVII.

*Love*, Disengage us of our *selves*! *Love* has  
Nor Bit, nor *Reins*! *Rich*, 'bove *Earth's* *Mals*!  
Fixt in *Ideas* of *LOVES* *Soul-inliv'ning* *GRACE*!



## LXVIII

O, LOVE ! ô HEIGHT, above all *Height*, to THINE !  
 Thy FAVOUR did to *Foes* encline !  
 Unmeasurable MEASURE ! endlesse END of Line !

## LXIX.

LOVE darts all *Thoughts* to its BELOV'D ; doth place  
 All BLISSE in waiting on His GRACE ;  
 It languisheth with *Hope* to view HIM Face to Face !

## LXX.

And ushers in that BEATIFICK LOVE,  
 Which so divinely flames Above,  
 And doth to VISION, UNION, and FRUITION move !

## LXXI.

*Ice* is a thing distinct from th' *Ocean* wide ;  
 But, melted by the *Sun*, does glide  
 Into't, becomes one with't, and so shall e're abide.

## LXXII.

*Desire's* a Tree, whose Fruit is *Love*, the Show'rs  
 That ripen it are *Tears*, the Flow'rs (How'rs.  
 Are *Languors*, Leaves *Afflictions*, Blossoms *Pray'r-spent*

## LXXIII.

O, Mental PRAY'R, thy *foyes* are high ! Resort  
 By *Thee's* to GOD ! Thou art the Port  
 Of inward *Peace* from Storms ! The Path to SIONS Court !

## LXXIV.

By *Pray'r* GOD's serv'd betimes ; Remember *Who*  
 The *Blessing* got by *Wrastring* so ;  
 Who early *pray*, they *healthy*, *holy*, *happy* grow.

## LXXV.

Then pray, before *Lights* rosie *Blush* displays  
 I'th' *Orient Sols* enchearing *Rayes*,  
 When *He* from's *Opall East* to *West* obliquely strays :

Before

## LXXVI.

Before the *Cock*, Lights Herald, *Day-break* sings  
 To's Feathr'ie *Dames*; ere roost-*Lark* springs,  
 Morns *Usher*; when the *Dawn* its mungrell hour forth

## LXXVII.

(brings.

PRAY'R, Thou art *Lifes* best *Ad*, *Souls* silent *Speech*,  
 The *Gate* of *GRACE*; *Saints* *GOD* beseech  
 By *Prayer*, but joyn'd with *Alms* & *Fasts* they *HIM* be-

## LXXVIII.

(siege!

Fasting, the *Souls* delicious *Banquet*, can  
 Adde Strength to PRAY'R, feast th' *inner* *Man*,  
 And throw up to *ETERNITY* the *Bodies* *Span*!

## LXXIX.

*Fasts*, *sackcloth*, *ashes*, *groveling* on the ground  
 SAINTS study'd have with *Pain*, and found  
 VVith *Foy*, that what *degrades* the *Sense*, in *HEAV'N* is

## LXXX.

(crow'nd!

Prize FAITH, the *Shield* of *Martyrs*, *foyes* *Confection*,  
*Souls* *Light*, the *PROPHETS* sure *Direction*,  
*Hopes* *Guide*, *Salvations* *Path*, the *Pledge* of all *Perfection*!

## LXXXI.

In *Faiths* mysterious *EDEN* make *abode*;

VVith *Jacobs* *Staff*, and *Aarons* *Rod* (GOD!  
 Frequents its *Grove*, where none are but the *LOV'D* of

## LXXXII.

The *Radiations* of FAITHS *Lamp* excite  
 Such a *Colosse* of sparkling *Light*, (aright.  
 That *Saints*, through worldly *Waves* may steer *Lifes* *Course*

## LXXXIII.

Being in, not of this *World*, They *Comforts* rear  
 Above the *Pitch* of servile *Fear*:  
 Terrestrial *Blossoms* first must die, ere *Fruit* They bear.

No

LXXXIV.

No clogging *Fetters* of imprisoning *Clay*,  
 No wry-mouth squint-ey'd *Scoff* can stay  
 Their swift *Progression*, soaring in their HEAV'NLY Way!

LXXXV.

*Thoughts* on the endlesse Weight of GLORY shall  
 Render ev'n *Crowns*, as *Dung*, and all  
*Afflictions* light, as *Chaffe* chal'd on *Earths* empty Ball.

LXXXVI.

The *Torch* that shines in *Night*, as Eye of Noon,  
 Is but as *Darkenesse* to the Sun:  
 Run after *Shades*, they fly; fly after *Shades*, they run.

LXXXVII.

All worldly *Gayes* are *Reeds*, without Support,  
 Fitly with *Rain-bow* gleames they sort,  
 Want *Solidnesse*; when gain'd, they are as *false*, as *short*.

LXXXVIII.

While *Fooles*, like silly *Larkes*, with *Feathers* play,  
 And stoop to th' *Glasse*, are twitcht away,  
 Amidst their pleasing *Madnesse*, to Hels dismall Bay!

LXXXIX.

O, could embody'd *Soules* Sinnes *Bane* view well,  
 Rather in *Flames* they'd choose to dwell!  
 Not so much *Ill*, as *Sin*, have all the *Paines* of Hell!

XC.

A smiling *Conscience* (wrong'd) does sweetly rest,  
 Though *starv'd* abroad, within doth feast, (Quest!  
 Has HEAV'N It self for *Cates*, has GOD HIM SELF for

XCI.

May call HIM FATHER; His *Vicegerent* be!  
 An *Atome* of DIVINITIE! (ALL THREE!  
 Redeem'd by's SON, by the SPIRIT inspir'd, blest by

His

## XCII.

His JUDGE becomes his ADVOCATE! hath Care  
 To plead for Him! The ANGELS are  
 His Guardians! from his GOD Him Heights, nor Depths

## XCIII.

(may scare.

O, Blest, who in His COURTS their Dayes do spend!  
 And on that SOVERAIGN GOOD depend!  
 His WORD, their Rule; his SPIRIT, their Light; HIM SELF

## XCIV.

(their End!

While Pride of Life, and Lust o'th' Eye do quite  
 Dazle the World, SAINTS out of Sight (write:  
 Retire, to view their BLISSE: On which some Canto's

## XCV.

For, Souls, sincerely good, in humble Cell  
 Encloystred, neer Devotions Bell, (dwell.  
 By Contemplations Groves and Springs neer HEAV'N do

## XCVI.

Bright-gifted soaring MINDES (though Fortune trod)  
 Are carelesse of dull Earths dark Clod;  
 Enricht with higher Donatives; their PRIZE is GOD!

## XCVII.

Farewell. As vanisht Lightning then She flies,  
 O, how in Me did Burnings rise!  
 The only Discord was Farewell. Hearts out-reach Eyes.

## XCVIII.

The Air respires those quintessential Sweets  
 From whence She breath'd, and who so meets  
 With Such, the tuneful Orbs He in that Zenith greets.

## XCIX.

Dwell on This Joy, my Thoughts, re-act her Part;  
 Such Raptures on thy shuddering Heart  
 Make Thee all-Ecstasie by Spirit-seizing Art!

O

Chewing



C.

Chewing upon those HEAV'N-enchanting Strains;  
My Soul Earths giddy Mirth disdains;  
Fleet Joy runs Races in my Blood through thousand Veins!

*Contingit gratam victrix Industria Metam;  
Et mea nunc Portu fessa potire Ratis.  
Est Opus exactum, Cujus non pœnitet Acti:  
Me juvat at Cæpti Summa videre mei.*

—OMNIA in UNO, & in OMNIBUS UNUS.

Mira mihi inter *Authorem* & *Opus* occurrit Symphonia: Ille *Cælebs*, Hoc *Virgineum*; Ille *Philomusicus*; Hoc, ipsum *Melos*; Ille *Dilectus*, Hoc *in sa Dilectio*: Quid enim ad vim *Amoris* explicandum, vel copiosius dixit, vel impensius *Opere* perfecit, quàm *Autor* hîc in sua THEOPHILA? quæ tantâ *Florum* Varietate conferta est, ut quid prius legam, aut laudem, vix mihi post repetitam Lectionem constare possit. Quid etiam Jucundius Animi Oculis, quàm fruentem tam cœlesti *Nectare* Animam adimplere? Sine me *Deliis* igitur istis inebriari; & me *Epulis* hîc, *Mel* & *Amorem* spirantibus, jugiter accumbere. Modus amandi DEUM non habet modum; nullus planè in hoc Genere Excessus datur. Scripserunt De *Arte Amandi* Varii, sed imperfectè admodum, & impurè; ac si, non tam *Amandi* quàm *Peccandi Artem* edocere professi essent: Quia hujusmodi illecebræ, dum sensim sine sensu Venenum hauriunt, Morbo sine Medelâ afficiunt. Hic autem sunt *Disu* honesta, *Leu* jucunda, *Scitu* utilia, *Observatu* digna, & *Factu* præstantissima. Eximium ergo hoc felicitis Ingenii *Specimen*, propter Multiplices *Aculeos* in Legentium Animos suaviter penetrantes, & penitiorem æternæ Veritatis *Cognitionem* instillatam, *Auresq;* harmonice demulcentem, in *Lucem* emitti, non possum non latari.

M. G. S. T. D.

*Fam satis expertus Briticum Mare, contraho Vela;  
Naviget Ausonio Musa Latina Salo.  
Fallor, an externo venit Aura secundior Orbe?  
Portus in Latios versa Triremis eat.*





## Ad piæ Poëſis Cultum Invitatio



OS, Eruditionis Candidati, quibus Crux DOMINI Gloriæ, Religio Cordi, Integritas Honori, Doctrina Ornamento, Poëſis ſacra Oblectamento, qui Cupiditates Rationi, Rationem Religioni, ut *Chriſtiani*, ſubjugâſtis, cum Muſis convivamini devotioribus, ut perpetuâ Poſteriorum vigeatis Memoriâ. Non ad Mundi deliria, vos, Animæ piè anhelantes, ſed, fulguris more, ad *Sublimia* naſcimini. Credite Voſmetipſos DEI Filios, reſpondete *Generi*, vivite *Cælo*, PATREM Similitudine reſerte; Quid enim evidentius *cæleſtis Originis* Indicium, quàm humano Corpore *Mentem Angelicam* circumferre. Voſmetipſos ergo erigite, *Dictatores*, Magna loquimini, Magna vivite; Cæteros, ad inferiora depreſſos, Quadrupedes non eſſe natos, pæniteat. O, quàm divina Res eſt Mens variis ornata Diſciplinis! Acquiſitio *Sapientiæ* Carbunculos, & pretioſiſſimas Orientis Gazas antecellit: Nihil, Vobis, o Animæ, DEI inſignitæ *Image*, deſponſatæ *Fide*, dotatæ *Spiritu*, redemptæ *Sanguine*, deputatæ cum *Angelis*, capaces *Beatitudinis*, æquè ſit Curæ, quàm ut omnes altiores *Animi* veſtri Virès in ſummum *Illius* Honorem, qui primum Illum Vobis inſpiravit *Aſtum*, exeratis. Tanti enim eſt Quiſq;, quanti *Mens*, quæ, præter DEUM, nihil excelsius in Terris *Seipſa* complecti poteſt. Ad *Se* igitur revocetur, *Secum* verſetur, in *Se* abeat, *Sibi* tota intendat, deq; ſua Sublimitate, & *Autore* ſemper adorando, cogitet. Hoc autem præſtare non poſſit, niſi *Vitia* Corporis ableget, niſi *Avaritiæ* & *Ambitioni* renuntiet, niſi ſui Juris ſit, niſi *Se* deniq; a Senſibus ſeparata, penitiùs perfruatur; tunc enim ad DEUM, Objectum ſuum, libera aſurgat; Hæc autem *ipſus* in *Seipſam* Converſio ac Defixio, tantæ eſt Voluptatis, ut excogitari nulla in hac Vita poſſit, quæ vel ad aliquam *ejus* particulam accedat. Ut igitur ad ſummum hoc Bonum, *ſuavis Ingeniis* Propoſitum, perveniat, Votis & Vocibus cohortamur: Imo DEUS in Vobis & velle, & perficere operetur; Ipſe *Autor*, Ipſe *Remunerator*, Ipſe *Cauſa* effectiva & finalis; Cui ſoli, Nobiliſſimi, incumbite, & Unum Hoc agite. ut vos, DEO & *Davidicæ* Pietati conſecratos, Sedes in GLORIÆ Templo æternæ excipiant. Sed, quia *Heroes* alloquimur, *heroico* noſtram hanc Paræneſin *Carmi* hæc ſubſtringemus,



## THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA.

HECATOMBE IX.

## RECAPITULATIO.

Animæ piæ anhelantis Descriptio.

*Beato THEOPHILÆ Virginis Incendio**Quisquis flagrare gestis,**In quo felicior Salamandrâ triumphes,**Et instar Pyraustæ nascaris, instar Phœnicis moriaris;**Ut ÆVITERNITATI resurgas,**Non tam vitam deferens, quam conferens:**Sanctioris Ovidii Carmina**Cordis Oculis, & Oculorum Corde perlustres:**Debuissent Incendia dia Adamantino Stylo**In Tabula IMMORTALITATIS incidi;**Sed, quoniam pennæ ductibus scribenda fuere,**Pennas porrigat Scribenti Pietas pennatior Ave,**Et centum Oculos Legenti oculatior Argo.*

## PORTICUS.

*Amor erga Magistrum, & Sodalem**Languidiùs se movet, & quodammodo vegetat;**Erga Parentem & Conjugem**Expansiùs se exerit, & quasi sentit;**Erga Patriam, & Patriæ Patrem**Elatiùs se erigit, & Rationem induit:**At erga DEUM**Totus Ecstasim patitur, Sese transcendit,**Nec Modi, nec Limitis capax;**Sed, separatarum instar Animarum,**Cupit, æstuat, ebullit, anhelat!**Finitus INFINITATEM ambit, ac suspirat!*

THEOPHILAS LOVE-SACRIFICE.

CANTO IX.

The RECAPITULATION.

*And Pourtrait of a Heav'nly breathing Soul.*

Whoso delights to burn in holy *Fire*  
 Of VIRGIN fair THEOPHILA,  
 Joy, *Salamander*, in that Flame;  
 Thou so, *Pirauſta* born, may'ſt like the *Phoenix* burn,  
 That to ETERNITIE thou riſe,  
 Not *loſing* Life, but *sowing* well the ſame:  
 A holier *Ovids* ſmoothed Verſe  
 With Eyes of Heart, with Heart-all-Eyes, behold:  
 Such ſacred *Flames* by Adamantine Hand  
 Ought to be plac't in *laſting Urns*;  
 But, 'cauſe theſe *Writings* needed Aid of Pens,  
 Virtue, than *Birds* more ſwift, unto the Scribe lend Wing,  
 And let the *Readers* Care more Eyes than *Argus* bring.

The PORTICO.

Love to the *Maſter*, and the *Mate*  
 Stirs it ſelf ſeebly in Lifes *loweſt Sphear*;  
 That to our *Parent*, and the *Bed*  
 More large extends, and breathes a *Life of Senſe*;  
 That to our *Countrey*, and its *Sire*  
 Self raiſes loftier in *Reaſons Air*:  
 But, *That* to GOD,  
 Ravish't with *Ecſtaſie*, It ſelf *transcends*,  
 Nor *Bounds*, nor *Limits* would It own;  
 But, narrow'd That (like *Lovers*, kept apart)  
 Warms, heats, yea boyls, boyls up and over!  
 Longs for th' *Eternal*, ſighs for HIM, beyond that *Lover*!

## ARGUMENTUM.

*Musa sacrata struens Aras, ut NUMEN honoret,  
 Calcat, & odit haras, Musa peligna, tuas :  
 Est Hæc, ut Clytie, studiosa Pedisequa SOLIS ;  
 Sol DEUS est, SOLIS Lumen AMANTIS amat.*

Distichon 1.

**M***U*sa, *silere potes, vaga dum Citharistria Sylvæ  
 Crispillat tremulo gutture mille Sonos ?*

2.

*Ars acuit Concepta, Poësis accuminat Artem ;  
 Spicula jactet Epos ; jacta coronet Eros :*

3.

*Spes Arcus, sit Amor tibi Dextra, Fidesq; Sagitta ;  
 A Spe missa Fides, NUMEN Amore petit.*

4.

*Est sacrum quod conor Opus : DEUS, annue Cæptis !  
 Seminat Ista Fides, Spes alit, auget Amor.*

5.

*Mundus Ager, Semen VERBUM, DEUS Ipse Colonus,  
 Latro Satan, Lolium Gens mala ; Sancta, Seges.*

6.

*Da mihi Cœlipetæ Fastigia, NUMEN, Alaudæ ;  
 Mens, ut Avis, pennâ remige sulcet Iter !*

7.

*Nôsse DEUM, bene posse BONUM, sunt Vota Piorum :  
 Da mihi nôsse Bonum, da mihi posse, DEUS !*

8.

*Notio non COELI, sed habet Dilectio Palmam :  
 Tu mihi nôsse dabas COELICA, velle dabis.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

Blest *Muse* the *Altar* builds, where *Love's* ador'd;  
 And throweth down, loose *Wit*, thy Nest abhorr'd:  
 She, *Clytie*-like, to th' *Sun* of *Glory* turns;  
 GOD is her *Sun*, with *Light* of *ZEAL* She burns.

## Distick 1.

**M**USE, canst be *silent*, when each charmed Grove  
 Harbours a thousand warbling *Notes* of *Love*?

## 2.

*Art* whets the *Minde*, and *Hymns* set Edge on *Art*:  
 Dart up an *Epod*; *ZEAL*, crown thou the *Dart*.

## 3.

*Hope* be thy *Bowe*, thy *Hand Love*, *Faith* the *Shaft*;  
 Let *Hope* shoot *Faith* to *GOD* with *Loves* strong *Draft*.

## 4.

Sacred's my *Theme*; may my first *Fruits* *HIM* please!  
*Faith* plants, *Hope* nourishes, *Love* ripens *These*.

## 5.

This *World's* the *Field*, *GOD* sows, his *WORD* the *Seed*,  
*Satan* the *Thief*, the *Good*, *Corn*, th' *Ill* the *Weed*.

## 6.

*LORD*, mount me to the *Pitch* of *Larks* on *High*;  
 That I, as *Birds* wing'd *Oars*, may cut the *Skie*!

## 7.

*SAINTS* would know *GOD*, so, as they *Good* may doe:  
 Let me both *know* this *Good*, and *act* It too!

## 8.

*HEAV'NS Love*, not *knowledge* doth the *Palm* acquire:  
 Who *Heav'nly Knowledge* gave, will give *Desire*.

That



9.

*Quod volo, quod possum, quod sum, Tibi debeo, CHRISTE:  
Quod sum, quod possum, quod volo, CHRISTE, cape.*

10.

*Nil video sine TE, sapio nil, nil queo; Solus  
SOL meus es, meus es SAL, mea sola SALUS.*

11.

*Lux, Via, Vita pio, DEUS; hac Face, Tramite, Corde,  
Qui videt, it, vivit, non cadit, errat, obit.*

12.

*Da cumulem tua centenis ALTARIA Donis!  
Victima sint Versus, Ara Cor, Ignis Amor.*

13.

*Thura Preces, Lachrymæ Myrrhæ, Pietasq; sit Aurum:  
Mentis Opus, Clypeus Cordis, Amoris Opes.*

14.

*Hoc Hecatombæi TIBI Carminis offero Libum:  
Ut Tu millenos, Nate Davide, Boves.*

15.

*Vult pia Musa DEUM! Quoties volat altiùs, Alas  
Flagitat assidue, SANCTA COLUMBA, Tuas!*

16.

*Ferre per Æthereas volitante Vigore PHALANGES,  
Fulgida Chrysolithum Lux ubi stellat Iter.*

17.

*Carmine ducat Amor, quos terret Concio; Mentis  
Eleuet in COELUM, quò nequit ire Fides!*

18.

*Grata repercussi referant Modulamina Nervi;  
Unica nec nostræ sit Synalæpha Lyre.*

9.

That Ought I will, can, am, is, CHRIST, from Thee :  
CHRIST, what I am, can, will, accept from me !

10.

No Light, Taste, Strength without THEE ; Thou alone  
Art *Health* unto my Soul, my *Salt*, my *Sun*.

11.

Thou, *Light*, *Way*, *Life* ; who sees, walks, liveth by  
That *Flame*, *Path*, *Strength*, does not fall, fail, nor die.

12.

Upon thy *Altars* let my *Verses* prove  
The *Victime*, *Heart* the *Altar*, the *Fire Love* !

13.

Pray'r *Frankincense*, Tears *Myrrhe*, be *Gold*, Souls *Health* :  
The *Minds* best *Work*, *Hearts* *Laver*, & *Loves* *Wealth*.

14.

I This *Verse-Hecatomb* to THEE do bring ;  
As *Solomon* his numerous *Offering*.

15.

The pious *Muse* courts HEAV'N ; when highest Things  
She soars for, still She craves, BLEST DOVE, thy *Wings* !

16.

With active *Plumes* flye up to th' ANGEL-QUIRE,  
Where *Chrysolites* to gild thy *Way* conspire.

17.

*Love* may Them lead by *Verse*, whom *Sermons* fright ;  
Bring Them, where *Faith* comes not, into *Heav'n's* *Light*.

18.

O may our *Numbers* in sweet *Musick* flow ;  
Nor the least *Harshness* of *Elisions* know !

19.

*Umbra mihi DEUS. —i, patulæ, Maro, tegmine fagi;  
Tu, Siloame, veni; Castalis Unda, vale.*

20.

*Vana profanorum calcando crepundia Vatum,  
Spirituale pius parturit Author Opus.*

21.

*Vita quid est? Fumus. Quid Forma? Favilla. Quid Aurum?  
Idolum. Quid Honos? Bulla. Quid Orbis? Onus:*

22.

*Vita repentè fugit, citò Forma polita recedit,  
Aurum fallit, Honor deficit, Orbis hebet.*

23.

*Vita Voluptatis brevis est, Vitæq; Voluptas;  
Non capit illa DEO quid sit AMANTE capi.*

24.

*Illa maritali quæ Tæda parata Leandro,  
Illa Sepulturæ Tæda parata fuit.*

25.

*Mille Viæ Morti, prob, mille! sed unica Vitæ:  
Crimina qui non hîc eluet, ille luet.*

26.

*Bellica sædifragos pessundabit Ira Tyrannos:  
Non Vobis, Sceleri vincitis; Vltor adest.*

27.

*Peccantûm Limen, Peccati linquite Semen;  
Contagem ducit Proximitate Pecus.*

28.

*Hinc, Iosephe, fugis, fugis hinc sine Veste, Johannes;  
Proh Dolor! Ipse manes, Petre, manendo negas!*

19.

Shade me, ô LORD ! I seek not *Virgil's* Tree ;  
Hence *Springs* prophane ; Glide, *Siloam*, by me !

20.

Trampling vain *Labours*, with loose *Wits* defil'd,  
The Hallow'd BRAIN brings forth a *Spritely Childe*.

21.

What's *Life* ? a Vapour ; *Beauty* ? Ashes ; *Gain* ?  
An Idol ; *Honour* ? Bubble ; the *World* ? vain :

22.

*Life* flits away, and *Beauty* wanes at full,  
*Gold* cheats, and *Honour* fades, the *World* is dull.

23.

*Lifes Pleasure's* short, and *Pleasures Life* is vain ;  
It knowes not highest *Blisse*, GODS LOVE, to gain.

24.

That *Torch* which flam'd so bright in *Hero's* Room,  
Did light her lov'd *Leander* to his Tomb.

25.

To *Death* a thousand Wayes, to *Life* but one :  
For *Sin* who groans not, he for *Sin* shall groan.

26.

Arm'd Wrath perfidious *Tyrants* throwes from high ;  
*They* conquer Right, *Sin Them* ; Th' AVENGER's nigh.

27.

*Sinners* first Steps, *Sins* Seed, and Fruit avoid ;  
*Many* by neer *Infection* are destroy'd.

28.

Kill *Vice* i'th' *Edge* : *John*, *Joseph*, *Robelesse* fly ;  
*Peter*, Thou stay'st, and stay'st but to deny !

By



29.

Conscia Mens Noctesq̃, Diesq̃, Domiq̃, Forisq̃  
Pungitur: In Sese Verbera Tortor agit!

30.

Iussa decem, bis sex Credenda, Sacratio Cænæ,  
Heu, nimis in Templis, LEGE loquente, silent!

31.

Grege perit hinc! Veniet, quâ nou speratur in horâ,  
JUDEX: Terribilis Sontibus ULTOR adest!

32.

Nec Prece, nec Pretio, nec Fraude, nec Arte, nec Irâ  
Vincitur! In Pænas Flamma perennis erit!

33.

Imbre rigante Genas, quoties Tibi CHRISTE, querebar,  
Nocte vigil, nullo Teste, MEDELA, veni!

34.

Aspicias, & Pateris? Scelus omne repelle, Colonus  
Nec gerat Arma suâ quâ serit Arva Manu!

35.

Vis, Amor, est exorsa DEO; data GRATIA gratis;  
Hanc Vim THEIOPHILÆ Nomine Musa vocat.

36.

Ureris ignifluis confossa THEOPHILA Telis!  
Sacra beatificans si cremet Ossa Calor,

37.

Quo magis ardescis, magis, hoc, sis Follis ad Ignes;  
Omnibus exundet, qui calet intus, AMOR.

38.

Ure Tepefcentes, Viresq̃, Calentibus adde;  
Igne crema, recrea Lumine, Mente bea.

29

By Night and Day, at Home, and when Abroad,  
Guilt stings the Soul, and thereon layes its Load!

30.

Of Decalogue, Creed, Supper of the LORD,  
Though *Laws* speak loud, our Church hath scarce a Word!

31.

Hence *Flocks* are pin'd. The JUDGE in Time will come  
Unthought of: Neer to *Guilt's* the AVENGERS Doom!

32.

Nor *Pray'r*, nor *Price*, nor *Fraud*, nor *Rage*, nor *Art*  
Can help; Ah, fear then Flames eternal Smart!

33.

Wet-cheekt, how oft I've moan'd to THEE my DEAR,  
All Night awake, alone, ô *Cure*, appear!

34.

Seest THOU, and suff'rest? Stop *Sins* Course, & Birth;  
Let not that Hand bear Arms, that sowes the Earth.

35.

LOVES Pow'r's infus'd from GOD, a free-giv'n Grace;  
THEOPHILA from Love takes Name and Race.

36.

Thou burn'st, pierc't THEOPHIL, with fire Dart;  
If blessed Heat enflames thy vigorous Heart,

37.

The more Thou burn'st, the more be *Bellows* still;  
As thy *Flames* grow, Let those *Flames* Others fill!

38.

Heat the *Luke-warm*, to Those, more *hot*, give Fire;  
Bless GOD; Refresh with GRACE, enflame *Desire*.

39.

*Et Mare tentanti Pharos* *esta*, BENIGNA, Poetæ,  
*Dum pandit Vento Linthea plena sacro!*

40.

*Vela pius Genius, Tu Sidus, Acumina Remi,*  
*Vates Nauta, Salum Vena, Poema Ratis.*

41.

*Confecro Fræna tuæ moderanda Poetica Dextra;*  
*Sunt Donantis Honor, sed CAPIENTIS Amor.*

42.

*Stringe soluta, recude proterva, revelle prophana,*  
*Supple manca, poli scabra, superba preme.*

43.

*Irrita sulphurei rides Crepitacula Mundi;*  
*Regnaq̃ pro Nidis, quæ fabricantur, habes.*

44.

*Despicias Orbis Opes, opulentior Orbe, minorq̃*  
*Orbis, majori pulchrior Orbe, micas.*

45.

*Congestas effundis Opes, releventur ut Ægri:*  
*Sic ab Amante tuo semper amere DEO.*

46.

*Scisq̃ DEUM, notumq̃ doces, doctumq̃ vereris;*  
*Praxis habet Cultum; Quæ canis, illa facis.*

47.

*Osa Malis, pretiosa Piis, Lyra viva Poetis,*  
*Castâ Fide, Genio candida, chara DEO.*

48.

*Sylva Smaragdicomas quæ ventilat, invidet Auro*  
*Crinis, & ad Cirros GRATIA trina rubet.*

39.

The *Poets Pharos* be that sets forth sail,  
While he steers sheet-fill'd with a holy *Gale*.

40.

Pure *Wit's* the Sails, quick *Judgement* Oars, *Thou th' Star*,  
Pilot the *Scribe*, Sea *Vein*, the Ship *Hymns* are.

41.

I give *Wits* Tackling to thy guiding *Hands* :  
*Honour* in giving, *Love* in taking stands.

42.

Binde up what's *loose*, what's *rash* new-mold, refell  
What's *ill*, *lame* help, smoothe *rough*, deprefs what *swell*.

43.

Thou slight'st *Earths* ratling *Squibs*, with Sulphur fill'd :  
*Kingdoms* such *Nests* are as the *Birds* do build.

44.

Above all *Worldly Wealth* thy *Riches* rise ;  
Thy *Microcosm* the *Macrocosm* out-vies.

45.

Thou lay'st out hoarded *Gold* the *Poor* to aid ;  
So, with *GODS Love*, thy *Love* to *GOD's* repaid.

46.

Thy sacred *Skill* imparted *Reverence* breeds ;  
Thy *Worship's Practise*, and thy *Words* are *Deeds*.

47.

(clear,  
*Fiends Hate*, *Saints Prize*, whence *Lyrick Strings* sound  
Of spotless *Faith*, pure *Minde*, to th' *HIGHEST* dear.

48.

The *Emerald-Grove* envies thy golden *Hair*,  
Whose *Curls* make *GRACES* blush *Themselves* more fair.



49.

*Gaudia tot spargunt splendentia Sidera Vultus,  
Quot fovet Attis Apes, quot gerit Æthra Faces.*

50.

*Invidet igniparis Adamantinus Ardor Ocellis,  
Vibrat abindè sacras Pupula casta Faces.*

51.

*Emula puniceis Tinctura Corallina Labris;  
Livet ad Ambrosias pensilis Uva Genas.*

52.

*Mirarer Labriq; Rosas, & Lilia Mala,  
Mala sed exuperat Lilia, Labra Rosas.*

53.

*Suavia mellifluo dimanant Verba Palato,  
Verbula Nectareis limpidiora Cadis.*

54.

*Quas non Delicias, radiantibus ebria Guttis,  
Psaltria dia, creas! Ore Mel, Aure Melos.*

55.

*Spiras Tota Crocos, Violas, Opobalsama, Myrrhas,  
Bdellia, Thura, Cedros, Cinnama Narda, Rosas.*

56.

*Ruris Aroma Rosas. Quot Cantica sacra profundis,  
Tot paris Ore Favos, tot jadis Ore Faces.*

57.

*Dum jaciuntur ab Ore Favi, superaq; Favilla,  
Pascor, ut incendar; Flamma dat ipsa Dapes!*

58.

*Languet Olor dum spectat Ebur Cervicis: Ad AGNUM  
Hac Via susceptum Lactea monstrat Iter.*

49.

As many *Joyes* thy starry *Beauties* shed,  
As *Bees* in *Attis*, *Gems* in *Skies* are spread.

50.

The *Diamond* sparkleth *Rage* at thine *Eye-Beams*,  
Whose chaste *Orbs* brandish thence their sacred *Gleams*.

51.

The *Coral* Die is blankt at *Lips* so red,  
And livid *Grapes* at rosy *Cheeks* hang head:

52.

I'd gaze o'th' *Lili'd Cheek*, and the *Lips Rose*,  
But ô, thy *Cheek*, thy *Lip* surpasseth those!

53.

*Grace* pours sweet-flowing *Words* from charming *Lips*,  
Sparkling 'bove *Nectar* which i'th' *Crystal* skips.

54.

Rare *PSALTRESSE*, with *Heav'n-drops* inebriate,  
What *Sweets* to *Mouth*, and *Ear* dost Thou create?

55.

Sweet *Violets*, *Saffron*, *Balm*, *Myrrhe* from *Thee* flowes,  
*Bdell*, *Incense*, *Cedar*, *Cinn'amon*, *Nard*, the *Rose*.

56.

The *Rose*, *Swains Spice*: Such *Heav'n-dew'd Verse* dost  
As sweet as *Honey-comb*, as bright as *Flame*. (frame,

57.

While *Combs*, and *Flames* divine from *THEE* are cast,  
I'm fed, as fir'd; Ev'n *Flames* do nurse my *Taste*!

58.

The *Swan* pines at thy *Neck*; This *Milkie Way*  
Doth Steps, begun to th' Holy *LAMB*, display.

59.

*Ningit in Alpinis mansura Pruina Papillis ;  
Anser es His Cornix, Nix nigra, sordet Olor.*

60.

*Vellera cana Nivis, Manibus collata, lutescunt ;  
Figis ubi Gressum pressa resultat Humus.*

61.

*Lilia Lacte lavet, Violas depurplet Uvâ,  
Ære Crocos tingat, Murice, Flora, Rosas ;*

62.

*Nec potis est meritam Tibi texere Flora Corollam ;  
Te, nec hyperbolicus, dum cano, Cantor ero.*

63.

*Floribus omnigenis, Gemmisq; nitentibus ardens,  
Tu Paradisiaci PRÆDA videris Agri.*

64.

*Qualibet in Vitâ VIRTUS sic æqua relucet ;  
Ut dubitetur an hæc, illa, vel ista præit.*

65.

*Desuper extat Amor ; Tibi Mens contermina Cœlo,  
Regnat Honor, radiat Forma, triumphat Amor.*

66.

*Illud es Elixir, Chymicâ quod protinùs Arte,  
Mutet in auratas me, rude Pondus, Opes.*

67.

*Ignè Cinis fit agente Vitrum ; micat Ignè Metallum ;  
Corpus & hoc fieri SPIRITUS Ignè potest.*

68.

*Magneti salit è Ferro celer Ignis Amoris ;  
Imò Silex faculas, quis putet ? intus alit.*

59.

There falls on thine *Alp-Breasts* a lasting Snow,  
To which *Snow's* black, *Swans* foul, the *Goose* a Crow.

60.

The hoary *Frost* turns Durt, v'd with thy *Hand*,  
And, where thy *Foot* does tread, it prides the *Land*.

61.

On *Lilies* Milk, on *Violets* Purple throw,  
On *Saffron* Gold, Scarlet o'th' *Rose* bestow ;

62.

Wreaths, worthy *Thee*, fair *Flora* ne're can weave ;  
Nor can our highest *Strains* THEE higher heave.

63.

With all-bred *Flowers*, & glitt'ring *Buds* THOU beam'st ;  
As if t' have cropt all *Paradise* THOU seem'st.

64.

Each *Vertue's* in thy *Life*, so pois'd, so fine ;  
What's first? *This*? *That*? or *Tother*? since *All* shine.

65.

*Love* to thy *Soul* deriv'd is from *Above*,  
Where *Honour* reigns, sparks *Beauty*, triumphs *Love*.

66.

In *Chymick Art* Thou my *Elixir* be ;  
Convert to *Gold* the worthlesse *Dross* in me.

67.

Fire makes of *Ashes* *Glass*, makes *Metals* shine ;  
This *Fire* my *Body* may to *Spirit* calcine.

68.

Enamour'd *Iron* does to the *Magnet* flie ;  
Yea *Sparks* in hardest *Flints* concealed lie.

Nothing



69

*Durius at Saxo nil est, nil mollius Igne :  
Dura sed ignitus Saxa resolvit AMOR.*

70.

*Hæc meditans, quis non Facibus solvatur Amoris ?  
Tu Charis es, Studiis Tu Cynosura meis.*

71.

*Gemmula Mentis, Ocella Sinûs, pia Flammula Cordis :  
Incepi Duce Te, Te Duce cæpta sequar.*

72.

*Sponsa creata DEO, Virtutum fulgida Cætu,  
Jus colis, Affectus suppressis, Acta regis.*

73.

*Est Tibi Vita DEUS, Pietas Lex, Gloria CHRISTUS,  
Expetis HUNC, Tibi Qui semper AMORE præit.*

74.

*Quid Te, CHRISTE, Crucem perferre coegit ? Amoris  
Ardor ! Amaroris Pignus Amoris erat !*

75.

*Factus Amans, fit & Esca DEUS ! Te nutrit IESUS :  
O BONITAS ! Quales Hoc in AMANTE Dapes !*

76.

*Est mihi CHRISTUS(ais) Laus, Splendor, Aroma, Triumphus,  
Musica, Vina, Dapes, Fama, Corona, DEUS.*

77.

*Omnia Tu JESUS ! præ TE, nihil Omnia ! COELUM  
Exploraturæ, quàm mihi sordet Humus !*

78.

*Orbis es Exilium, Mors Janua, Patria COELUM ;  
Dux sit Amor, Baculus Spes, Comes alma Fides.*

69.

Nothing more hard than *Stone*, more soft than *Fire* ;  
Yet *Stones* are melted by inflam'd *Desire*.

70.

Is't so? Who'd not dissolve in *Flames* of *Love*?  
Be *Thou* the *Grace*, *Thou* my *Thoughts Loadstar* prove.

71.

Mind's *Gemme*, *Eyes Apple*, *Hearts intenser Flame* ;  
*Thou* shew'dst the *Way*, I'll prosecute the *Same*.

72.

For *GOD* created, bright in *VIRTUES Train*,  
Weigh'st *Right*, quell'st *Passions*, & o're *Deeds* dost reign.

73.

*GOD* is thy *Life*, *Law Virtue*, *Glorie CHRIST* ;  
*HIM*, who leads *Thee* by *Love*, *Thou* lov'st *HIM* high'st.

74.

*CHRIST*, to endure the *Cross*, what did *THEE* move?  
The *Pledge* of *Bitterness* was *Pledge* of *LOVE* !

75.

Is *GOD* both *Meat*, and *Lover*? *CHRIST* thy *Food*?  
What *Banquet* is *This Lover* ! As *Sweet*, as *Good* !

76.

*CHRIST*'s *Spice* (*Thou* say'st) *Light, Triumph, Praise* to  
*Musick, Wine, Feast, Fame, Crown, GOD* ; *All* to *Thee*.  
(me ;

77.

*LORD*, *Thou* art *All* in *All* ! *Thou* lost, *All*'s nought ;  
How base seems muddy *Earth*, where *HEAV'N* is sought!

78.

*Earth*'s *Exile*, *Death* the *Gate*, my *Home*'s *Above* ;  
My *Staff*'s *Hope, Faith Companion, Leader Love*.

Turn

79.

*Diffluet in Gemmas Oriens, in Carmina COELUM ;  
Nec Meritis Oriens, nec POLUS aqua ferat.*

80.

*Fac timeam, fac amem ; Quæ Te timet, acriùs ardet ;  
Nempe tui Cultûs Fons Timor, Amnis Amor.*

81.

*Vox tua Norma mihi ; Tibi Palmes adhæreo VITI ;  
Totus es IPSE mihi, sim tua tota DEUS !*

82.

*Comprecor exaudi, patior succurre, molestor  
Auxiliare, premor protege, flagro fave !*

83.

*TE voco, laudo, rogo, colo, diligo, quæro, REDEMPTOR,  
Affectu, Prece, Re, Spe, Pietate, Fide !*

84.

*Si TE contueor, liquefio, perusta Favillis ;  
Ni TE contueor, sum glaciata Gelu !*

85.

*O, Facibus superadde Faces, ut Tota liquefcam !  
Sim vel Mortis Odor, sim vel Amantis Amor.*

86.

*Grata Procella, jugum mihi gratum, gratus & Ignis,  
Me quibus immergit, deprimit, urit AMOR !*

87.

*Non mea sum, sed Amore DEI languesco ! Sorores,  
Me stipate Rosis, languet Amore Sinus !*

88.

*Nil Animantis habet, quæ Pectore vivit Amantis :  
Hoc in Amore mihi sit mora nulla mori !*

79.

Turn *Indie* into *Jewels*, HEAV'N to *Verse*,  
Nor *Indie* can thy *Worth*, nor HEAV'N reherse.

80.

Let me Thee fear, and love; Fear *Loves* Heat blowes;  
*Fear* is DEVOTIONS Fount, whence LOVE o'reflowes.

81.

Thy Word's my Rule, I cleave to THEE, my *Vine*;  
LORD, Thou art *All* to me, I'm wholly *Tbine*.

82.

O, hear my *Pray'r*, my *Suffrings* bear, my *Task*  
Take off, redresse my *Wrongs*, grant what I ask!

83.

With *Pray'r*, *Desire*, *Faith*, *Zeal*, *Hope*, *Deed* I call,  
Laud, seek, love, pray, worship THEE *All in All*.

84.

If I behold THEE, I'm all flaming *Spice*;  
If not behold THEE, I'm congeal'd to *Ice*!

85.

Adde *Flames to Flames*, that I may melt away!  
Be I belov'd of THEE, or else *Deaths* Prey!

86.

Sweet *Seas*, light *Yoke*, a friendly *Flame* I finde,  
Which me with *Love* doth drown, and burn, and binde.

87.

I'm not mine own, but faint for GOD above!  
Rose-deck me VIRGINS, for I'm sick of LOVE!

88.

Nought of a *Liver*, hath a *Lovers* Heart;  
Or, live belov'd, or *Life-bereft*, depart!

Let



79.

Unio sit Nobis, Animamq; liquamur in unam!  
Unaq; Vita Duos stringat, Amorq; Duos!

80.

Tu super Omne places! Tua sum, Tu noster, & Ambos  
Mutuus Ardor agit, possidet unus Amor.

81.

Uror io; Redamatur Amor! Votoq; fruiscor!  
Dum quod Amans redamor, dum quod Amante fruor.

82.

O, quid Amare! Quid est Redamari! GAUDIA nacta  
Tanta, stupendo tacet! Tanta, tacendo stupet!

83.

Vivo DEO, morior Mundo, moriendo resurgo;  
Indè, catenato Dite, triumphat AMOR.

84.

Sic amet omnis Amans, sic immoriatur Amanti:  
Ut Lyra, Luscinia Vitaq; Morsq; fuit.

85.

Si mea Lumen habent, si Nomen Carmina; Lumen  
Ex Oculo SPONSI, Nomen ab Ore venit.

86.

Arguseat, qui Talpa venit, radiatus Amore;  
Vates Sperati fidus Amoris ero.

87.

Cingant THEIOPHILÆ potiùs mea Tempora Lauri,  
Quàm gemmans Capiti sit Diadema meo.

88.

Nam, quid erunt, Animæ Damno, Diademata Mundi?  
Celsa ruunt, fugiunt Blandula, prava necant.

89.

Let *us* be *One*! In *One*, *Two* melted flow!  
Let one *Life*, as one *Love*, inform *us Two*!

90.

My only *joy*, I'm *Thine*; *Thou* mine; and *Both*  
The like *Flame* burns; *Th' One* loves, as *t' Other* doth.

91.

Fire! Fire! *Love* is Belov'd! My *MAKER's* mine!  
*Loving*, I'm lov'd! while with my *SPOUSE* I twine!

92.

O *Love* belov'd! Her, who such *Joys* partakes;  
*Silence* makes *Wonder*, *Wonder* *Silence* makes!

93.

To *HEAV'N* I live, to *Earth* I die; dying rise!  
So, *Hell* being chain'd, *Love* takes the *Victors* Prize.

94.

*Lovers* so love, as for the *Lov'd* to die!  
As *Stradas* Lute was *Life* and *Destinie*.

95.

If these my *Layes* have either *Light*, or *Name*,  
*Name* from thy *Word*, *Light* from thy *Grace* doth flame.

96.

Who came a *Mole*, goes *Argus* hence by *Love*;  
I shall *Faiths* Priest to hopefull *Charis* prove.

97.

*THEOPHILAS* *Bayes* to Me more *Honour* brings,  
Than *Gems* that blaze on the proud *Heads* of *Kings*.

98.

For what boot worldly *Crowns* with *Souls* losse bought,  
*Heights* fall, spruce *Courtship* fades, *Vice* brings to nought.

99.

*Ut præsens novit, sic postera noverit Ætas,  
Sive premamus Humum, Sive premamur Humo.*

100.

*Finis Fine caret, nec Terminus ullus Amantem  
Terminat ; Hic Modus est non habuisse Modum.*

*Imus in Albionis, Freta per Latialia, Littus ;  
Siste Britannales, Hæc Vice, Musa, Pedes.  
Anglica num præstent Latius, Briticive Latina  
Scire velim : Placeant quæ magis, Illa dabo.*



99.

We may *hereafter*, as we *now* have found  
The *Voice* of *Fame* above, so, under *Ground*.

100.

The *Last* shall *last*; *Term* can't *Vacation* lend  
To th' *LOVER*; Here 'tis *End* to have no

END.

To see, not know, is not to see :  
Then, let our *English Reader* be  
Warn'd, not on *Latian Alps* to roam;  
The next *Vales* path will lead *Him* home.





# PRÆLIBATIO

AD

THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIAM:

*Quæ unica Cantio à Domino ALEX. ROSSEO in Carmen  
Latinum conversa est.*

## CANTIO I. ARGUMENTUM.

*Evigiles, surgas, divini Rector Amoris;  
Delicium prius explores, quam Gaudia tentes:  
Ad Caelos Cursum tandem pia Vota gubernent.*

Tristichon I.

**M**Utua si Mentēs agerent Commercia Secum,  
Angelicum in Morem, terrenâ Mole solutæ,  
Intuitu quales possent effundere Cantus!

II.

Spiritus ut subito si sublimeretur, abibit  
In Fumum, nimium chymicus nisi temperet *Æstum*;  
Haud aliter perit omne nimis subtile Noëma.

III.

Aurum, Sole satum, Terræ inter Viscera clausum,  
Non pretio celsit, quamvis non splenduit æquè,  
Qualiter excoctum flagranti fulgurat Igne.

IV.

Mens age, nunc Famæ Sphæram conscende per Orbes;  
Errat enim quisquis non Cursum dirigit illuc:  
Virtutis Comites, Aures adhibete Docenti.

V.

Ergò, nè Veneris lascivæ Prælia, Cornu  
Vocali accensa, aut Oculis flammantibus Igne,  
(Formæ Armis) cedant inopinis Pectora Plagis.

Quarum

## VI.

Quarum pestiferis Oculis, jaculantibus Ignem,  
 Virginitatis Honos purus maculatur, & ipsa  
 Mens capitur Laqueis fictarum incauta Comarum.

## VII.

Aspice Captivum Veneris, qui transigit Ævum  
 In fervente gelu, colit Umbram; atq; Ingeniosum  
 Se credens, scribit, delet, laceratq; furitq;.

## VIII.

Ejus Opes Fragmenta quidè sunt Comica, quorum  
 Præsidio superat Tenariffæ Verticis auram.  
*Sol Tibi scintilla est, Tu Lumine Sidera vincis.*

## IX.

*Victrix Flamma tuis Oculis micat acribus, Orbes  
 Obnubas geminos lucentes, namq; rigentem  
 Accendent Monachum, vel fiam Morte Bidental.*

## X.

*Ob Gemmas Indi penetrant Saxa, Æthiopesq;  
 Oceanum ob Conchas, pretiosis Pellibus instat  
 Tartara Gens; Omnes ejus dant munera Templo.*

## XI.

*Flagrantes dimitte Genas, quæ fulgure nostras  
 Perstringis Oculorum Acies, non ferre valentes  
 Tales Angelico radiantes Lumine Vultus.*

## XII.

Estne Helene, Trojana Lues, atq; Angelus idem?  
 Passio non domita est insanæ Mentis Idolum:  
 Multæ se fucant, Paucae Virtutibus ornant.

## XIII.

Verius hoc nihil est; Cutis alba, rubore Rosarum  
 Permissa, eximium Lumen ne Mentis obumbret,  
 Nevè Animæ Visum penetrantem obnubulet unquam.

## XIV.

Ure Odas, *Veneris* Stratagemata chartea; Ludos  
Effuge, sunt Flammæ; fabrices ne Vincula, Dolosq;  
Neve loquare Oculis; Oris Commercia vita.

## XV.

Spumea nonne audis Cerebella, & inania, ut intus  
Et rugeant, nec non Joviali in Crimine Potu  
Luxurient, saltentq; furentes, atque cachinnent?

## XVI.

Prædatas Cellas ficate, & mox Rationem  
Luxuriæ Vinculis submittite; per Freta Vini, &  
Mellis arundinei Scopulos date vela furentes.

## XVII.

Ad Senii Mare mortiferum transmittite Curas;  
Quadrupedem effrænem defessi agitate Furoris  
Bacchantes, Rabiem in Vini monstrate Theatro.

## XVIII.

*Turgescant Vino Carchesia, donec in altum*  
*Provehimur Bacchi, Terræq; Urbesq; recedant;*  
*Omnia sorbemus, sit ibi Naupactia Classis.*

## XIX.

*Aplustrum simul & Carchesia pandite, Fluctus*  
*Horrissonos Fremitu superemus; Plura Salutis*  
*Naufugia hic, quàm cum cecinerunt Monstra marina.*

## XX.

*Amphora quæq; parit (signato, Prome,) Pyropum;*  
*Et tinctæ Baccho Buccæ, mihi sæpè videntur*  
*Tedifera, quoties Gemmis micat undiq; Nasus.*

## XXI.

Cantibus alternis Homines sese esse negantes,  
Exleges fiunt. Titubant, seseq; volutant,  
Atq; Pedes sinuant, potant Circæa Venena.

XXII.

O, tumultatæ Animæ, vivæ putrescitis ! usq;  
Ad Fæces Vester liquefit Sal : Quisq; coerct  
Naturam, & Mortem accelerat, Spernitq; Salutem.

XXIII.

Infantes Pecudes vestros odere Liquores  
Cum Nugas Vomitu & Punctis distinguitis : Aci,  
In Vino & Somno ; Proceres nisi Fumus & Umbra.

XXIV.

Mallẽm condiri Muriã, quã Nectare dolci  
Putrere. Invitat miseros nunc Alea, Mensæ  
Illaqueant, nunquam felix datur Exitus illis.

XXV.

Sed sine Mente uno jactu Patrimonia perdunt :  
Obscurant Noctem cum decipit Alea Diris.  
Vincitur en Victor ; num Victus vincere posset ?

XXVI.

Denis & septem Cubitis si Nilus inundat  
Fertilis *Egypti* Campos, miseranda sequetur  
Esuries, Tabes sequitur sic sæva Nepotes.

XXVII.

Dicite vos pictæ, vos, dicite, Papiliones,  
Gaudia quæ Veris pensatis falsa, quid estis  
Lucratæ, ex infrugiferis Nugisq; caducis ?

XXVIII.

Stulti qui propter Nugas divenditis Aurum,  
Dicite, num caleat quæ Flamma est picta ? Voluptas  
Num stimulans juvat ? ô, angustum Cœlum, inferiusq; !

XXIX.

Ite, & Deliciis (fruitur quæis Bestia sola)  
Gaudia mutetis vera ; at Gens impia turgent  
Deliciis ; CHRISTUS flevit ; Gens optima luget.



## XXX.

Nil nisi terrenum cupiunt Animalia Bruta ;  
 Cœlestes Animæ cœlestia Gaudia quærunt ;  
 At Homines mediæ Naturæ Dona requirunt.

## XXXI.

Gens humana foret si moles Corporis expers,  
 Angelicæ Naturæ esset ; si Mente careret,  
 Brutiginæ : Caro Brutorum est, Mens Angelicorum.

## XXXII.

Principio Deus Hos univit, subjiciendo  
 Sensum Judicio Rationis, tum moderando  
 Affectum Arbitrio Mentis, verum inficiendo

## XXXIII.

Libertatem Animæ, Crimen concussit, ut Ipsæ  
 Jam nequeunt habitare simul, nisi Lucta sequatur ;  
 Nec sine Tristitiâ divelli posse videmus.

## XXXIV.

Jam valeat Mundus fallax, spinosa Voluptas  
 Cui Cordi est, quod perdit amat, quod Nobile spernit.  
 I, Cole nunc Vitium, ride Virtutis Amantes.

## XXXV.

Mellito Cyatho, at Felle Aspidis haud meliore,  
 Inficis incautas Animas ad Tartara, semper  
 Mortales Magico & fallaci decipis Ore.

## XXXVI.

Dum Tempus fallis, Tempus te fallit, & aufert  
 Prædam, dum Tempus perdis, Cœlestia perdis,  
 Sed, cum *Fure bono*, pauci furantur *Olympum*.

## XXXVII.

Projiciunt Stulti pretiosum Temporis Aurum :  
 Qui Vitæ Gemmam generosam prodigit, ille  
 Ad Barathrum graditur, Stimulisq; agitur Averni.

XXXVIII.

Cui Terram amplecti vastam furiosa Cupido est,  
Viq; Doloq; simul; Muscis hic Retia tendit,  
Ut foribus laxos suspendit Aranea Casset.

XXXIX.

Cum Mors præscindet *Nimrodi* Vulturis ungues,  
Nomina cernemus subito mutata Domorum:  
*Bethesda* his fiet, tandem *Bethania* tristis.

XL.

Arbitrio subdi pejus, quam Lege perire;  
Pharmaca quæ curare valent, si Balsama perdunt?  
Namq; Bono quod degenerat, nil pejus habetur.

XLI.

Siq; Tyrannorum arbitrio non traderet ullos  
OMNIPOTENS Sanctos, crudeli Morte premendos,  
Nullum Martyrium foret, aut Salvator Iesus.

XLII.

Stulti durefcunt, sed Sancti, ut Cera, liquefcunt:  
Corporis ad gemitum morientis, jamq; jacentis  
Nudo Dente, Genis macris, Oculisq; cavatis.

XLIII.

Vitæ Author Vitam præbet, largire Misellis;  
Dissectis Venis præclusa est Janua Lethi:  
Sit Deus Exemplar; te cura; pascere Fementes.

XLIV.

Ut Cælum obtineas, heu, quantula Portio Vitæ  
Hic peregrinantis superest! namq; excipit Ortum  
Occasus subito, Finisq; ab Origine pendet.

XLV.

Cum Vitiis cui Bella foris, Pax permanet intus;  
Cessat Judicium, quum sese judicat ullus:  
Extra vestiri Zelo est augere Dolores.

Magna-

## XLVI.

Magnates, Vos magna manent Tormenta, Tyranni  
Si sitis. Infernus Medicinam haud exhibet ullam;  
Securus nè sis, securus si cupis esse.

## XLVII.

Robora franguntur quæ Cœli Murmura temnunt;  
Ardentem in Cineres Prunam considerare cernes;  
Nec non in fumos clarum vanescere Lychnum.

## XLVIII.

Exue rugosam Sagam, jam Tempus, & aufer  
Peccati Achanis velamina nigra, Magarum  
Leprosis pannis superabunt Ulcera foeda.

## XLIX.

Infantem hoc Naboth Ferro superavit, idemq;  
Jezabelis pinxit Faciem, Centroq; removit  
Tot Regna, atq; novum dimovit Cardine Mundum.

## L.

Felices hujus qui spargent Saxa Cerebro,  
Quiq; ea loturi maledicto Sanguine, sternetq;  
Osse Vias: Cujus Gemitus sunt Gaudia nostra.

## LI.

Non debet *Salicâ* regnare Hæc *Lege*, Procellas  
Excitat, Halcyonumq; Dies dispellit, in Aula  
Mentis nil habitat Bonitatis, si regit Illa.

## LII.

Luxuries ejus quot Morbos edidit? Astra  
Inficit, Esuriemq; auget, Vivisq; molesta est  
Dum crapulantur humum Tumulis civilia Bella.

## LIII.

Mens mea, Mæstitiæ Labyrinthis septa, quot Annis  
In sacco, Lachrymis baccato, transige Vitam!  
Clàm nigris in Speluncis ambito Timores!

Cumq;

## LIV.

Cumq; *Heraclito* pacatum transige Tempus,  
A Turbis procul, & procul à Discordibus Armis,  
Quæ Mundum insanum turbato in Pegmate versant.

## LV.

Illic Relligio dulcis vel Pectine pulsat,  
Vel Digitis Cytharam, vel Cantu personat Antra,  
Divinæ inspirat vel Dorica Carmina Musæ.

## LVI.

Proq; Tubis resonabit Amor Testudine, solvens  
Obsidione Urbes, quassatas Marte, vocansq;  
In Cœlum, Imperii Sedem, mortalia Corda.

## LVII.

Nostra hinc Lætitia, hinc Hymni Solatia nostra,  
Præcipuè Angelici. *Summo sit Gloria PATRI,*  
*Pax Terris, Hominum succedat prompta Voluntas!*

## LVIII.

Pennæ quas *Veneris* Volucres dant, Dedecus addunt;  
Ergò, *Vulcano* Versus committite; tollet  
Ille pedes Melis; liber, sed claudicat Ille.

## LIX.

Tollitur en *Nihil*, ast *Aliquid* cadit! ô, ubi Merces  
Antiquæ Virtutis Honos! Sapiencia quondam  
Virtutem evexit; coluisti, Plute, Minervam.

## LX.

Côs fuit *Oxonii Lambeth!* tamen Ille Volatu  
Exuperat longè Pinnacula Divitiarum,  
Qui *Virtutem* ambit, puro *Virtutis* Amore.

## LXI.

*Virtutis* Radiis accenditur Illius Ardor,  
Et Pestes omnes Modulis fugat ille canoris,  
Fulmina;q; extinguit per Cœli Expansa trifulca.



## LXII.

An matutinæ Volucres cantando citabunt  
Solem ex nocturnis Tenebris, tectq; Cubili?  
Atq; Animæ vivæ in Tenebris & Morte jacebunt?

## LXIII.

Evigilate ergò de Somno, & Nocte soporâ;  
Increpat ecce Moras nostras Auriga Diei,  
Sol dum cæruleos moderatur in Æthere Currus.

## LXIV.

Jamq; experrecti, Textrices mille Laborum  
Conspicite aerias, quæ fingunt Arte stupendâ  
Mæandros, texuntq; suis per inania Telis.

## LXV.

Surgite, Sol Aurum per summa Cacumina spargit,  
Condit Aromatibus Lucem, dum spargit Odores,  
Cuncta sagittiferis Radiis Dulcedine replet.

## LXVI.

Erigit in Cœlum Mentes Lux aurea Phœbi:  
Pulpita qui fugiunt, Hymnis capiuntur. In Aurum  
Vertit Amor Plumbum, Chymico præstantior omni.

## LXVII.

Utq; Opifex Naturæ Apis est, Tragemata fingens  
Mellea, dum sugens chymicè transformat in Aurum  
Flores; ditatur sic plumbea Carmine Prosa.

## LXVIII

Hicq; THEANTHROPOS Sermo, tum mystica Vitra  
Oris fatidici, nec non Oracula tanta,  
Fomentumq; Precum, tum Murus Aheneus hîc est;

## LXIX.

Cœli Sculptura hîc, Pietatis Clavis, & ipsa  
Gaza, Instrumentum, Spesq; Anchora, Charta fidelis,  
Atq; Voluptatis Gurges, sic Navis Amoris.

Prima 68. & 69. post 77.  
relegantur.

## LXVIII.

Nullus REX VATEM, sed *Regem* Carmine VATES  
Evehit, *Ille* Animas languentes excitat, *Ille*  
Ad Mare Pacificum Curas transmittit edaces.

## LXIX.

Ut Gemmæ radiant, atq; æmula Lumina Stellis,  
Per Loca transmittunt tenebrosa: ita docta *Poesis*  
Et *Lucem*, ac *Animam*, *Vitamq;* dat Artibus ipsam.

## LXX.

O dives, ridens, radiantq; *Poetica* Gemmis,  
Nobilitas *Splendore* tuo Diademata Regum!  
Tu Gentilitium Clypeum depingis Honoris.

## LXXI.

Te, (quæ circundas *Artes* velut Aere) Teq;  
Rerum inventarum *Portam*, *Scenam* Ingeniorum,  
Tam dives, quàm pauper amat, Regesq; procando.

## LXXII.

VATES & REGES Tumulo conduuntur eodem;  
Ruminat *Ars* quodcunq; accenditur Igne *Poetae*,  
Sensibus ut nostris divinum exhalet Odorem.

## LXXIII.

Prudentes reddit *Speculatio*, non meliores:  
Littera solum *Ars* est, sed *Praxis* Spiritus; *Ulus*  
*Arte* valet, sic *Ars* usu; qui seperat, aufert.

## LXXIV.

Languida *Facta* quidem *Dictis* stimulantur acutis,  
Verba ut *Femellis*, *Maribus* sic *Facta* probantur;  
Sit *Vita* Exemplar, fac, *Leges* præveniantur.

## LXXV.

Maxima *Cognitio* nostra est servire TONANTI,  
Tunc nos morigeros Mandatis æstimat, Actus  
Excipiunt quando quædam Interludia nostros.

R

Illorum

## LXXVI.

Illorum Mentes sola ad *Sublimia* tendunt,  
Quorum non quovis agitantur Pectora Vento,  
Utq; Aula instabiles, sed in Æquore nant *Sapientis*.

## LXXVII.

Non alia his *Cynosura* nitet quàm *Gratia*, quamq;  
Portat *Apostolicus* collustrans *Signifer Orbem* :  
Hâc *Evangelici* Cursum rexere *Magistri*.

Hic lege prima 68. & 69.

## LXXX.

Nunquam sic refluit *Sanctorum* Fluctus, ut ipsos  
Urgeat in Syrtes Errorum cuncta vorantes,  
*Peccati* Clades fugiunt, ut naufraga saxa.

## LXXXI.

Ut Casus Mortis, Noctis Septentrio, Non tam  
Obscuri, aut Tenebræ triduanæ, quas super omnem  
*Egyptum* induxit, qui Lucem & Sydera fecit.

## LXXXII.

Tempestati hujus collata Tonitrua languent;  
Si Stimulos spectes *Aspis* fert Balsama, Mors est  
Vel Pietas, hujus cùm Carmina fæda videbis.

## LXXXIII.

Hujus cùm laqueos mea Musa evaseris, illuc  
Tende Alis, ubi Lux Mentes quæ luminat, ardet;  
Et Nebulas abigit, tenebrasq; Nitore resolvit.

## LXXXIV.

Sit tibi *Relligio* curæ, quam discute, meq;  
Errantem cohibe, Deus alme, & percutite Carnis  
Ignavæ (si quando salit vel ruder) *asellum*.

## LXXXV.

Mens minor es minimo *Coeli* indulgentis Amore:  
Peccatum haud linquunt Terror, Pudor, atq; Reatus;  
Quatuor hi Comites Coetum glomerantur in unum.

Peccato

LXXXVI.

Peccato defectus ego, nunc perditus erro;  
Namq; *orare* mihi vesana *Superbia* visa est.  
Luctantem, DEUS alme, leva sub Pondere Terræ.

LXXXVII.

Nemo *merere* potest, *meruit* tamen UNUS, & horum  
Qui jactant Sese, *Zelum* frigesce cernis,  
His stannum, *Argentum* est, æs *Aurum* sæpè videtur.

LXXXVIII.

Cor renova, *Linguam* mihi dirige, porrige *Dextram*,  
Inspiresq; *Fidem*, *Spem* velo detege tectam:  
Erige *collapsum*, crescat *Vis* semper *Amoris*.

LXXXIX.

*Lingua*, Decus nostrum, *Menti* servire memento.  
SPIRITUS ille tuus *Bezaliel* illustravit.  
Mors *Fide* me salvat, Cæcis das *Lumina* sputo.

XC.

*Spiritus* ex sensu fiat, nam *Gratia* sola  
*Naturam* vertit, *chymichus* *Lapis* ecce repertus,  
Et *Verbum* omnipotens sola est *Projectio* purabim.

XCI.

VERBUM, COS veri, nec *Regula* certior ulla:  
Rejicimus *Mappam* tenebrosam *Traditionum*.  
Non urit me *Charta*, tamen *Mens* ignibus ardet.

XCII.

Dum lego, *Mens* intus magno *Splendore* coruscat,  
Et novus ecce *Vigor* penetrat *Præcordia*, namq;  
Omnia describit *Placitorum* *Arcana* tuorum.

XCIII.

Hujus *Carminibus* tecum versantur *Enochi*,  
Avertit *Mortem*, transfert nos ante *Senectam*:  
Dat *Vaticanus* *Scoriam*, purum hîc nitet *Aurum*.



## XCIV.

Sic cùm pigra gelu *Gens Tartara*, splendida *Gemmis*  
Tecta subit *Sophiæ*, subito Fervore resecta,  
Quæ nive *semianimis* fuerat, se vivere sentit.

## XCV.

Infundis mihi Tu *Meditamina* sancta, meoq;  
Effundis pia *Verba Ore*, & laudando per Orbem  
Diffundis mea *Facta*, tuo quæ Munere vivunt.

## XCVI.

*Musa*, mihi Chordas tendens, cane *Facta Bonorum*  
Hymnis, sed pravos taceas; Artesq; Tributum  
Dent tibi, tu Cordi Linguam, Pennamq; ligabis.

## XCVII.

Degenerat Soboles *Eve*, pollutaq; Culpis;  
An Te Mensurâ tenui comprehendere possit,  
*Omnipotens* quum sis, nec mensurabilis unquam?

## XCVIII.

Arbustum *Cedros*, *Aquilam* non regulus effert  
Laudibus, aut cernit *Phæbeas* noctua Flammæ,  
Gutta quid *Oceano*? Radiis Jubar infinitis?

## XCIX.

Languentem sed *Spes* & *Amor* per inane volatum  
Ferre valent, in Te noctem *Fiducia* lustrat;  
Grandis *Amor*, suppleto *Fidem*, *Spēi* scribimus *Alis*.



C.

*Spiritus, alme Deus, Mens, Corpus, & omnia Facta,*

*Et Verba, & Mentis Meditamina, postea discent*

*Et Laudes celebrare tuas, & Crimina flere.*

O, quantum JESU me  
diligis! Ergo Beatum

Me tua jam reddat Di-  
lectio, suscipiatque

Erectum rursus Dilectio  
MAXIME JESU!

*Hæc ara est, atq; hæc mea victima dæcis amoris.*

*Cor, Oculus, Lingua, atq; Manus, Popleq; reflexus*

*A te sunt Cuncta hæc, ad te sint Cuncta vicissim*

Post *Homerum* Iliada, post *Vossæum* Grammaticen,  
post *Rossæum*, celeberrimum illum *Virgilii Evangelizan-*  
*tis Autorem*, Carmen Heroicum conscribere audax  
planè videatur Facinus. Tenuitatis quippe meæ, & im-  
paris longè in *Poesi* venæ conscius, cum non possum  
quod vellem, volo tamen quod possum effundere.

*Est aliquid prodire tenus si non datur ultra.*

R 3

THEOPH.

## THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA:

## CANTIO III.

Latino Carmine donata.

## Restauratio.

## ARGUMENTUM.

*Authoris Raptus, laudatur Gratia; fusæ  
Sunt Lachrymæ charo Britonum pro Sanguine fuso  
Obscurè, petitur Pax ictis prisca Michaiis.*

## Tristichon I.

**S***ollicites mea Musa Lyram, digitoque pererra  
Argutæ Chelyos Chordas, & Cantica psallas  
Quæ rapiant Terras, & scandant Astra Triumphis.*

## II.

*Ecstatico raptus Motu Bartæius Heros,  
Lectò subsiliens, alacres ducensq; Choraas,  
Dixit; In hunc Morem saltabunt Gallica Regna.*

## III.

*Seu Meteora Soli viscoso Semine facta,  
Quæ, motu succensa suo, super ardua tendunt  
Nubila, Stellarum nec non de More coruscis*

## IV.

*Effulgent Flammis; Duntaxat at illa relucet  
Ut Sese absumant, & nos per Compita ducant;  
Nec pro se Venti, sed Nobis, Flamina spirant:*

## V.

*Enthea sic superas mea Mens ascendit ad Arces,  
Sese dispendens, Stolidos ut reddat Acutos:  
Qui Tædam præfert Aliis, Se Lumine privat.*

Qualitèr

VI.

Qualitèr Inferno sudat vesana Libido :  
Sic Cœlo aspirat divini Zelus Amoris ;  
Scrutari Hoc Mentis contendit tota Facultas.

VII.

Cardinibus subnixa Fides convertitur altis ;  
Purior haud ullis præclusa Scientia Metis ;  
Flamma, Cor accendens, non Ignis Signa relinquit.

VIII.

Horti florentis blandum Poimæria, sancta  
Visorum Tellus, Sapientum grata Cohorti,  
Auratis Asini Phaleris Ludibria proestas.

IX.

Huic Mare fit rabidum Mundus, Discordia major  
Est ubi Ventorum, quàm Pyxis nautica nôrit :  
Incumbit Sanctus Velis, tenet, Anchora Cœlum.

X.

Appulit hîc Pietas, ubi non confracta Dolore  
Conscia Mens fremitat, Rabie aut consumpta malignâ ;  
Lumina lascivæ Veneris nec Fulgure tacta.

XI.

Non Nugæ hîc Pueri ; Juvenis non fervidus Æstus ;  
Ambitus Ætatis maturæ nullus ; Avari  
Grandævi haud Vitium ; non Otia pigra coluntur.

XII.

Non Gula, lascivi aut Pruritus turpis Amoris,  
Turgidus haud Fastus, non invidiosa Rubigo,  
Ira nec ardescens, aut Obduratio Cordis.

XIII.

Non Amor invadit proprius, vel Pectora Curæ  
Scindentes, Schisma aut Doctrinæ mobile flatu,  
Non cæci pungunt Stimuli, nec Pœna Latebris.

Hinc



## XIV.

*Hinc macula apparet Tellus obscura ubi ; certant  
Pro vanis Homines, puerilis more tumultûs ;  
Formicæ, veluti peterent, munimina, scloppis.*

## XV.

*Est ubi Luxuries satiata, Libidoq; spumat,  
Sanguis ubi Irato, petiturq; ubi Pignus Avaro,  
Turget ubi Ambitio, Livor fremit, Otia torpent.*

## XVI.

*Imperio Martis remanent quàm Regna revulsa,  
Dispersis Aulis ! sub nostro Lumine quæ sunt  
Pulvis ut exiguus Ventorum Flatibus actus.*

## XVII.

*Hic stat formosi polydædala Machina Mundi,  
Sustentata Manu Veri, summiq; JEHOVÆ.  
Apparent inſtar Nanorum exindè Gigantes.*

## XVIII.

*Quàm vilis Mundus ! pia Musa, inmitere Pennis  
Firmis, (terreno fueras detenta Tumultu,  
Factatâ & Turbâ) demùm transcede Monarchas.*

## XIX.

*Raptus in hunc morem divino concitus Igne,  
Ætheris in Camerâ stellatâ percutite Chordas :  
Aspirare tui nequeunt huc, Roma, Regentes.*

## XX.

*Sese dilatans Animus fit latior usquè  
Sicut Helix ; Hominis status at Nativus, ut Orbis,  
Quem subito à Zenith deturbant Fata superno.*

## XXI.

*Perspiciens Ratione Fides oculatior Aulam  
Sideream, Mentis rapiunt sua Visa serenas ;  
Veri accensa Pharos per Amorem Gaudia pandit.*

## XXII.

Hæc Lux quæ Radiis conveskit singula clavis,  
THEIOPHILAM, inclusit Pregnanti Mente decoram;  
Excipit occiduum Naturæ, Gratia, Solem.

## XXIII.

Fundat Aroma Calyx, Rosa quam dulcissima, Virtus  
Illustris matura fiet tua Tempore iusto,  
Explicit ac Radius divinus Floris Honorem.

## XXIV.

Anni Procurſu duodeni sic sua Forma  
Enituit, Formam Dominæ stupuere potentes;  
Spectantes Animæ Lucem per Corporis Umbram.

## XXV.

Ardet Crystallo veluti Lucernaposito,  
Cujus transparens decoratur Fabrica Flammis;  
Hæc ita divino splendet VIRGO Nitore.

## XXVI.

Mens Gemmam superat, superat sua Concha pruinam,  
Flumina vel Lactis manantia ab Ubere pleno;  
Venæ Saphiros præcellunt, Labra Rubinos.

## XXVII.

Circum Labra volant Charites juvenille venuste,  
Suavia Puniceis labuntur Aromata Portis,  
Inde fluunt cunctis medicantia Balsama Mixta.

## XXVIII.

Emittunt tales Altaria Sancta Vapores,  
Tales Blanditias habent Fragrantia Gummi;  
Sic Rosa coccinea spirat præflorida Veste.

## XXIX.

Attonitos reddunt Spectantem Luminina Vultus,  
Afficiunt quævis Discordia fervida castis,  
Attamen Ardoris sunt ipsa munera, Flammis.

## XXX.

Lampadas hæcæ volet quisquis depingere, quisquis  
Exprimeret clarâ radiantes Luce Fenestras,  
Pingeret Aspectum fugientem, ponderet Austrum.

## XXXI.

Suave videremus Pectus, micat Eden Amoris,  
Illis Monticulis nascuntur Mala decoris,  
Quæ Mala de vetitâ sanarent Arbore nata.

## XXXII.

Mollities, Candorq; Manûs transcendit Oloris  
Plumas; est talis cujus moderatior Ardor,  
Qualis cum coeunt Radius Phœbeus & Aurum.

## XXXIII.

Fucundæ Nemoris Syrenes, Musica turba,  
Gutturibus quarum dimanat dulcior Aer,  
Illam quid petitis cunabula vestra perosæ?

## XXXIV.

Ecce Latus elaudunt Argentea Lilia castum,  
Calthæ fulgentes Aurî flammantis amictu,  
Ignes evibrat cum Lauro Primula Veris.

## XXXV.

Margaron excellunt Dentes; Tegmen, Caput, Auri,  
Vox præit Argento, de Te Natura Vigorem  
Sumit, Panniculis est præ Te squallida Flora.

## XXXVI.

O, Formosa, Pudica tamen, seu Chava, priusquam  
Candida purpureo suffuderat Ora Rubore  
A Te Virtutes, Artes, Charitesq; profectæ.

## XXXVII.

Ad vivum depicta manet non Pulchrior Icon  
Quàm pia Mens pulchro quæ splendet Corpore clausa:  
Hujus Cœlesti cedit Pandora Decor.

## XXXVIII.

Aulæ Sideribus pictæ sic Cynthia Præses  
Apparet, Phœbi Splendoribus aucta refractis,  
Fulgida Stellarum dum stipant Castra Phalanges.

## XXXIX.

(Astra Pruina refert) subito Telluris at Umbra  
Objecta Lucem retrahit, cui Conus opacus  
Falcata supra Lunam, sub Lumine Solis.

## XL.

Qui Cœlum, Nubes, Terras, Mare, Saxaq; lustrat,  
Qui penetrat Gemmas, Fructus, Stellas, Adamantas;  
Mundi Oculis, claræ Promus, Condusq; Diei.

## XLI.

Cujus gliscentes imitatur Flamma Pyropos,  
Purpureas Aurora Fores dum pandit Eo,  
Noctis lucentem Dominam, Famulasq; repellens.

## XLII.

THEIOPHILAM radians Lumen Te appello Diei,  
Palpebra quippè Fides tua fit, seu Pupula Fervor,  
Vultus Angelico speciosos More venustans.

## XLIII.

Ætheris illa potens, casta & Regina, reclusi,  
Plurima vestalis quam cingit Virgo propinqua,  
Disparet, dia hæc si CONSTELLATIO splendet.

## XLIV.

Nobilitas vera est Virtus, Cognatio Sancti,  
Tutela Angelicus Chorus est, COELUMq; Brabium;  
Cujus demissus, dum surgit Gratia, Vultus.

## XLV.

Eugenia Ingenium, Paidia ministrat Acumen;  
Thesaurus Veri charos Eusebia præbet.  
(Cudendi Voces Vati concessa Potestas.)



## XLVI.

*Aula Cor est formosa sibi, divinius Ejus  
Pectus, Sacratæ Penetralia candida AMORIS ;  
Hic Sibi Delicio est, Sanctos reficitq; Poetas.*

## XLVII.

*Illustres Domini, quos Laurea Serta coronant,  
Artes qui eruitis, qui cultas redditæ Artes,  
Estis & infirmi qui Sustentacula Mundi ;*

## XLVIII.

*Qui struitis Famæ Monumenta perinçlyta Templo,  
Mellea de Vobis Modulamina talia manent,  
Qualia divino mulcerent Pectora Succo.*

## XLIX.

*Dum succedit Hyems Autumno, Ver premit Æstas,  
Dum recitat Modulis Tempus Pœana vetustis,  
Vestris Vos Famæ Plumis reparabitis Alas.*

## L.

*Illud quod præbent sublimia Tænera Vinum,  
Insanè Vires poterit reparare fugatas ;  
Sic Citharæ, atq; Tubæ, sic Organa, Tympana, Sistra.*

## LI.

*Conciliat quamvis reboantia Murmura Basso  
Ars, torquens Nervos graviores usq; sonoro  
Fulmine dum complent Aulam Diapasona totam ;*

## LII.

*Ista parùm valeant ; DOMINÆ Testudine tensâ  
Hujus, Chordarum Pulsum tentaverit Omnem,  
Dum Mens Harmoniæ pertracta est Pollice docto.*

## LIII.

*Gratia inest Verbis ; O, terq; quaterq; beati,  
Quis Cælum Terris, æterno CODICE scripti !  
Qui, Sensu amoti, cupiunt Commercia Mentis !*

## LIV.

Inter *Eos* qui divino de Semine creti,  
Non obscurati *Sensu* nec *Corporis Umbrâ*,  
*Seraphicè* exardent vivacis ORIGINE Flammæ.

## LV.

*Gaudia* dat *Gustus*, non exequanda *Loquelis*!  
Ritu *Cimmerioq; Scholis* palpanda superna,  
In quorum *Solis* Frontem sunt *Nubila* densa.

## LVI.

Callis inaccessus nimio fit *Lumine* Cœli;  
Splendidior *Radius* teneros perstringit *Ocellos*:  
*Ephata* fare, *Lutum* *Visu* me reddet acuto.

## LVII.

Hoc *Raptu* emotus divino, fac mihi talis  
Contingat *Finis*, *Stagaritæ* qualis, in illo  
*Euripo*, quem non ullus comprehendere posset!

## LVIII.

*Mystica* præbeat hæc (ô sit protensa!) *Catena*  
*Nexus*, qui stringat vel quavis fortius *Arte*!  
*Talia* lenitos rapiant *Modulamina* *Sensus*.

## LIX.

*Musica* pervadit *Mentes*, cum percitus *Oestro*  
*Insano* *Saulus*, *Genio* fremuitq; maligno,  
*Gemmea* præ *Plectris* sordebant *Sceptra* *Tyranni*.

## LX.

Hujus inardescens *HYMNI* me *Flamma* repugnat  
*Fœcibus* à *Terræ*: *Cantus* *Penetralia* Cœli  
*Divini* reſerant, deducunt *Agmina* pura:

## LXI.

*Agmina* pura *DEI* celebrant *NATALIA* læta;  
*Hymnos* vel *CHRISTUS* modulatur; *SANCTA COLUMBA*  
Cœli, summa petens, *Numerorum* deligit *Alas*.

## LXII.

*Ni Versus, non sit Textus, quia quælibet HYMNI  
Incantant; ælis famuletur CONCIO PSALMIS,  
Antè Diem summum, per Vos demortua surgunt!*

## LXIII.

*Àst ubi grassatur Furiis Bellona tremendis,  
Stragibus, heu, lassata, sed haud satiata recedens,  
Prædatrice Lupâ truculentior, Organa pulset?*

## LXIV.

*Est equidè non Mota Solo, pacata Tumultu :  
Degeneres trepidant; manet illa invicta Caterois,  
Displosi metuit nec rauca Tonitrua Scloppi.*

## LXV.

*Insunt Virtuti sua Balsama; sollicitavit  
Intensè NUMEN Gladii mollire Rigorem :  
Ætatis Ferro sic AUREA VIRGO profatur.*

## LXVI.

*Ingruit, O, NUMEN VENERANDUM! dira Procella,  
Coccina purpureæ cum velant Crimina Vestes,  
Effuso tinctæ pretioso Sanguine Vitæ!*

## LXVII.

*Orbis Aquis cinctus, fortunatissimus olim,  
O, deplorandum! quantum mutatus ab illo!  
Pax ubi floruerat pia, Mors ibi prodiga regnat!*

## LXVIII.

*Rubrum deprompsit Vinum Mavortius Ardor!  
Conserves Arcam, DEUS, in Torrente Timorum,  
Aut tua subsidat Lachrymis, tum Sanguine, SPONSA!*

## LXIX.

*Est Panem Lachrymata suum, Gemitusq; resorbet :  
Lumina pro Potu sua sunt in Flumina versa!  
Ipsa, immersa Malis, ad Te Sè languida confert.*

## LXX.

Ad Modulos Compone graves, PATER Orbis, *acutos*  
*Hybernæ Chelios!* quævis *Discordia* Concors  
 Esto, *Scoti* fuerit super, aut Insignibus *Angli!*

## LXXI.

Non inter *Socios* sævo Formido *Leoni*;  
 Vel prædabundis inter se convenit *Ursis*;  
 Mutua Pernicies, lacerat, *Vir*, CORPUS IESU!

## LXXII.

Si modò fert *Animus*, pugnetis *Fulmina Martis*,  
*Turcico* & invisam *Labaro* deducite *Lunam*,  
 Sacra relinquentes *Fidei Confinia* rectæ.

## LXXIII.

Agminibus *Thracum* densis contendite; quamvis  
 Sclopporum seu Truncus iners, *Caro* vestra deorsum  
 Tendat, summa petent *Animæ* de more *Globorum*.

## LXXIV.

NUMINIS in mediis si sit *Præsentia* Castris,  
 In TEMPLO residet multò magis ILLE sacrato,  
*Hæresin* ut pellat, perversaq; *Schismata* purget.

## LXXV.

Hæc *Tunicam* rupère *Tuam*, *Dolor* undè Bonorum!  
*Zelotæ* quamvis raucâ TE *Voce* fatigant,  
*Voto* indignaris civili *Sanguine* mixto.

## LXXVI.

*Fallaces* potuère *Bonum* suadere fuisse  
*Præcones*, per *Diluvium* vadare *Cruoris*?  
*Præstigiis* uti, Summosq; resolvere *Nexus*?

## LXXVII.

Inde *Catechismi* neglecti, & sacra *Synaxis*!  
*Herbæ* hinc sylvestres, seu *Ranæ* Vere Palustres!  
*Athea Schismatici* Corruptio pessima *Cleri*.



## LXXVIII.

*Prætextus* fugiant speciosos, sunt *fideles* ;  
Cultu divino repetantq; *PRECAMEN IESU* ;  
*Fœderis* aut valeant *Mysteria* dira trisexti.

## LXXIX.

Sic seduxerunt illos *Insomnia* vana,  
Vilescant illis adeò ut *NATALIA CHRISTI* !  
(*Nemo* tenet *Nodis* mutantem *Protea* Vultum.)

## LXXX.

*FESTUM* Festorum, supremæ dulce *COHORTI* ;  
Inclinat *COELUM* hic Terris, hinc *Gaudia SANCTIS* ;  
Judice *Religione* Dies primarius Anni.

## LXXXI.

Factus *Homo* bonus est primùm, tum degener ; *IPSE*  
*SERMO Caro* Factus, nostra haud *Commercia* vitans,  
Pejor ut *is* nihilo, meliori Sorte fruatur.

## LXXXII.

Audetis *Verum* profiteri ? Pabula pascunt  
*Fuci* aliena ; merum Pigmentum *Papiliones* ;  
*Tettix* deperdit, redemit sibi Tempora *Myrmex*.

## LXXXIII.

Mellea dum repetunt *Vespæ* Spelæa rapaces,  
Illis *Insidiis* structis merguntur in Ollâ,  
Corporis haud tanti sint ac *Munimina* Mentis.

## LXXXIV.

~~Rirk~~ Int'rest ~~kenimus~~ ; *Leges* revocate *Draconis*,  
Instaurate *vetus Templum* ; Sunt *Mœnia Sancti*,  
Seu *Tubus* est *Pastor*, Fons *Gratia*, Gluten *Amorq.*

## LXXXV.

Vobis præteritos ignoscat *Musa* Furores,  
Singula propitio condant *Oblivia* Velo,  
De Rebus moveat si Vos *Metanæa* peractis.

## LXXXVI.

Veri Cultores, balantes pascite CHRISTI  
 Agnos; quippè Merum SANGUIS, CARO dapilis Esca:  
 Illos pascentes semper, spectate CORONAM.

## LXXXVII.

Dispensatores SPONSO, Sponsæq; fideles,  
 Nos sacra diuini ducant ORACULA Veri,  
 Relligione Status floret, data GLORIA Fidis.

## LXXXVIII.

Cùm JUDEX veniet, Merces erit ampla Labori,  
 Pro Lachrymis Vobis manabunt Gaudia Rivis,  
 Auratæ surgunt Spicæ sementibus udis.

## LXXXIX.

Læsis, Omnipotens VINDEX! certò æqua rependes  
 Illis, qui sese fœdo maculâre Reatu,  
 Sanguinis innocui cum sit Detectio fusi!

## XC.

Aurea Pax aures, Verumq; appellat amicum!  
 Lumina non Phæbi latebris tam grata Borusso,  
 Urbibus exerfis Homines, vel Littora Fractis.

## XCI.

O, si cœlestis vel tandem TURMA secunda,  
 Nobis, Bellorum diris Cruciatibus haustis,  
 Grata salutiferæ resonaret Cantica PACIS!

## XCII.

PAX Domus est fœsis, PAX ad NATALIA CHRISTI  
 Cantio prima fuit, Terris suprema VOLUNTAS,  
 PAX Bonitatis amans, PAX Sanctis vera Voluptas.

## XCIII.

Martyribus fulcimen AMOR, ceu strâmen Achates  
 Attrahit; ad nostrum sic nos perducis AMANTEM,  
 Elixir Auri verum, Compendia Legis!

## XCIV.

Ullanè Divinum narret Facundia Amorem ?  
 Quippè redemptus Homo Naturas nobiliores  
 Angelicas superat ; Tanti fit Passio CHRISTI !

## XCV.

Hic demùm tacuit, Lachrimarum Flumina manant  
 Ex oculis, illi Mundus Cadus esse videtur,  
 Gaudia falsa Merum, Stultorum portio Faces.

## XCVI.

Et nunc Lætitiæ vivæ de Fonte micanti,  
 Pura ubi perpetuo Chrystalla fluentia Cursu,  
 Mens erit æthereas conscendere Raptibus Oras.

## XCVII.

Hinc Documenta sibi Zelus maleficus habebit,  
 Ardores Cujus tradunt in Prælia sævi,  
 Hinc fera depositis mitescant Secula Bellis.

## XCVIII.

Auribus exhibeas Epulum, selecta VENUSTAS !  
 Dum sic cantat AMOR, Reges dulcedine capti :  
 GRATIA Naturæ Nervos intendit AMORE.

## XCIX.

Horrissonas Amor ipse potes sedare Procellas,  
 Cantibus & placare tuis immania Cete,  
 Quæ Dominatrici diverrunt Marmora Caudâ.

## C.

Si tua, VIRGO, nequit compescere Erotica Musa  
 Incumbens Ævo Fatum miserabile nostro,  
 Pro Scriptis Lachrymæ ; Nam Gens est danda FURORI !

Provecti, tandèm Latiales linquimus Oras,  
 Te petimus Patrium, Terra Britannia, Solum.  
 Hic ubi Nemo citis designet Littus Ocellis :  
 Egressæ faveant Fluctus, & Aura Rati.

*Upon the Vanitie of the World.*

**H**ong have I sought the *Wish* of All  
To finde; And what it is Men call  
True Happiness; But cannot see,  
The *World* hath It, which It can be,  
Or with It hold a Sympathie.

He that enjoys what here below  
Frail *Elements* have to bestow,  
Shall finde most sweet bare *Hopes* at first;  
*Fruition* by *Fruition's* burst,  
Sea-water so allayes the Thirst.

Who ever would be *happy* then,  
Must be so to Himself; for, when  
*Judges* are taken from without,  
To Judge what we are, fenc'd about,  
They do not judge, but guesse, and doubt.

His *Soul* must hug no private *Sin*;  
For, that's a *thorn* conceal'd i'th' *Skin*;  
But *Innocence*, where *She* is nurst  
Plants valiant *Peace*; So, *Cato* durst  
Ev'n then be best, when *Rome* was worst.

God-built He must be in his *Minde*;  
That is, *Divine*; whose *Faith* no *Winde*  
Can shake; when firmly *Pericles*  
Upon the *ALMIGHTY*, He outflies  
Low *Chance*, and *Fate* of *Destinies*.

As *Fountains* rest not till they lead,  
Meandring high, as their first *Head*:  
So, *Man* rests not till He hath trod  
*Deaths* Height: then, by that *Period*,  
He rests too, rais'd in *Soul* to *GOD*.

Owen Feltham.

Potestas



**P**Otestas Culminis est Tempeſtas Mentis, Splendorem habet Titulo, cruciatum Animo; deſuntq; Inopiæ multa, Avaritiæ omnia. Ne petas igitur, devota Anima, eſſe qualis in Anglia Dux Buckinghamiæ, & in Aula Cæſaria Princeps ab Eggenberg, & in Hiſpania Comes D' Olivares, & in Imperio Ottomanico Muſtaſpha Baſſa fuere; nec tibi magis arrideant ceruſſatæ Laudes, & calamitroſa Encomia, quàm ſincera & ſacroſanctæ Amoris Anhelationes. Seculi delectatiunculas devita, & Cœlorum Jubilo recreaberis: delicatula nimis es, ſi velis gaudere cum Mundo, & poſtea regnare cum **CHRISTO**: Amareſcat Mundus, ut dulceſcat **DEUS**. Quamdiù eſt in te **Ægypti** Farina, Manna cœleſte non guſtabis; Guſtat **DEUM** cui Libido Seculi Naſeam parit: Exinanitio noſtra plenitudinis Cœli capaces reddit. Si vis frui Sole, verte dorſum Umbræ: nec amaris à Mundo, niſi à **CHRISTO** repulſa, nec à **CHRISTO**, niſi à Mundo ſpreta. Dejicit ſe de Culmine Majeltatis qui à **DEO** ad Conſolatiunculas Creaturulæ confugit. O quàm contempta recula eſt homo niſi ſupra humana ſe erexerit! Beatum nil facit Hominem, niſi qui fecit **Hominem**; minimum enim Dei omnis Orbis Magnitudine eſt magnificentius. Paucis, nec tibi ignominioſum ſit pati quod paſſus eſt **CHRISTUS**, nec glorioſum facere quod fecit Judas. Morere Mundo, ut vivas **DEO**. Quicumq; cum **DEO** habet Amicitiam, Felicitatis tenet Faſtigium. Hæc unica Laus, hic Apex Sapientiæ eſt, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda: Mortis ergò Meditationi, & **Æternitatis** Contemplationi Lucernulæ tuæ Oleum impendas. Vale.

**S**Torms on the Minde from Honours Hill descend ;  
 Titles external Beams adde not to Blisse :  
 The Poor wants much, the Covetous All. My Soul,  
 No painted Praise, nor flowr'd Encomiums prize  
 Equal to pious Breathings of pure Love :  
 Eschew the petty Pleasures of the Time,  
 And Heav'n's Refreshments make thy Jubilie :  
 Imagine not to swim in worldly Pomp,  
 And afterwards to reign with **CHRIST** in Blisse ;  
 Earth must be Gall, that God may Honey prove :  
 He the best Relish hath of Heav'n, who most  
 Disdains the base Licentiousness o'th' Age ;  
 We must be empty'd of our Selves, before  
 We can have Entrance into th' Heav'nly Court :  
 If we desire Fruition of the Sun,  
 Then must our Backs upon the Shade be turn'd ;  
 Disclaim'd by **CHRIST** are those the World doth love,  
 And those whom **CHRIST** do's love, the *World* contemns :  
 He of his Greatnesse doth Himself divest,  
 Who goes from God, and Creature-comforts seeks.  
 O, what a mean dispis'd thing is Man,  
 Unless he raise Himself above the Earth,  
 Since nought but his **CREATOR** makes him high !  
 Let's think't no Shame t' endure what **CHRIST** endur'd,  
 Nor glory to do that which Judas did ;  
 Dead to the World, let's be alive to God,  
 Who gain his Favour are supremely blest :  
 This is the Height of Wisdom, to desire  
 Those things in Life, which Thou wouldst dying crave :  
 Then on the Thoughts of Death thy Lamps Oyl spend,  
 And muse upon that State which nere shall end.

*Mundo*

*Mundo immundo.*

**N**On possum, non *Arte* loqui ; *Furor* addit *Acumen* :  
*Crimina* taxantur, *Nomina* salva latent.  
*Munde*, quid hoc sibi vult ? tantò longinquiùs erras,  
 Quàntò plùs graderis ; Te *Cacoethes* habet.  
 In quos *Schismaticas* torfisti sæviùs *Hæstas*,  
 Quàm quos *Virtutis* cœlitùs *Umbo* tegit.  
 Protege me, Cœlum ! Quis adest ? *Oppressor* *avarus*,  
 Cui prior est *NUMMUS* *Numine*, *LIBRA* *Libro*.  
*Numme*, potens *Deus* es ! Sic undiq; supplicat *Auro*,  
 Omnipotens veluti *Numen* ineslet *Ei* ;  
*Aurum* Nequitix *Pater* est, & *Filius* *Orci* ;  
 Os promit *Nectar* ; Mens *Aconita* vomit.  
 Hic vorat, utq; rapax ruit in nova frustra *Molossus* ;  
 Vasta *Sitim* pariunt *Æquora*, Terra *Famem* ;  
 Tota nec explerent *Pellæas* *Æquora* *Fauces*,  
 Terraq; sat tantæ non erit una *Fami*.  
 Perfida quisquis amat, se perdit, & odit amando :  
 Plus habet Ille *DEI*, qui minus *Orbis* habet.  
 Dum captat, capitur ; *Dæmon* licèt *Omnia* spondet,  
 Dat *Mundus*, magnum præter inane, nihil.  
 Plena *Fames*, mellita *Lues*, *Persuasio* fallax,  
*Gloria* Flos, *Pulvis* Gaza, *Tiara* cinis.  
 Tendiculas, Pigmenta, Dolos, Crepitacula, Fumos ;  
 Has rauco *Merces* Guttore laudet *Anus*.  
 Insatiata *Fames* rapto superincubet *Auro*,  
*Porcus* & aggestas grunniat inter *Opes*.  
 Littera R hebræa, pelasga, latina notabunt  
 Quòd, malus, eR-RO-RES, nil nisi, *Mundus* habet.

THE  
 VANITIE  
 OF THE  
 VVORLD.

CANTO X.  
 The Abnegation.

ARGUMENT.

*What's potent Opulencie? What's remiss  
 Voluptuousness? World, what's All This,  
 To That the Soul's created for, ETERNAL BLISSE?*

STANZA I.

**V**arious are *Poets* Flames; Some, *Eclogues* write,  
 Others describe a horrid *Fight*,  
 Some *Lyrick Strains*, and some the *Epick* do delight:

II.

But, *here* my sharpened *Muse* shall entertain  
 The Scourges of *Satyrick Vein*,  
 To lash the *World*, in which such *Store* of *Vices* reign.

III.

No *Grandee Patron* court I, nor entice  
 Love-glances from enchanting *Eyes*,  
 Nor *Blandishments* from lipping *Wantons* vocall *Spice*.

No



## IV.

No such trite *Theams* our fired *Genius* fit,  
Of which so many *Pens* have writ :  
Prudential *Souls* affect sound *Reason*, not sleight *Wit*.

## V.

Blest *Talents* which the *GOSPELS PEARL* do buy:  
Frail *Hopes* that on the *World* rely,  
Where None are sav'd by *Faith*, but by *Infidelitie*.

## VI.

The way to gain more *Ground*, is to retreat;  
Our *Flight* will be our Foes *Defeat*; (great:  
*Minds* conqu'ring great *Delights*, triumph in *JOYES* more

## VII.

Pull me not, *World*; nor can, nor will I stay;  
*Fugler*, I know what thou canst say:  
Thy magick *Spells* charmeasie *Sense* but to betray.

## VIII.

*Wits* toil to please *Thee*, *Sables* yield their *Skins*;  
The *Silk-worm* to thy *Ward-robe* spins;  
*Rocks* send their *Gems*, *Seas* *Pearls*, to purvey for thy *Sins*.

## IX.

Thou brightnest *Cupboards* with throng'd malsy *Plate*;  
Heap'it *Ermin'd* *Mantles* of *Estate*;  
Shew'it rich caparison'd champing *Coursers* at thy Gate.

## X.

Thou cull'st of *Natures* Spoil from Air, Earth, Seas,  
The wing'd, hoof'd, finnie *Droves*, to please  
*Gluttons*, who make themselves *Spittles* of each *Disease*.

## XI.

And shall, like *Dives*, a sad *Reckning* pay;  
*Feasts* hastned on his *Fun'ral* Day;  
*Death* brought the *Voider*, and the *Devil* took away.

XII.

Tell me no more, Th' art *sweet*, as *spicie Air* ;  
Or, as the blooming *Virgin*, fair ;  
And canst with jovial *Mirth* resuscitate from *Care*.

XIII.

Boast not of *Rubie-Lips*, and *Diamond-Eyes*,  
*Rose-Cheeks*, and *Lilie-Fronts*, made *Prize*,  
With dimpled *Chins*, the *Trap-pits* where a *Fondling* lies.

XIV.

Deaths *Serjeant* soon thy courted *Helens* must  
Attach, whose *Eyes*, now *Orbs* of *Lust*,  
The *Worms* shall feed on, till they crumble into *Dust*.

XV.

Boast, *World*, who unto *Revels* dost decoy  
Thy *Fav'rites*, that they'r bath'd in *Foy* ;  
Disdaining *Saints*, who pretious *Time* in *PRAY'R* employ :

XVI.

Who, where they come, with purer *Rays* of *Light*,  
Dazle thy bat-ey'd *Legions* quite,  
*Rage*, *Impudence*, and *Ignorance*, the *Imps* of *Night*.

XVII.

*Fool*, thy *Attractives*, in no *Limits* pent,  
Indulge to *Surfets*, not *Content*,  
And, but illude the *Minde*, not give It *Ornament*.

XVIII.

Gild o're thy bitter *Pills* with guilefull *Arts* ;  
Sweet *Potions* brew for frolick *Hearts* :  
When most thou *smil'st*, thou actest most *perfidious* Parts.

XIX.

With Thee dwells fawning *Craft*, and glozing *Hate*,  
Th' *Allurements* of Imperious *State*,  
Which, *Barks*, like *Calms*, invite unto a *Shipwrackt* Fate.

XX.

*Guile*, rule the *World*, that doth in *Madness* roul:  
*Great Things* the *Better* oft controul, (the *Soul*.  
 Where *Pride* is coacht, *Fraud* shopt, & *Taverns* drown

XXI.

*Follie* in ruffling *Storms* with *Frenzie* meets,  
 Ebbing, and flowing ore the *Streets*  
 O'th' care-fill'd pompous *Citie*, which exiles true *Sweets*.

XXII.

O fretting *Broyls* in populous *Busle* pent,  
 Where still more *Noise* than *Sense* they vent,  
 And, now as much to *Gold*, as, late to *Battles* bent!

XXIII.

*World*, reason if thou canst. Thy *Sports* leave *Stings*;  
 Thy *Scenes*, like Thee, prove empty *Things*;  
 Thou glorious seem'st in *Paint*, from whence all *Falshood*

XXIV.

(springs.

So, *Rainbow Colours* on *Doves Necks* have shone  
 In *Hiew* so *divers*, yet so *one*, (none.  
 That *Fools* have thought them *all*, the *Wiser* knew them

XXV.

I'l countercharm thy *Spells*, that *Souls*, e're thee,  
 May trust wilde *Irish Seas*; Who flee  
 Distrest to thy *Relief*, Thou say'st; *What's that to me?*

XXVI.

*Fawn*, and betray, and *Treasons* self outdare,  
 T'o'rethrow by raising is thy *Care*,  
 But I'l ungull thy *Minions*, undisguize thy *Ware*.

XXVII.

Thy *Gold's Drosse*, glitt'ring *Troubles* are thy *Bliss*,  
 By *Pomp* thou cheat'st, thy *All's amiss*:  
 Thou art *Sins Stage*, the *Devil* prompts, *Flesh Actor* is.

Spectator

XXVIII.

Spectator-*Sense* applauds each witching Gin,  
But, unto *Reasons* Eye within,  
Thou seem'st Hells *Broker*, and the servile *Pimp* of Sin.

XXIX.

Thus *Peaches* do rough Stones in Velvet tire ;  
Thus rotten *Sticks* mock Starrie Fire ; (ing Mire.  
Thus *Quagmires* with green Emeralds crown their cheat-

XXX.

So, *Mermaids* lovely seem in Beauties Guize,  
With Voice, and Smiles, draw Ears, and Eyes,  
But whom they *win*, they *sink*; those never more shall rise.

XXXI.

Thy Shop's but an *Exchange* of apish Fashion,  
Thy *Wealth*, *Sports*, *Honours* are Vexation, (tion.  
Thy Favors glistring *Cares*, sweet *Surfets*, woo'd *Damna-*

XXXII.

Bafe *Proverbs* are thy Counsels to enthrall.  
*Each for himself, and God for All:*  
*Young SAINTS* (I dread to speak it) to old Devils fall.

XXXIII.

Rain on thy *Darlings* Head a Danaen Shour,  
Let him be drencht in *Wealth*, and *Poure* ; (hour.  
What then? Th' hast *storm'd*, & seiz'd on All in one short

XXXIV.

O, thou *Prides* restless *Sea*! swoln Fancies blow  
Thee up, dost *blew* with *Envie* grow,  
*Brimish* with *Bloud*, like the *Red Sea*, with Lust dost flow.

XXXV.

Remorceless *Rage*! thou in thy fist *Acts* Breath,  
When *Bloud* does freeze to Ice of *Death*,  
And *Life's* jail'd up for Natures *Debt*, where art: *Beneath*.



## XXXVI.

World, ev'n Thy Name a *whirling* Storm implies,  
Where *Men*, in Generations rise,  
Like *Bubbles*, dropfy'd Bladders of the rainie Skies.

## XXXVII.

Some strait *sink* down, whom *Waters* Sheet do's *hide*;  
Some, *floating* up and down, abide;  
The longest are so circumvolv'd, as *Rest's* deny'd.

## XXXVIII.

So, have we rid out *Storms*, when *Eol's* *Rave*  
Plough'd up the *Ocean*, whose each *Wave*  
Might waken *Death* with *Noise*, and make its *Paunch* a

## XXXIX.

(Grave.

The sick *Ship* groan'd, fierce *Winds* her *Tacklings* rent;  
The proud *Sea* scorn'd to be *Shoar*-pent;  
We seem'd to knock at *Hell*, and bounce the *Firmament*.

## XL.

Clouds then *ungilt* the Skies, when *Lightnings* *Light*  
*Flasht* thousand glimmering *Dayes* t'our fight,  
But *Thunders* *Canons* soon turn'd those *flasht* *Dayes* to

## XLI.

(Night.

Thus art thou, *World*, *Lifes* *Storm*, at *Death* *Distress*;  
*Starving's* the Bottom of *Excesse*:  
Thy *Self* a piteous *Creature*, how can't me redress?

## XLII.

No: had'tt lesse *cruel* been, th' had'tt been less *kinde*;  
*Oyl's* in thy *Gall* to heal my *Minde*:  
Thus *Hell* may help to *HEAV'N*, *Satan* a Soul *befriend*:

## XLIII.

A good *Cause* with good *Means* some use, yet fare  
But *ill*, when Others, of thy *Care*,  
Whose *Cause* is *bad*, and *Means* *ill us'd*, successful are.

No

XLIV.

No Wonder Sins *Career*, uncheckt, runs on,  
 Since here *Lifes Joy* it hath alone, (than gone.  
 Which, though thou bragg' it is giv'n, no sooner's giv'n,

XLV.

*Pomp, Pleasure, Pelf*, idolatriz'd by Fools,  
 Dispute we now in *WISDOMS Schools*:  
*Ambitions* quenchless Fire i'th *Spring of Judgment* cools.

XLVI.

*Pride* bladders tymp'nous Hearts, till prick't by *Fear*,  
 Soon they subside by venting there :  
 Unsafe *Ascents* to Pow'r do watching *Dangers* rear.

XLVII.

Fearfull, and fear'd is *Pomp*; *Ambition* steep  
 Does *Envie* get, and *Hatred* keep; (sleep.  
 High *State* wants *Station*; Honour-thirsting *Minds* can't

XLVIII.

Summon *ASPIRO*, with his *Looms of State*  
 To weave *Prides Web*, in spite of *Fate* ;  
 Who, once got up, throwes down the Steps did elevate.

XLIX.

He hates *Superiors*, 'cause *Superiors*, and  
*Inferiors*, lest they's *Equals* stand ;  
 And on his *Fellows* squints, that are in joynt Command.

L.

Th' *Ambitious* treach'rous are, and hoodwinkt quite ;  
 Their giddy *Heads* have dazled *Sight*,  
 For, *fealousie* clothes *Truth* in double *Mists of Spite*.

LI.

His *Eye* must see, and wink ; his *Tongue* must brave,  
 And flatter too ; his *Ear* must have  
*Audience*, yet carelesse be : Thus acts he *KING & Slave*.

LII.

So, brightest *Angel* blackest *Devil* hides;  
 High'st *Rise* to lowest *Downfall* slides;  
 A Mathematick point thus *East* and *West* divides.

LIII.

Bright *Wisdom* sends dark *Policie* to School,  
 Proves the *Contriver* but a Fool,  
 Who builds his *Maxims* on a Precipice, or Pool.

LIV.

*Great Ones*, keep Realms from *Want*; They'l you from  
*Life's* not so dear as *Wealth*; For, *That* (*Hate* :  
 Holds single Bodies, *This* the Body of the State.

LV.

Who bad Desires conceive, they soon wax *Great*  
 With Mischiefe, then bring forth Deceit,  
 So, brood They Desolation, till it grows compleat.

LVI.

Let such as sail'gainst *VIRTUES Winde*, use Skill  
 To tack about; for, what's first *Ill*,  
 Grows worse by Use, and worst by Prosecution still.

LVII.

Ev'n *That* to which *Prides* touring *Project* flies,  
 When graspt, soon by *Fruition* dies: (*Tragedies!*  
 Great *Fears*, great *Hopes*, great *Plots*, great *Men* make

LVIII.

*Achitophel* and *Absalon* prov'd *This*,  
 Whose *Brains* of their *Designs* did misse;  
 Teaching deep *Machavels*; *Fraud* worst to th' *Plotter* is.

LIX.

*Fallacious* They, and fallible have been,  
 Who made *RELIGION* cloak their *Sin*:  
 Mans greatest *Good*, or greatest *Ill* is from *Within*.

Those

LX.

Those *Policies* that hunt for *Shadowes* so,  
As let at last the *Substance* go,  
Which ever lasts, make wretched *End* in *endless* Wo.

LXI.

Had'st for thy Householdstuff the *Spoil* of *Realms*,  
Could'st thou engross *Cathaiabs* Gems,  
And more then triplicate *Romes* triple *Diadems*;

LXII.

Could'st with thy *Feet* tofs *Empires* into *Air*,  
And sit i'th *Univerfall* *Chair* *Mayor*;  
Of *State*; were *Pageants* made for *Thee* the whole *World's*

LXIII.

Yet those but *Pageants* were; Thou, *Slave* to *Sense*;  
To him, not's own, all *Things* dispencc  
But *Storms*; Thou happier wast i'th' *Preterperfect* *Tense*.

LXIV.

*Steward*, give up th' *Account*, the *Audit's* neer  
To reckon *how*, and *when*, and *where*; (severe.  
Where *much* is lent, there's *much* requir'd: *Dooms Day's*

LXV.

Thus, proud *Ambition* is by *Conscience* peal'd;  
*Vapours* sent up, a while conceal'd, (reveald.  
In thundring *Storms* pour down at length, when *All's*

LXVI.

Though *Prides* high *Head* doth brush the *Stars*, yet  
Its *Carkass* like a *Sulphur Ball*, (shall  
Plunge into *Flames* *Abyss*. *Pride* concay'd *Satans* *Hall*.

LXVII.

The *Mighti'st* are but *Worms*; pale *Cowards* they  
Abasht shall stand at that *GREAT DAY*, (splay.  
When *Conscience*, King of *Terrors*, shall their *Crimes* di-

*Giants*



## LXVIII.

*Giants* of Earth, *Aviso's* may you tell,  
That though with envy'd *State* you swell,  
Yet, soon within *Corruptions* Charnel-house you'l dwell.

## LXIX.

*Scepters* are frail, as *Reeds* : who had no Bound,  
Are claspt within six foot of Ground ;  
Whose *Epitaphs* next Age will be *Oblivion* found.

## LXX.

Such Yesterday, as would have been their *Slave*,  
To day may tread upon their *Grave*, (have.  
That flats the *Nose* : Best *Lectures* dust-see'd *Pulpets*

## LXXI.

Who tost the *Ball* of Earth, in dark *Vaults* rest :  
All what that *Gen'rall* once possest  
Was but a *Shirt* in's Tomb, who vanquisht all the *East*.

## LXXII.

Invading *Cyrus* in a Tub of *Gore*,  
Might quaff his Fill, who evermore (tore.  
Had thirsted *Blood* : Him timeless *Fate* midst Triumphs

## LXXIII.

Weigh *Things*; *Life's* frail, *Pomp* vain; remember *Paul*,  
(The way to rise will be to fall)  
In's high *Commission* low, in's low, *Conversion*, tall.

## LXXIV.

Soul, w'udst aspire to th' *High'st* : clip *Tumors* Wing;  
To th' *Test* of HEAV'N thy *Axioms* bring :  
Best Polit'ick *David* was. Who conquers *Sin's* the *King*.

## LXXV.

Let raised *Thoughts*, *Elijah*-like, aspire  
To be encharioted in Fire: (Desire.  
Faith, Love, Joy, Peace, the Wheels to *Saints* sublime

LXXVI.

*Avaro* cite, as void of *Grace*, as stor'd  
With *Gold*, the God his *Soul* ador'd ;  
Wealth twins with *Fear* : Why start'st ? Unlock thy un-

LXXVII.

(funn'd *Hord* :

I'll treble't by the *Philosophick Stone* ;  
This makes thee stare. Why, *thus* 'tis done,  
To *Passives Actives* joyn in due Proportion.

LXXVIII.

Behold vast *Sums* unown'd ! Thou hutch-cram'd *Chink*,  
Art made as *Nothing* with a *Wink*, (sink.  
Thou, bred from *Hell*, with *Hell*-deeds *Souls* to *Hell* dost

LXXIX.

*Gold* is the *Fautrefs* of all civil *Jarres*,  
Treasons *Reward*, the *Nerve* of *Wars*, (marres.  
Nurse of *Prophaneness*, suckling *Rage* that *Kingdoms*

LXXX.

Thou potent *Devil*, how dost thou bewitch  
The dreggy *Soul*, spott'st it with *Itch* !  
This *Slave* to thee, his slave, was never *poor*, till *rich*.

LXXXI.

Now *chest* th' all worshipt *Ore* with rev'rend *Awe* ;  
Sols *Gold*, and *Luna's Silver* draw (Maw.  
(Should *Hell* have *these* ; 'twould plunder'd be) to fate thy

LXXXII.

While *Gripes* of *Famine* mutiny within,  
And tan, like *Hides*, the shrivel'd *Skin*  
O'th' *Poor*, whose pining *Want* can not thy *Pitty* win :

LXXXIII.

Having their *Gravestones* underneath their *Feet*,  
Breath out their *Woes* to All they meet,  
While thou to them are *flintier* than their *Bed*, the *Street*.

Blinded

## LXXXIV.

Blinded with *Tears*, with crying hoarse, forlorn  
 They seem to be of *All*, but *Scorn*: (born.  
*Death* than *Delay* (*Wants* bloudless *Wound*) is easier

## LXXXV.

Thy *Dropsie* breeds *Consumption* in thine *Heir*;  
 Who thus t' himself; —I'l ease your *Care*,  
*Measure* not *Grounds*, but your own *Earth*: Die now to spare.

## LXXXVI.

What's rak'd by *Wrong*, and kept by *Fear*, when mine,  
 Shall spread, as I'm—Then brood the *Shine*,  
*Penurious Wretch*, till thou by empty *Fulnesse* pine.

## LXXXVII.

Thy *Care's* to lessen *Cost*; how slow thy *Payes*!  
 How quick *Receipts*! Lov'st *Fasting-Dayes*,  
 But 'tis to save; thus starv'st in *Store*, thee *Plenty* slayes.

## LXXXVIII.

When shall I rifle every *Trunk* and *Shelf*  
 Of this old muckie wretched *Elf*,  
 Who turns, as *Chymists* do, all that he scrapes, to *Pelf*?

## LXXXIX.

O, sordid *Phrenzies*! *Anxious Maze* of *Care*!  
 O, gripple *Covetize* to spare, (Snare.  
 And dream of *Gold*! The *Misers* Heav'n, the *Indians*

## XC.

*Oppression* is the *Bloud-shot* in their *Eyes*;  
 Bribes blanch *Gehesa* till he dies: (prize.  
 Fool, read, this *Night Death* may thy dunghil *Soul* sur-

## XCI.

Think not for whom thou dost thy *Soul* deceive,  
 And injur'd *Nature* so bereave;  
 But still thy knotty *Brain* with wedg-like *Anguish* cleave.

Struck

XCII.

Struck blinde with *Gold*, brood on thy *Rapines*, till  
Thou hatch up stinging *Cares* to th' fil:   
The heaviest *Curse* on this side *Hell's* to thrive in Ill.

XCIII.

Go, venture for't with *Sharks*; haste, *Miser* old  
To th' *Hook*, because the *Bait* is *Gold*:   
Pawn thy *Soul* for't, as *Judas* did, when's *LORD* he sold.

XCIV.

Possessors are as *Saul* possesse, who crosse  
*HEAV'NS* *Law*; *Gain*, got by *Guile*, proves *Losse*;   
Getting begits more *Itch*; *Lusts* specious *Ore* is droffe.

XCV.

Who sowe to *Sin* shall reap to *Judgement*; *Train*  
To *Hell* is *Idolized* *Gain*. (Pain.  
Canst *Death*, or *Vengeance* bribe? If not, dread ceaseless

XCVI.

Why so fast poasted by thy strugling *Cares*,  
And Self-slaying *Fraud*, with all their *Snares*?   
Stay, view thy self; *Destruction* her crackt *Glass* prepares.

XCVII.

His pursie *Conscience* opens now. I've run  
On *Rocks* (he houl's) too late to shun,  
*Loſt Use*, and *Principle*! *Gold*, I'm by *Thee* undone!

XCVIII.

If, to exhort be not too late, attend  
The wholsom *Counsel* of a *Friend*,  
Renounce thy *Idol*, and prevent thy wretched *End*.

XCIX.

Sound for *Faiths* Bottom with *Hopes* anch'ring *Cord*;  
Repent, Restore, large *Alms* afford,  
The dismall *Fraught* of sinking *Sins* cast over-board.

He



C.

He who returns to's *Avarice* left, his *Sore*  
 Growes desp'rate, Deadlier than before, (more.  
 His *Hopes* of HEAV'N much lesse, his *Fears* of Hell much

*Oceani Monstrum natat infrænabile, Lingua ;*  
*Naves sæpè pias hæc Echeneis habet ;*  
*Cui paro Naumachiam, Freta conturbata pererrans,*  
*Sit Remoq; meo, Lis, Remoraq; tuæ.*

--Spes rebus affixa fugacibus, uno  
 Frangitur Asflatu--



THE

THE  
**VANITIE**  
 OF THE  
**VVORLD.**

CANTO XI.

The Disincantation.

ARGUMENT.

*Crispulus hic, nulli Nugarum Laude secundus,  
 Cui Mens Lucisinops, Stultâ Ruina Domûs;  
 Qui Cereri, Bromioq; litat, Luxuq; liquefcit;  
 Huic ne putrescat, pro Sale Vita datur.*

*Volupto*, crown'd with Blisse of Fools, is bent  
 To Wine, Feasts, Gauds, loose Merriment;  
 Runs on in Lusts Career, till Grace stops with Repent.

STANZA I.

**Q** Headlesse, heady Age! O giddy Toyes!  
 As humble Cots yield quiet Joyes;  
 So prouder Palaces are Drums of restlessse Noise.

II.

'Twas in the blooming Verdure of the Yeer,  
 When through the Twins *Sol's* Course did steer,  
 That a spruce *Gallant* did, on Summons, strait appear.

III.

Glitt'ring in Brav'ry, like the *Knight* o'th' Sun;  
 Whose Nags in *Hide-park* Races run  
 This Ev'n. 'Tis sure *Volupto*, old *Avaros* Son.

## IV.

Hot shoves the Day, by th' Dust upon his Head,  
And all his Clothes so loosely spread,  
He's so untrusty, as if it were not long to Bed:

## V.

His Hands keep Time to th' Tune of's Feet, his Pace  
Is danced Measures, and 'tis Grace  
Enough, ore's Shoulder to afford a quarter-face.

## VI.

Act, 'bove French *Monkies*, Antimasks he might  
Before the *Apes* (Spectators right) (light.  
Such Dops, Shrugs, Puppet-plays shew best by Candle-

## VII.

How mimick hum'rous Garbs in various kinde  
Do checquer Whimsies in the Minde!  
As differing Flow'rs on *Peru's Wonder* Gardners finde.

## VIII.

Hast thou black Patches too? for Shame, forbear;  
Smooth Chins should not have Spots, but Hair:  
But thou art modish, and canst vapour, drink, & swear.

## IX.

How blazing Tapers waste Lifes blink away  
In Socket of their mouldring Clay!  
How powder'd Curls do sin-polluted Dust bewray!

## X.

As *Prudence* fram'd Art to be Natures Ape;  
So *Pride* forms Nature to Arts Shape:  
Corrupted Wine is worst that's prest from richest Grape.

## XI.

Wilt Reasons Sense dissolve in senselesse Wine?  
And sing, while Youths frail Gem does shine,  
Come, *Laughter*, stretch our *Spleen*; Come *Sack* in *Crystal Shrine*!

XII.

*First, Wine shall set, next shall a wanton Dame  
Our Blood on Fire, then quench our Flame.*  
But, Brute, *Repentance* shall, or *Hell* thy wild-fire tame.

XIII.

Now, with the Gallon ere thou try'st a Fall,  
Think o'th' *Hand-writing* on the Wall :  
If *Bacchus* th' *Inturn* gets, down Conscience goes & All.

XIV.

Shouldst thou but once the swinish Drunkard view,  
Presented in a Myrrour true,  
Quite souc'd in Tavern Juice; in him, thy self thou'dst rue.

XV.

A nobler Birth, with an ignoble Breast,  
Rich Corps without a Minde's a Beast :  
He's raz'd from Honours Stem, who, Riot, is thy Guest ;

XVI.

Thy Guests swoln Dropsies, and dull Surfets are :  
The Gluttons Teeth their Graves prepare; (Care.  
They're sick in Health, & living dead, whose Maw's their

XVII.

Go, Corm'rants, go, with your luxurious Flock,  
Rap'd from three Elements ; we mock  
Your muskie Jellie, Pheasant, candid Apricock.

XVIII.

To *Arabs*, that they send their Phoenix write ;  
In's spice Nest be cookt it might :  
Far fetch't, dear bought, best suits the *Apician* Appetite.

XIX.

Go, with thy Stags embalm'd, entomb'd in Paste ;  
On Tenants Sweat feeds rampant Waste :  
We prize 'bove wilde Intemp'rance, a Carthusian Fast.



## XX.

Excesse enhanceeth Rates : Thou, on this Score,  
Grind'st 'twixt thy Teeth the starving Poor,  
Who beg dry Crums, which they with Tears would

## XXI.

(moysten ore.

*Laz'rus*, thy Skin's Deaths Sheet, 'twixt that & Bone  
There's no Parenthesis ! bemone,  
*Dives*, *CHRIST'S* Members now, or thou shalt ever grone.

## XXII.

Prance, pamper'd Stallions, to the *Grave* y'are driv'n :  
Nought satisfies the Soul but *HEAV'N*, (*Ev'n*.  
Th'art empty, *World*, from *Morn*, through *Noon* to doting

## XXIII.

In twice-dy'd Tyrian Purple thou dost nest,  
Restlesse, with heaving Fumes opprest, (*Rest*.  
Which cause tumultuous Dreams, Foes to indulgent

## XXIV.

From hence the Spark, (what pitty 'tis !) is Ill  
Grown crop-sick. Post for Physicks Skill ;  
*Phlebotomize* he must, and take the *Vomit* Pill.

## XXV.

*Doctor*, the Cause of this Distemper state us.  
*His Cachexie results from Flatus*  
*Hypocondrunkicus ex Crapulâ creatus.*

## XXVI.

School him, whose *HEAV'N* is Sense, whose Reason  
Who wasts his Time, as Time wasts him : (dim ;  
Give ore his Soul, *Divine* ; *Tayler* make's Body trim.

## XXVII.

Now, sheath'd in rusling Silks, new Suits display ;  
Thy Cloaths outworth Thee : *Wisemen* say,  
Hedg-creeping *Glow-worms* never mount to starrie Ray.

Yet

XXVIII.

Yet, who's born under *Jupiter* shall move  
I'th Sphear of Honour, Riches, Love;  
Say *Wizards*. Under Jove w' are all born, none above.

XXIX.

Still to be pounc't, perfum'd, still queintly drest;  
Still to be guarded to a Feast  
By fawning Looks, & squinting hearts -- like an Arrest.

XXX.

Still to have toting Waits unfeel thine Eyes,  
In Bed, at Board, when sit, when rise:  
Such, *Card'nal*-like, their Paris prize 'bove Paradise

XXXI.

Know, *Worldlings*, that Prosperitie's a Gin,  
If wantoniz'd, breeds Storms within:  
To Torture turns the Metamorphosis of Sin.

XXXII.

Pomp its own Burthen is, Whose slippery State  
Oft headlong, by too rash Debate,  
Tumbles for value of a Straw, pulls on its Fate.

XXXIII.

His Heart-blood seeths; that Blood sends up in Heat  
Fierce Spirits; those, i'th' Eye, their Seat,  
Fires kindle; fiery Eyes, like Comets, Ruine threat.

XXXIV.

Fierce *Balaam*, hold thy Hand, and smite no Ass  
But him i'th' Saddle; he alas (Soul doth pass.  
Wounds through her Sides himself: Wrath through the

XXXV.

Duels for Blood, like *Molocks* Idol, gape.  
Thou, turn'd a Swine out of an Ape,  
First put't on Peacocks Pride, at last the Tygers Shape.

## XXXVI.

They'r gross, not Great, who serve wild Laws of Blood;  
 Such, only *Great*, who dare be *Good* :  
 GRACE buoies up *Honor*, which, without It, sticks in mud.

## XXXVII.

Make thorough Search : As hard to finde thy Cure,  
 As Circles puzzling *Quadrature*,  
 Or, next Way by *North-Sea* to sail to *China* sure.

## XXXVII.

Lo, idle Sloth in Lap of *Sodom* plac't.  
 Here lies He— did Occasions waft,  
 Invaluable now, irreparable past.

## XXXIX.

Go, wanton with the Winde: misus'd Hours have  
 A Life, no other then the Grave :  
 Most, for Lifes circumstance, the *Cause* of living wave.

## XL.

The privie Council of the glorious TRINE  
 Did in creating Man combine ;  
*Angels* lookt on, and wondred at the *Soul* divine !

## XLI.

Which, Storehouse of three living *Natures* is,  
 Doth the vast World epitomize,  
 Of whom, ev'n All we see's but a Periphrasis !

## XLII.

Now, to what End can we conceive Mans Frame,  
 Save to the *Glory* of GODS Name,  
 And his eternal *Blisse*, included in the Same.

## XLIII.

*Fools*, living die ; *SAINTS*, dying live : Seeds thrive  
 When earth't : Who dye to *Sin* survive ;  
 So, to come richer up, Pearl-fishers deeper dive.

XLIV.

Now's *Courtesan* appears, who blowes Loves Fire,  
Her prating Eyes speak vain Desire ;  
To catch this art-fair *flie* the following *Trouts* aspire.

XLV.

The gamesome *Flie* that round the Candle plays,  
Is scorcht to Death i'th courted Blaze :  
Thus is the *Amourist* destroy'd by lustful Gaze.

XLVI.

This *Dame* of Pleasure, does, to seem more bright,  
Lattice her Day with bars of Night ;  
Spots this fair Sorcerers Cloud, more to enforce Delight.

XLVII.

This *Helen*, who does *Beautie* counterfeit,  
And on her Face black Patches set  
(Like Tickets on the Door) shewes that *She* may be *Let*.

XLVIII.

She'd *Coach* Affection on her *Cheek*: But why  
W'ud *Cupids* Horses climb so high  
Over her alpine Nose, t'rethrow it in her Eye ?

XLIX.

Truths *Apes*, beware ; such Wheels your Earth do  
Horses with rugged Hoofs will tear ; (wear ;  
Who living's coacht with Pride, shal dying fall w<sup>th</sup> Fear.

L.

(But, noble LADIES, VIRGINS chaste, as fair ;  
Sweet modest Sex, that Virtuous are,  
Ye First, my Honour ; my Respect, ye Second, share.

LI.

ANGELICK FORMS, far be it to perplex,  
Or cast Aspersi<sup>o</sup>n on your Sex :  
Loose Art in Those, your native beaming Lustre decks.



LII.

*So, have I seen the Limners Hand design  
A ruder Peece, neer one Divine,  
With this course face, to make That other Beauty shine.)*

LIII.

Her Eyes spread Nets, her Lips Baits, & her Arms  
Enthralling Chains : Sense hugs the Charms  
Of Idlenesse and Pride, while Reason's free from Harnis.

LIV.

Tempestuous Whirlwindes revell in the Air  
Of her feig'nd Sighs; her Smille's a Snare,  
Which she as slyly sets, as subtly does prepare.

LV.

Scarce is the *Toy* at Noon to th' Girdle drest;  
Nine Pedlars need each Morn be prest  
To lanch her forth: A ship as soon is rigg'd to th' West.

LVI.

At length Shee's built up with accoutred Grace;  
The *Spark's* enflam'd with her set Face,  
Her glancing Eye, her lisping Lip, her mincing Pace.

LVII.

On *those*, his optick Faculties do play,  
Like frisking *Motes* in sunny Day,  
Like gawdy nothings in the *Trigon* Glasse that ray.

LVIII.

On *her*, profusely now he spends his Ore;  
Scarce the *Triumvir* lavisht more  
When he did costly treat his stately *Memphian Whore*.

LIX.

Thou, inconfid'rate *Flash*, spend'st pretious Dayes  
In Dances, Banquets, Courtisms, Playes,  
To gain the Shade of Joy, which, soon as gaind, decays.

Which

LX.

Which, barely tasted makes thee long the more;  
 Enjoy'd, 'tis loath'd, was lov'd before: (nor Shore.  
 Thus, nor Mirths Flood, nor ebbe can please, nor Sea,

LXI.

His Pulse beats *Cupids* March, and's itching Vein  
 Must vent loose Lines, whence *Souls* are slain;  
 Which, by augmenting *Lust*, will but augment his *Pain*.

LXII.

Ah, might too forward Sin be checkt by Fear!  
 But, what may cure that Eye, that Ear,  
 Which, being blinde and deaf, brags best to see & hear!

LXIII.

Thy *Juno's* but a Cloud: She is not *She*  
 Thy fond Esteem makes Her to be;  
 Her Basilisks double Eye-sight kills with viewing Thee.

LXIV.

She murders Poysons, thence Complexion's found  
 To murder Hearts. O, Joyes unsound  
 From light-bred *Daughters*, though they weigh ten thou-

LXV.

(sand pound!

Tell me not, simpring *Lais*, that thy Ray  
 Can Bloud, turn'd Ice, unfreeze, like May;  
 Whose spotted Face to *Vertue* does *Soul* spots betray.

LXVI.

*Cerusse*, not Lilies there; thy blushing Rose  
 Its Tincture to *Vermilion* owes:  
 Curs'd be those *civil Wars* *LOVES* *ROYALTY* oppose.

LXVII.

Say not, a noble *Love* to thee he bears;  
 While's Hand writes Odes, his Eye drops Tears;  
 That tim'rously he's bold, burns, freezes, dares, and fears.

Nor

## LXVIII.

Nor tell me, *Nymphadorno*, that Loves Throes  
 For her, robbe thy Repast, Repose :  
 Thou peul'st not to repent, but to bebrine thy Woes :

## LXIX.

Woes, worse then Waitings at the *five* Mens trade ;  
 Worse than, when sick, through Sloughs to wade  
 In Stormy Night, hard jolted on a dull tir'd Jade.

## LXX.

Shake off these *Remoras* would thee undo :  
 The VIRTUOUS loveli' est are. GRACE WOO ;  
 What Jeweller for Glas will orient Pearl forgo ?

## LXXI.

The Soul, that Beauteousnesse of GRACE exquires,  
 And to decline By-paths Desires,  
 Must inward bend the Rayes of his selected Fires.

## LXXII.

Unmuffle, ye dim Clouds, and disinherit  
 From black usurping Mysts his Spirit ; (rear it.  
 From Rocks, that split vain Hopes, to *Heav'nly* Comforts

## LXXIII.

B'entrencht ere midnight Larums ; undergoe  
 The *Pennance* of repentant Snow, (flow.  
 Which, melting down, will quench, & cleanse, as it doth

## LXXIV.

*Repentance* Health is, giv'n in bitter Pill ;  
 Best Rectifier of the Will ;  
 The Joy of *Angels*, Love of God, the Hate of Ill.

## LXXV.

Action's the Life of Counsel ; Bathe thy Soul,  
 I'th' LAMBS red Laver ; in Dust roul,  
 Before *Despair* ; Hells Serjeant comes, drink Sorrows Boul.

LXXVI.

Ere th' icie Mantle of a wrinkled Skin  
Candies the Bristles of thy Chin,  
*Repent*; ere chap-faln Door shall let Deaths Terrors in.

LXXVII.

Never too late does true *Repentance* sue;  
Yet, late *Repentance* seldom's true: (would, It rue.  
Who would not, when they might, may, when they

LXXVIII.

For Minutes of impertinent Delight,  
Loose not, ô, loose not INFINITE!  
Scorn to be Vassal to base Sin, and hellish Spite.

LXXIX.

Why dost out-sin the *Devil*? He ne're foil'd  
With Lust, or Glutt'ny was; ne're foil'd  
With Drink, nere in the Net of Slothfulnesse entoyl'd.

LXXX.

I may perswade, yet not prevail! Sin-charms  
Bewitch him, till Wrath cries to Arms:  
Sins first Face smiles, her second frowns, her third alarms.

LXXXI.

Sinners are fondly blinde when they transgresse;  
All Woes are, than such Blindenesse, lesse:  
That Wretch most wretched is, who sleights his Wretch-

LXXXII.

*Presumption* slayes her thousands! too late then  
Foe to advise of Danger, when  
*Vengeance*, that dogs their Steps, shal worry them in's Den.

LXXXIII.

*Gallants*, Should Trophies *Cesarize* your Power,  
Should Beauty *Helenize* your Flower,  
Should Mammon *Danaize* ye with his golden Shower;

Yet



LXXXIV.

Yet, when REVENGE shall inward Thunders send,  
And Sodom-Storms on Souls descend,  
*Salvation* scorn'd, what rests but every tort'ring *Fiend*!

LXXXV.

That GOD refus'd, who you from Depth of nought  
To *Being*, nay *Well-being* brought!  
Ingrate, for *Talents* lent, return your selves *Sin-fraught*.

LXXXVI.

Bad Great Ones are Great Bad Ones : Foul Defect  
It is, when Pow'r doth *Shame* protect ; (lect.  
Such, will do what they *will*, but, what they *ought*, neg-

LXXXVII.

Virtue by *Practise* to her Pitch does soar ;  
But they, who such a Course give ore,  
Shall sadly wish for *Time*, when *Time* shall be no more,

LXXXVIII.

Ye, brittle Sheds of Clay, resolve ye must  
Into Originary Dust, (all your Trust :  
When swift-heeld Death overtakes you. Where's then

LXXXIX.

Men in their Generations live by turns ;  
Their Light soon to its Socket burns ;  
Then to converse with *Spirits* they go, & None returns.

XC.

Tomb-pendant Scutcheons, pompous Rags of State,  
Those gorgeous Bubbles but relate  
The thing that was, nere liv'd : 'Tis *Goodness* gildeth Fate.

XCI.

*Grace* outlasts marble Vaults ; *That* crowns Expense ;  
Brasse is shortliv'd to *Innocence* :  
Times greedy Self shall one Day find its *Præter-tense*.

When

XCII.

When *Heav'ns* that had their Deluge-dropfie, shall  
 Their burning Feaver have; When All  
 Is one Combustion; when *Sol* seems a black burnt Ball:

XCIII.

When *Nature's* laid asleep in her own Urn;  
 When, what was drown'd at first, shall burn; (turn!  
 Then, Sinners into quenchless Flames, Sins Muilt, shall

XCIV.

Nere shall a cooling Julep Such appease,  
 Whom Brimstone Torrents without Ease  
 Enrage, i'th dungeon of dark flames, and burning Seas!

XCV.

In Center of the terrible Abyffe,  
 Remotest from supernall Blisse,  
 That horrid, hideous, gloomy, endlesse Dungeon is!

XCVI.

Fools, who hath charm'd you? Sue betimes Divorse  
 From your vain *World*, where power did force  
 A Rape, there let not Choice make *Marriage*, which is

XCVII.

(worfe.

*Man* is a *World*, and more; For this huge Masse  
 Shrunk, as a Scroul, away shall passe;  
 Whil'st *His* pure Substance is as everlasting Glasse.

XCVIII.

The *World* is like the Basilisks fell eyes;  
 Whose first sight kills; first seen, it dies:  
*Man*, by a brave Disdain, its poy'sning Venom flies.

XCIX.

Gay *World*, who Thee adores, thou great wilt make;  
 Pearl may he quaff, and Pleasures take  
 Of Sense, but must descend into the *Sulphry Lake*!

C.

Is *Hell* the Upshot thou to *thine* canst lend?  
 Crawl, groveling Trifles, to your End;  
 Vanish beneath my Scorn. Goe, *World*, recant, amend!  
*Provehimur Portu, Terramq̃ relinquimus illam*  
*Quæ natum Gremio prima rigente tulit.*  
*O felix Oculus Portum visurus Amantis,*  
*Sit licet in Lacrymas naufragus ipse suas!*  
 Dedignor Indigna.



In lenocitantes hujus Tempestatis Venerillas, Ju-  
venum Scrobes, Animarum Voragines.

**I***N* nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas  
Spectra, salax quarum Mente Libido furit.  
Ludicra depicti jam prodit Imago Theatri,  
En hic Scena vaftris insidiosa Dolis.  
Ergò mihi nunquam nisi Personata videnda es?  
Si vis Personam sumere, sume tuam.  
Cui loquor? Ipse tuâ deludor Imagine; Vera  
Quid facies, cum vel fallere picta potes?  
Picta Genas, discincta Sinus, nudata Papillas;  
Albor Cerusâ, fit, Minioq; Rubor.  
Vendere si non vis Carnem, conclude Macellum;  
Nec Lupa mentitâ decipe Carne Procos.  
Nunc emere haud fas est, quia Quadragesima, Carnes;  
Venales Mammæ ergò, Lanissa, tege.  
Affigis Maculas dum Signa loquacia Malis,  
Mercandum Pretio Corpus adesse notas.  
Quæ primam extenuat Culpam, rea sæpè secundæ est;  
Sæpius è primâ Labe secunda venit.  
Plurima compositos conservat capsa Colores;  
Sic Faciem tibi, cum cætera vendis, emis.  
Suavia viscosis renuo libare Labellis,  
Ne teneat Fucus fixa Labella tuus.  
Quàm levis Incessus! quàm Lumina pæta vagantur!  
Verbula quàm molli Guttore fracta fluunt!  
Quid me blanda tuis fallacibus obruis Hirquis?  
Serpentem Gremio, Virus in Ore geris.

Non



Non amat, hamat Amor tuus, ò Trivenefica, nostro  
Non opus est Cultu, Te nimis ipsa colas.

Sidèra contendas Oculi sint, Purpura Malæ,  
Electrum Crines, Dens Ebur, Ora Favi.

Consulto Speculo geris Omnia; fallet Imago:

\* *Versus  
cancerinus  
quoddam Li-  
teras.*

\* Te nam (an iurares) fera Ruina manet.

Sed quorsum in miseras labuntur Carmina Nugas?

Præsens, est absens, pars minor illa sui.

Quid velit hæc Pictura loquens? quem postulat Usus?

Ut suspendatur nonnè Tabella nitet?

Quid tunc è tanto restabit Amantibus Igne?

Fumus iners, tristis Fæx, inamœnus Odor.

Ne jactes igitur Formam, fucata; Megæram

Formosam fieri sic quoque posse reor.

Dicite, Doctores, huic quæ Complexio? *Quinta.*

Quis placet huic Sensus, dicite? *Sextus erit.*

Sub quo signo orta? *Opposito sub Virginis Astro.*

*Edita sub caudâ, credo, Draconis erat.*

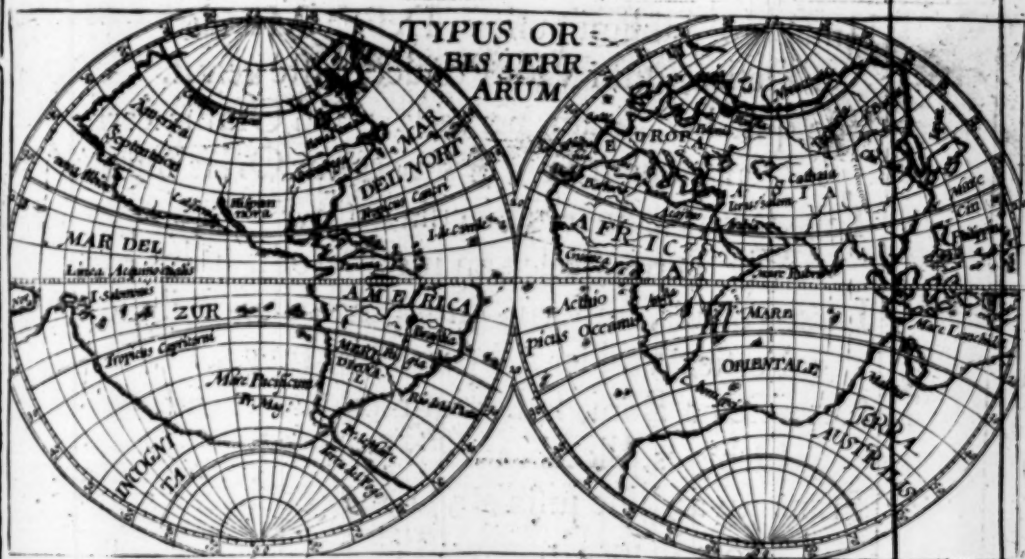
Quænam illi fuerit Mens? *Subdola. Lingua? dolosa.*

Quæ Metamorphosis? *Prodigiosa sibi.*

Naso, suam Metamorphosin quî scribere possit,

Quotidiè Formas cùm novet ista Venus?





In sceleratissimam Seculi Licentiam, cujus in melius commutandi exilis admodum supersit Spes.

**T**otus adeò in Maligno (mali ligno) positus est Mundus, ut vehementer hujusmodi Satyrus egeat. Ubique nunc locorum damnosa Malorum Vitia, noxiarum instar herbarum, citissime pullulescunt. Perjuria, Superbia, Temulentia, &c. Terram sub Mole Peccatorum non ruere admirabile, cum Cœli, qui ingentia illa Corpora Solis, Lunæ, Stellarum, præter suam Vastitatem non solum ferunt, sed circumferunt, absque Ruinæ Periculo; unicum tamen Peccatum ferre nequiverunt, sed statim per solidas illas Machinas, peccatum, cum suo Authore Lucifero, delapsum, etiam Terram penetrans, ad Fundum Abyssi infernalis descendit.

**A**ctor Homo, Cœlum Spectator, grande Theatrum  
Mundus, Vita frequens Fabula, Scena Dies.

Y

Undè

Undè ego, sublimi positus, Deliria Mundi  
 Defleo, dum Vitij Pondere tristè gemit.  
 Esse quid hoc dicam, perversa quod Omnia cerno!  
 Densis quàm Tenebris mergitur Orbis iners!  
 Talia tartareo crevere Piacula Seclo,  
 Vix Terris Scelerum mox Modus ullus erit.  
 Luxus ovans, impurus Amor, maculosa Libido,  
 Perfica Mollicies, Spes levis, Ira gravis.  
 Carnificina Boni, sed Iniqui sedula Nutrix,  
 Orbis es, Illecebras nil nisi turpis habes.  
 Fraus juvat, hinc justa est, fallique & fallere gaudes;  
 Mors Jocus, Infernus Fabula, Sanna Polus.  
 Heu, Pietas ubi prisca! Profana ò Tempora! Mundi  
 Fæx, Vesper, propè Nox; ò, mora! CHRISTE, Veni!



**T**E rapit aerio ventosa Superbia Curru;  
 Siste rotas, Currus ferventes siste; Loquamur.  
 Nunc opus est leviores Lyrâ. Tu, Cyprie Bubo,  
 Ore procax, Novitatis amans, Venerisque Satelles,  
 Callidus incautas Philtris mollire Puellas,  
 Splendida rimaris petulanti Lumine Spectra,

Et Mala quæque Bonis præfers, Deliria Veris,  
 Frivola vaniloquo Mendacia gutture jactas,  
 Mentis inops, Ratione carens, Virtutis inanis,  
 Volveris effuso suadente Libidine Luxu,  
 Lautæ coronatis ambis Convivia Mensis,  
 Sunt tibi Deliciæ, Risus, Jocularia Cordi,  
 Futilibus fatuus Garritibus Aera pulsas,  
 Quique ciet Nugas, Donaria summa reportat,  
 Illicitumque putas nihil ; Omne, quod officit, optas ;  
 Expetis ut fulvum Mundus vertatur in Aurum ;  
 Auritâ de Gente Midæ reor esse Nepotem :  
 Stulte, tuas Vestes, Avis ut Junonia plumas,  
 Aspicias ; in Cute curandâ malè conteris Ævum.  
 O, Genus insipidum ! sani tibi mica Cerebri ?  
 Auscultet tumido Gens implacabilis Ore.  
 Luxuries prædulce Malum, blanditur, & angit :  
 Innumeras parit ipsa Cruces, nutritque, Voluptas :  
 Vita vices morientis habet, morerisque superstes.  
 Sed, quid ago ? Surdis cantatur Fabula. Fati  
 Vespera mox veniet ! quid inexorabilis hæres ?  
 Cuncta tenere putes ; tu percipis omnia ; Solum  
 Hoc nescis, Pantæn quod es infamissimus Andræon.







In strenuos hujus Seculi Compotores,  
& Gulones Perditissimos.

**Q**ualis hîc Boatus? quæ Vociferatio? Auscultemus.  
Aut bibite, aut hunc Cantharum, quantus quantus est, in Capita impingam vestra. Sic enim assuefacti (à sue facti) sunt; Qui tamen Ipsi nondum hesternam edormiverunt Crapulam. Heu, quàm petitis perituri peritura! Labantes ad Præcipitium impellitis, & ad Infernum proruentibus, calcar subditis! Interim tamen vos accusat Conscientia, Testis est Memoria, Ratio Judex, Voluptas Carcer, Timor Tortor, Oblectamentum Tormentum! Undè, hi vorando, bibendo, ludendo, dormiendo, moriendo, justè obliviscantur sui, qui vivendo (nisi jurando) semper oblitî sunt Dei.

**T**urgidus iste quis est? ambas perpotus ad Aures,  
Qui tradit rabidæ Fræna soluta Gulæ;

Qui

Qui plures avido Calices ingurgitat haustu ;  
 Cui Ventus in Vinis, Ignis in Igne furit ;  
 Cui Venter Deus est, & lauta Culina Sacellum ;  
 Orgia cui madidi grata profana Dei ;  
 Cui sunt Liba Dapes, & Compotatio Festum ;  
 Et Pietas plenâ Lance litare Gulæ ;  
 Plurima qui spondet, perfusus Tempora Baccho ;  
 Omnia quæ Socijs, cras, sine fronte negat ;  
 Cujus Lingua vomit spumantia Vota Saluris,  
 Obrutus est nimio dum sine Mente Mero.  
*Vivamus liquidi, potemus, edamus, ovemus ;*  
*Nulla Sepulorum nascitur Uva Cavis :*  
*Mordaces Curas solvamus Vociferando,*  
*Sic permittamus letiùs ire Dies :*  
*Falle Diem, strue Serta, Scyphum rape, tingere Nardo ;*  
*Si tibi Cura mei, sit tibi Cura Meri :*  
*Prome Falerna, remitte Pavenda, propellito Nubes :*  
*Leviathæ Os utinàm nunc mihi grande foret !*  
*Gemmatis si Mustâ bibam flammantia Poclis,*  
*Inde frequens Naso Gemma repentè micet.*  
 Plurima sic olidis epotat Vina Tabernis,  
 Vt referat brutas sordida Vita Sues :  
 Immerfus Vitij Barathro, Scelerisque Profundo,  
 Ebrius Errorum Nectare, Porcus ovat.  
 Immemor ipse sui, nimiùm memor ipse Suorum,  
 Carneus iste Cadus, Viva Culina cluat.  
 Nocturno reboat dum cæca Platæa Tumultu,  
 Quodvis ex animo suavè peregit Opus.  
 Una Salus tibi sit nullam potare Salutem :  
 Te Puer in triviis erudijsse potest.

Qui mihi Discipulus, Bibo sis, cupis atque doceri;  
 Huc ades, Abdomen spernere disce tuum.  
 Pondus iners, Carnis Cumulus, Vinique Culullus,  
 Progenies Grylli, Dux Epicurus haræ;  
 Cœnum, non Cœlum sapias, Ingluviemque saginas,  
 Non Mentem; solum pro sale Vita datur.  
 Ditia sorbebit subito Patrimonia Guttur;  
 Quod tua peccarunt Guttura, Vitra luunt.  
 Quæ Mare, Terra, Polus, Pisce, Alite, Vite ministrant,  
 Desidis alta Gulæ Cuncta Barathra vorant.  
 Effera Tempestas Cellæ, Barathrumque Macelli!  
 Examines tumulet mortua Turba tuos!  
 Hoc verbo concludo, nec os tibi sublimo: *Nequam es:*  
 Exitio, nisi te corrigis, Ipse tibi.

**E** *Heu, quàm Magnificus iste jam agrotat miserè! ecce, Linteola Manu contrahit, distorto Ore & distento Labia diffandit, anhelis Pulmonibus difficile spirat, longum Vale Mundo dicit, tenebrescentes Oculos circumvolvit, & suburbia Mortis intrat. Lectores, clarum hic Speculum Fragilitatis cernite. Gregor. Magnus Lib. 4. Cap. 38. Dialogorum, de Chrysorio Romano tradit Historiam, de quo, an Divitijs, seu Vitijs magis abundaverit, incertum fuit. Cum, quasi expirans, anxietur, apparere illi teterrimi, Dæmones, ipsum certatim prensantes, traheréque ad Inferna annexi; Ille, Horrore tremuit, seq̃ super Lectum huc atque illuc vertere miseris cœpit Modis. Nec dubitaret Quisquam Spiritus sibi apparuisse, qui probè illius Gestus, & Lamenta consideraret. Postremò, ipse, cum jam Amicorum Auxilio desperasset, ad Hostes conversus, Inducias, oro, Inducias,*

*Inducias, inquit, Inducias, vel tantum usque ad mane! cui, Demones; Stulte, hac nocte eripietur tibi Anima. Diem hoc poscendo ingeminat, Animam exhalavit! Va vobis miseris, qui in ipsis Voluptatum Blandimentis, sævis Pauperum Oppressionibus, & iniquis Præliandi Ardoribus subito auferimini!*

**I**Nstare, heu, summum, Mens, tibi crede Diem,  
 Actus *Fabelle* jam tibi quintus adest,  
 Namque stat ad Mortis Limina Vita tremens;  
 Quid modò, dum Muris imminet Hostis, agas?  
 Te rapiet subito Mors inopina Gradu!  
 An non supremi *Judicis* Ora times?  
 Mente soporata Cuncta quieta fluunt,  
 Exagitat sævis evigilante Minis!  
 Stat vinctum rigido sors Adamante jecur,  
 Undique constrictum Crimine, Lege, Nece!  
 Stare tamen nullo mens queat ægra Loco!  
 Afflictum Pectus quis tolerare potest!  
 Me Tremor, Impietas, Flagra, Gehenna rotant!  
 Totus in Aspectu sum rea Massa Dei!  
 Heu, quàm terribilis Sontibus *Ultor* adest!  
 Qui Flagellorum millia mille parat!  
 Quis dabit hisce Modum, quæis Modus omnis abest!  
 Supplicium *Æternum*! Dirus ut ille Sonus!  
 Nullis Inferni Flamma domatur aquis!  
 Æstus at infusæ Gurgite crescit Aquæ!  
 Nunc, Mundi quid Honos, Gaza, Jocusque, valent!  
 Vos, speciem fumi, quicquid habetis, habet;  
 Perfidiosa sequi Ludicra Mundus amat;

Tristia



Tristia sub placido melle Venena latent;  
 Quo magis arrident, sunt metuenda magis;  
 Turgida ventoso Pectora Folle replent.  
 Inter Acidalias, cetera Sybarita, Rosas  
 Crevi, Præda feris discutienda Rogis!  
 Prædonum Paphia mitior Ira face;  
 Cultorem perdis; qui tibi vivit, obit;  
 Arbore seu Chavæ, prima Venena necis,  
 Arbore sic CHRISTI Vita secunda fluit.  
 Hac, hac sit nostrâ Meta terenda rotâ!  
 Jam nunc Iustorum Fata lubire velim!  
 Pro Te, CHRISTE, pati, est vincere, Vita mori:  
 Te peto dum superest Halitus; Oro, fave.  
 Hanc, DEUS, ex magno mittis Amore Crucem:  
 Sum miser, ah, misero fer miseratus Opem!  
 Nunc opus est Precibus, nunc Ope, CHRISTE, tuâ!  
 Unus Opem, Vulnus qui dedit, Ille ferat!  
 Pœnitet admisi Criminis; oro DEUS,  
 Sanguinis inspergat, Gutta vel una tui!  
 Sperem, vix ullam Spes ubi cernat Opem!  
 Singula baptizem Corporis Acta mei!  
 Sint Lachrymæ Mentis Gaudia sola meæ!  
 Quæ suaves aliquid, Nectaris instar, habent;  
 Tristia qui spargit, Gaudia abindè metet;  
 Lætitiæ Segetem flebilis Unda parit:  
 Languedo, sola sones Lachryma! Lingua file.

*Hæc, Lector, siccis quæ tueare Genis!*

## Mundi Contemptus.

**D** Elicia, Luxus, laqueata Palatia, Gemmæ,  
 Incautos, veluti blanda Venena, necant;  
 In Trabea Livor, Gemmâ Timor, Ira sub Auro;  
 Bullatum his Pectus plurima Pestis agit. (brâ;  
 Est Honor umbra Rei. Quid Honoris Spēs: minus um-  
 Umbram finge umbræ, spes id Honoris erit;  
 Dum placet, illudit; dum splendit, fallit; amœnam  
 Sic referens bullam, frangitur illa micans:  
 Aurea pacatam turbant Laquearia Mentem,  
 Et Vigiles Noctes Purpura sæpè trahit;  
 Oblongas videt ire vigil sua Tædia Noctes,  
 Præque ipsis longas Noctibus ire Dies:  
 Sæpè Equitem excussit, fractâ Cervice Sedentis,  
 Ad Titulos properans Ambitionis Equus:  
 Illis, sceptrigeri quos lætat Gloria Mundi  
 Auratis Tectis, fit peregrina Salus.  
 Divitias Avidus per aperta Pericula Ponti,  
 Retia quæ Mentis, concumulare studet.  
 Hæc, mihi ne noceant cauto, cretata faceffat  
 Ambitio, & fulvi sordida Cura Luti.  
 Felix qui streperi Ludibria rideat Orbis,  
 Aspernans Ævi luxuriantis Opes.



# THE SWEETNESSE OF RETIREMENT,

O R

The Happinesse of a Private Life.

CANTO XII.

The Segregation.

ARGUMENT.

**T***U, mihi Thema, Quies Animæ, sanctusq; Recessus;  
 Rores dum saturant me, Deus alme, tui.  
 Vera Quies, Paucos nosti, notissima Paucis;  
 Dum fugio Plures, te peto, vera Quies.  
 Carmina Secessum? Potius Devotio quærit:  
 Sic quadrant Modulis Pectora sancta suis.  
 Turbat Apollineas clamosa Molestia Musas;  
 Christicolæ Modulos sed magis illa gravat.  
 Sit procul Urbs, prope Vota mihi; mihi reddar, & intus  
 Plena Fide perstet Mens mea, plena Deo!  
 Hoc Nemus est Templum, patuli Laquearia Rami;  
 Fit sacræ Truncus quisque Columna Domûs:  
 Pervia Sylva patens est Porta, Cacumina Pinnae;  
 Baptismi Pignus Rivulus omnis habet:  
 Dat Mensam Collis sacram mihi Cespitem tectus;  
 Pectoris Ara Fides, Zelus Amorq; focus.*


Si

*Si quis Baptistes in Eremo prædicet, Ecce  
 Pulpita, in arborea Sede locata, patent.  
 Hic licet elatâ dare Verba precantia Voce;  
 Et sine Teste, Deo nec nisi Teste, loqui.  
 Ipsa monent tremulas quatientia Flamina frondes,  
 Per nos fundendas Corde tremente Preces.  
 Antevolansq; cavo Suspiria nostra Susirro,  
 Dum gemit Aura levis, Tu geme; Cultor, ait.  
 Voce Deum celebro; Concordes sponte Choristæ,  
 Sunt Præcentores, dum modulantur, Aves.  
 Amen subijcio; dat Amen, quasi Clericus, Echo.  
 Sylva placet, Luxus Desidiose, Vale.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

True *Blisse*! Thou know'st but *Few*, to *Few* art known;  
 While we shun Many, Thee alone  
 We court, and *All* enjoy in *Thee*, when *All* are gon.

## STANZA I.

 Afte not an other Word on *Fools*; Forsake  
 What grates the Ear, pure Notions take;  
 Know, that the smoothest *Hones*, the sharpest *Ra-*

## II.

(zors make.

Ill suits it with a *Russet* Life, to write  
 Court-*Tissue*: Swayns, by thresholds Sight,  
 Observe, as well, as Lords by Clocks of Gold, Times

## III.

(flight.

Whose Crystal Shrines, like Oysters, gape each hour,  
 Discov'ring Time by Figures Pow'r: (Shour.  
 That is the nobler *Watch*, foreshowes the threatening

While



## IV.

While comb'rous Gain does various Cares obtrude,  
The richer *Minde* courts Solitude,  
And does Guile (subtle to beguile it self) exclude.

## V.

More than high Greatnesse humble *Goodness* draws;  
Elm Rafter, mantled 'Ore with straws,  
Out-bleste *Escuriall* Tour's that seem Heav'ns Cupulas.

## VI.

Each City-Shop's a Trap; each Toy, a Yoke;  
What *Wise-man* willingly would choke  
Himself in thicker Clouds of griping Care, than Smoke?

## VII.

Who would not flie that Broil, whence *Blisse* is flown;  
Where, in Times dreags, *Religion's* grown (none.  
From Best, to All (flow Tears of Blood!) from All, to

## VIII.

LORD, guide thy *Church*, which Interests empair;  
Who, without Knowledge, factious are,  
They little mind the *Flock*, so they the *Fleece* may share.

## IX.

Why climb'd they else the Pulpit, as *Lots Brother*,  
With *Fire* in one Hand, *Knife* i'th other?  
'Twas vip'rous *Nero* flew his own indulgent *Mother*.

## X.

As *Peace* Heav'ns Blessing; so is *War* His Rod,  
Man-hunting Beast, a Scourge from GOD,  
Which doth unhinge the World; fierce Grapes in

## XI.

(Wraths Preistrod.

Let me, in Griefs Prerogative, be bold  
To question Such, as dare to hold (Fold.  
That they the SHEPHERD lov'd, when they forsook the  
Such

XII.

Such Scramblers at the Shearing Feasts, I shun;  
 Forgetting, and forgotten, run  
 To fraudlesse Swains. I have a FRIEND compliant won;

XIII.

By his Example may my Life be penn'd,  
 May He read, like *Himself*, his *Friend*: (send.  
 Souls in Conjunction should, like Stars, kind Influence

XIV.

Us Sympathie, the Mindes true Priest, does joyn;  
 'Tis Grace makes Sociall Love, divine;  
 Tun'd Octaves Unisons are, Duos in One combine.

XV.

When two enweav'd are in one high Desire,  
 They feel like ANGELS, mutuall Fire;  
 Flames *Intellective* live, materiall Flames expire.

XVI.

Vain *World*, thy Friends are Theeves of Time; Twice  
 Are robb'd; for, Times Self steals away,  
 Leaving a dull *December* for a sportive *May*. (they

XVII.

Fools Chat is built on Sand; But blest who hives  
 Discourse, that on *Heav'ns* Sweetnesse lives,  
 Such, as to raise the Fire to high-born *Virtue* strives.

XVIII.

For *Birds* of *Paradise* the proper Fare  
 Is purest Vapour of the Aire;  
 Souls nourisht from the Influence of GODS SPIRIT are.

XIX.

Dew fattens Earth, the Earth yeelds Plants, and then  
 The Plants feed Beasts, the Beasts feed Men;  
 Man on His WORD should feed, who gave him Origen.

## XX.

From Publike *Roads*, to private *Joy's* our Flight;  
 To view GODS Love, we leave *Mans* fight;  
 Rich in the Purchase of a *Friend*, who gilds Delight.

## XXI.

Thus go we, like the *Heros* of old *Greece*,  
 In Quest of more than *Golden Fleece*, (peece.  
 Retreating to sweet Shades, our shatter'd Thoughts we

## XXII.

So, when the *Sun*, Commander of the Day,  
 Muffles with Clouds his glorious Ray,  
 He clearer afterwards doth his bright Face display.

## XXIII.

*Kings*, too much seen, grow mean. *Renown* does dawn  
 From Cott's, unsightly hang'd, and drawn  
 With Spider-woven Arras, and their Cobweb-Lawn.

## XXIV.

Victorious *Charles the first*, who had acquir'd  
 Fame, Wealth, and what could be desir'd  
 By greatest *Emperours*, left All, to live retir'd.

## XXV.

That Sea-dividing PRINCE, whose Scepter'd Rod  
 Wrought Freedom to the Church of GOD,  
 Made in the Mount of *Horeb* forty Dayes Abode.

## XXVI.

In Wildernesse the BAPTIST shin'd more clear,  
 In Lifes Night Starrie Souls appear: (dear.  
 They who Themselves eclips, are to *Heav'ns Court* more

## XXVII.

But, now what need we cite Examples more,  
 This by our SAVIOUR heretofore (implore.  
 Was practiz'd, Who, whole Nights retir'd, did GOD  
Examples

XXVIII.

*Examples* are best *Precepts*. Sweet *Secesse*,  
The Nurse to inbred *Happinesse*,  
How dost Thou *Intellects* with fuller *Knowledge* bleste!

XXIX.

Waft us, All-guiding *Povv'r*, from wild *Resort*,  
By *Cape of Hope*, to *Virtues Port*, (the *Fort*.  
Where *Conscience*, that strong *Champion*, safely guards

XXX.

Here, *Liberty*, ev'n from *Suspition* free,  
Does terminate our *Fears*; by Thee  
We conquer *Lusts*: Each *Sense* wears *Reasons Livery*.

XXXI.

With Thee, like cloyster'd *Snails*, is better *State*,  
Than to be *Lions* in a *Grate*:  
The *World* hers, coopt like *Bajazet*, does captivate.

XXXII.

But, here (the *Type* of ever-smiling *Joyes*,  
Without disturbing *Fears*, or *Noise*)  
We bright-ey'd *Faith*, with quick-ey'd *Art*, in *Truths*

XXXIII.

(*Scale poize*.)

*Religious Maries* *Leisure* we above  
Encombred *Marthas* *Cares* approve; (love.  
Uncloystred, we this *Course* beyond *Courts* *Splendor*

XXXIV.

Seated in safe *Repose* (when circling *Earth*  
Suffers by *Rage* of *War*, and *Dearth*)  
Secure from *Plagues* and angry *Seas*, we manage *Mirth*.

XXXV.

The low-built *Fortune* harbours *Peace*, when as  
Ambitious high-rooft *Babels* passe (*Blessing* has.  
Through *Storms*; *Content* with *Thankfulness* each  
So



## XXXVI.

So fragrant *Vilets*, blushing *Strawberries*  
 Close shrouded lurk from lofty Eyes,  
 The *Emblem* of sweet *Blisse*, which low and hidden lies.

## XXXVII.

No masked Fraud, no Tempest of black Woes,  
 No flaunting Pride, no Rage of Foes,  
 Bends hitherward, but soon is laid, or over-blows.

## XXXVIII.

We rule our conquer'd Selves ; what need we more ?  
 To gadding Sense we shut the Door ;  
 Rich in our *Mind* alone. Who wants *himself*, is *Poor*.

## XXXIX.

*Slauder* is stingless, *Envie* toothless here ;  
 The *Russet* is well lin'd we wear ; (pear.  
 Let Citts make *Chains* the Ensignes of their Pomp ap-

## XL.

Faith linkt with Truth, and Love with Quiet too,  
 Ore pleasant Lawns securely goe ;  
 The golden Age, like Jordans Stream, does here reflow.

## XLI.

For Fields of *Combate*, Fields of *Corn* are here,  
 For Trooping-*Ranks*, *Tree-ranks* appear ; (Ear.  
 War steels the heart, but here we melt Heart, Eye, and

## XLII.

O, might a sacred *Muse* Earths Frenzie calm !  
 On *That* we'd pour such suppling Balm,  
 As might vain *Trophies* turn to an unfading *Palm*.

## XLIII.

Then should each *He*, who wears the Face of Man,  
 Discern their Emptinesse, and span  
 The *Vulgars* triviall Idols, and their Follies scan.

Though

XLIV.

Though in rough shels our *Bodies* kerneld are,  
Our *Roof* is neat, and sweet our *Fare*,  
Banisht are noysom Vapours to the pent-up Air.

XLV.

No subtle *Poyson* in our Cup we fear,  
Goblets of Gold such *Horrors* bear;  
No Palace *Furies* haunt, ô rich *CONTENT!* thy Chear.

XLVI.

How Great are Those who use, like Gold, their Clay;  
And who like Clay, Gold, Great are they;  
To Grandeur, slighted Titles are the ready Way.

XLVII.

(MINDES

Courts amplest *Shine* nor addes, nor takes from  
That pierce the *World*, true *MERIT* bindes  
Bright *Souls* unto *It*, whilst a Fog th'ignoble blindes.

XLVIII.

Humble, not slav'd; without Discomfort sad;  
Tim'rous, without despair; and glad, (or *Mad.*  
Without wild *Freaks* we are. The *World's* or *Fool*,

XLIX.

From *Taurus* when Sols Influence descends,  
And Earth with verdant Robe befriends,  
And richer Showres, then fell on *Danaes* Lap, dispends;

L.

When early *Phosphor* lights from Eastern Bed  
The gray-ey'd Morn, with Blushes red;  
When Opal-Colours prank the Orient *Tulips* Head:

LI.

Then walk we forth, where twinkling Spangles shew,  
Entinseling like Stars the Dew, (Em'ralsd, view:  
Where Buds, like Pearls, and where we Leaves, like

Cc

*Birds*

LII.

Birds by Grovets in feather'd Garments sing  
 New *Ditties* to the non-ag'd Spring;  
 O, how those tracelesse *Minstrels* chear up every Thing!

LIII.

To hear quaint *Nightingales*, the Lutes o'th' Wood,  
 And *Turtle-Doves*, by their Mates woo'd,  
 And smelling *Violet* sweets, how do *These* chear the

LIV.

(Blood!

While teeming Earth flow'rd Satten wears, embost  
 With Trees, with Bushes shagg'd, with most  
 Clear Riv'lets edg'd, by rocking Windes each gently

LV.

(toft;

The branching Standarts of the chirping Grove,  
 With rustling Boughs, and Streams that move  
 In murm'ring Rage, seem *Natures* Consort, tun'd by

LVI.

(Love.

VVee to their hoarse Laments lend listning Ears;  
 And sympathize with them in Tears,  
 Sadly remembring *British Sions* acted Fears!

LVII.

(Cries;

Then, our sad *Hearts* are prick't, whence spring forth  
 From *those*, drain'd through the bruis'd *Soul*, rise  
*Faith-fumes*, by Heav'ns Fire drawn, which drop

LVIII.

(through melting *Eyes*!

'Cause hungry *Swords* devour'd Mans Flesh, like Food,  
 And thirsty *Spears* were drunk with Blood:

LORD, how thy *Spouse* turns mummy'd Earth! her Gore

LIX.

(a Floud!

*Edge-bill* with Bones lookt white, with Blood lookt red,

Maz'd at the Number of the Dead:

A Theam for Tears in unborn Eyes to be still shed!

How!

LX.

How many bound with Iron, who did scape  
The Steel ! and Death commits a Rape  
On them in Jayls, who Her defy'd in warlike Shape !

LXI.

Cross-biasnesse to *Grace* our Ruine spinn'd !  
Harrow'd with *V*Voes, be *HEAV'N* our Friend !  
*Sodome* 'gainst Nature, *We* 'gainst Light of *TRUTH* have

LXII.

(sinn'd !

This draws *Eye-tribute* from *Compunctions* Den ;  
*GRACE*, guard thy prostrate *Suppliant* then,  
*V*Vho am the *Chief* of Sinners, and the *Worst* of Men !

LXIII.

My Guilt before thy *MERCY-SEAT* I lay,  
For *HIS* sake save me, who gave way  
To dye for Sinners ! Ah, *Sin* kills *HIM* every Day !

LXIV.

*Sin* n'ere departs, till humbled in deep *Fears*,  
Embalmd in *Pray'rs*, and drown'd in *Tears*,  
The fragrant *Araby* breathes no *Perfume* like *Theirs*.

LXV.

More fruitfull *Those*, unwitnessed, appear ;  
Gems are too cheap for every *Tear* :  
Deep *Sorrow* from It-Self doth its high *Comfort* rear.

LXVI.

Salt *Tears*, the pious *Converts* sweetest Sport,  
To hopefull Joyes the entering Port,  
Ye waft blest *Mariners* to *Sions* glorious Court,

LXVII.

But whether stray'st thou, *Grief* ? *Pearld Dew* arraies  
As yet the *Virgin-Meads*, whose *Gaies*  
Unbarb'd, perk up to prank the curled *Stream* that plaies.

By



## LXVIII.

By rushy-fringed Banks with purling Rill,  
 Meandring underneath the Hill : (still.  
 Thus, Stream-like, glides our Life to Deaths broad Ocean

## LXIX.

The pleasant Grove triumphs with blooming May,  
 While Melancholy scuds away ;  
 The painted Quire on motly Banks sweet Notes display.

## LXX.

Earths flow'r-wov'n Damask doth us gently woo,  
 On her embroyder'd Mantle to  
 Repose, where various Gems, like Constellations, shew.

## LXXI.

Our selves here steal we from our selues, by Qualms  
 Of Pleasure, rais'd from new-coyn'd Psalms,  
 When Skies are blew, Earth green, and Meadows flow

## LXXII.

(with Balms.

We there, on-grassie tufted Tapestries,  
 In guiltlesse Shades, by full-hair'd Trees,  
 Leaning unpillow'd Heads, view Natures Ants, & Bees.

## LXXIII.

Justly admiring more those agile Ants,  
 Than Castle-bearing Elephants ;  
 Where Industrie, epitomiz'd, no Vigour wants.

## LXXIV.

More than at Tusks of Bores we wonder at  
 This Moths strange Teeth ! Legs of this Gnat  
 Passe large-limm'd Gryphons ; Then on Bees we musing

## LXXV.

(sat;

How Colonies, Realms Hope, they breed ; Proclaim  
 Their King ; how Nectar-Courts they frame ;  
 How they in waxen Cels record their Princes Fame :

How

LXXVI.

How *Kings* amidst their Bands in Armour shine ;  
And great Souls in small Breasts confine ;  
How under strictest Laws they keep up Discipline ;

LXXVII.

How All agree, while their *King* lives, in one ;  
But dead, the publike Faith's o'rethrown, (grown.  
Their State becomes a Spoil, which 'was so plenteous

LXXVIII.

Abstruser Depths ! here *Aristotles* Eye  
(That *Ipsè* of Philosophie,  
Natures Professor) purblind was, to search so high.

LXXIX.

*Thinking*, which Some deem Idlenesse, to me  
It seems Lifes Heav'n on Earth to be ;  
By Observation GOD is seen in all wee see.

LXXX.

Our Books are HEAV'N above us, Aire and Sea  
Around, Earth under ; Faith's our Stay,  
And Grace our Guide, the Word our Light, & CHRIST

LXXXI.

(our Way.

Friend, view that *Rock*, and think from Rocks green  
How thirst-expelling Streams did bound: (Wound  
View *Streams*, and think how *Jordan* did become dry

LXXXII.

(Ground.

View *Seas*, & think how Waves, like Walls of Glas,  
Stood fixt, while Hebrew Troops did pass ;  
But clos'd the *Pharian* Host in one confus'd Mass.

LXXXIII.

These *Flow'rs*, we see to Day, like Beauty, brave,  
At Ev'n will be shut up, and have (Grave.  
Next Week their Death, then buried soon in Stalks, their

D d

Beauty

LXXXIV.

*Beautie's a Flow'r, Fame Puff, high State a Gaze,  
Pleasure a Dance, and Gold a Blaze, (Maze!  
Greatnesse a Load: These soon are lost in Times short*

LXXXV.

*As solemn Statesmen sleight meer childish toyl,  
Framing Card-structures: ANGELS smile,  
And pitty so, when Life strait flits, Mans tearing Broyl.*

LXXXVI.

*Search Empires Dawn, unwind Times Ball again,  
Unreel through Ages its snarl'd Skain;  
Run back, like Sol on Ahaz Diall; See-*All's vain.**

LXXXVII.

*This did I from THEOPHILA descry,  
(Not her fair-feather'd Speech could fly  
To Ground, but my Ears Pitfall caught it instantly;*

LXXXVIII.

*Though her informing Voice be parted hence,  
Tides of impressive Notions thence  
Flow, soft as Shours on Balm, & sweet as Frankincense.)*

LXXXIX.

*The Conqueror who wades in Bloud for Pow'r,  
Cannot ensure th' ensuing Houre;  
Death soon may his Ovations sweetest Nectar sowre.*

XC.

*All's vain. Th' Assyrian Lion, Persian Bear,  
Greek Leopard, Roman Eagle -where?  
Where is fam'd Troy, that did so proudly domineer?*

XCI.

*Troy's gone, yet Simois staves. O, Fortunes Play!  
That which was fixt is fled away,  
And only what was ever-flitting still does stay!*

Vast.

XCII.

Vast *Pyramids* uprear'd t'interre the Dead,  
 Themselves, like Men, are sepulchred;  
 Ambitious *Obelisks*, Ostents of Pride, Dust wed.

XCIII.

HEAV'N sees the crumbling Fabrick of Earths Ball,  
 That Dust is *Mans* Original;  
 To HIM All Nature is as wither'd Leaves that fall:

XCIV.

Terrestrials transient are. *Kings* fight for Clods;  
 HEAV'NS HEIRE is mightier PRINCE by odds,  
 Ev'n All is *Hu*, and *He* is CHRISTS, & CHRIST is GODS.

XCV.

Thoughts, dwell on *This*. Let's be our own Deaths-  
 The glorious *Martyr* lives, though dead, (*Head*.  
 Sweet *Rose*, in his own fadelesse *Leaves* enveloped:

XCVI.

HEAV'N was his *Watch*, whose starrie Circles winde  
 All Ages up; the *Hand* that sign'd (& blinde.  
 Those Figures, guides them; *World*, thy Clocks are false

XCVII.

Time in ETERNITIES immense *Book* is  
 But as a short *Parentthesis*;  
 Mans Life, a point; GODS *Day* is never-setting Blis.

XCVIII.

Could Man summe up all *Times*, so, as if there  
 A Moment not remaning were;  
 Yet all those close-throng'd *Figures* seem but *Cyphers* here.

XCIX.

Could *Calculators* multiply times Glafs  
 To Myriads more of *Yeers*; alas,  
 Those Sands, to This DURATION, as a *Minute* passe.

Such



C.

Such mental Buds we from each Object take,  
 And, for *CHRISTS Spouse*, of Them we make  
*Spiritual Wreaths*, nor do we *Her own Words* forsake.

CI.

*Arise, ô, North, and thou, ô, South-winde, blow ;*  
*Let Scent of Flow'rs, and Spices flow,*  
*That the BELOVED may into his Garden goe.*

CII.

Whose *Beauty* Flow'rs, whose *Height* made lofty  
 Whose *Permanence* made Time, & These (Trees,  
 Pay Tribute by Returns to HIM, as Springs to Seas.

CIII.

*This* steals our Soul from her thick Loom, 't aspire  
 To *Canzons*, tin'd with *Enthean Fire* ;  
 Taking high Wing to soar up to the *Angel-Quire*.

CIV.

By such like *Speculations* would we stie  
 To th' *SUN* of Righteousnesse ! though I  
 A Star am lesse than least of all the *Galaxie*.

CV.

The *Burden* to each *Hymn* is This. *Thy Wayes,*  
*LORD, are inscrutable ! All Dayes,*  
*All Tongues, are few, are weak, to sound thy endless Praise !*

CVI.

O, that a *VOICE* more audible, and high'r  
 Than that shrill *Trump*, when All's on Fire, (spire !  
 Might all Mens Hearts & Tongues with thy *Renown* in

CVII.

*Nature*, blesse *GOD*, His *Benefits* be sung,  
 While that an *Ear* can hear a *Tongue* ; (Dung.  
 Commerce with HIM is th' onely Trade, All else but

But

CVIII.

*But Dung -- the wilde Inhabitant repeats  
From her inhospitable Seats :*

*But, now 'tis Noon ; prepare we for our costless Meats.*

CIX.

*LORD of all grassie and all glassie Plains !  
Whose mighty Hand doth wield Fates Reins,  
Who dost embase the Hills, emboss the woody Veins.*

CX.

*By THEE, the Pyrate, who by Nile being bred  
Has Land for Table, Pool for Bed,  
Camels, Arabias wandring Ships, by THEE are sed ;*

CXI.

*THOU with thy inexpressibly immense  
Finger of active Providence,  
The Worlds great HARBINGER, dost All to Each dispence.*

CXII.

*Strickt Temperance so cooks our Mefs, that we  
With no Brain-clouds eclipsed be :  
The drierst Cleernesse makes the brightest Ingenie.*

CXIII.

*The Mount's our Table, Grass our Carpet, Well  
Our Cellar, Trees our Banquet, Cell  
Our Palace, Birds our Musick, and our Plate a Shell.*

CXIV.

*Nature, payes all the Score. Next Fountain has  
Bath, Drink, and Glass ; but our Souls Glasse  
Presents Religions Face. Our Meal's as short as Grace.*

CXV.

*See, where the udderd Cattle finde us Food ;  
As, those Sheep Cloth ; these Hedg-rows Wood.  
See, now a Present brought us from the Neighborhood :*

## CXVI.

Ev'n th' *Herb* that *Cramp* and *Toothach* drives away,  
 And bribes *Ear-Minstrels* not to play ;  
 And from archt *Roofs* to spungie *Bellows* Dews dos stay ;

## CXVII.

That makès quick *Spirits* and agile *Fancie* rove,  
 And genuine *Warmth* i'th' *Brain* do's move,  
 'Bove *Furres* or *Fires* ; Whose *Pipe's* both *Ventiduct*, &

## CXVIII.

(Stove ;

That mounts *Invention* with its active *Smoke* ;  
 Draught of *Promethean* fir'd-Air took, (*Nook*.  
 Renerves slack *Joynts*, and ransacks each *Phlegmattick*

## CXIX.

That *Lust* cloyes which *Expectance* swells ; but, here  
 Are *DAINTIES*, that whet *Taste* and *Ear* ;  
 Where all are *cheer'd* with *Joy*, and *over-joy'd* with *Cheer*.

## CXX.

But, having traverst *more* of *Ground* to *Day*,  
 Let us, for our *Refreshment*, stay,  
 And with next rising *Sun*, compleat next closing *Lay*.

*Irati sævas Maris evitare Procellas*  
*Quæ potuit, felix est nimis illa Ratis ;*  
*Littoris optati Prospectu Navita gaudet ;*  
*Gratulor emensam nec minùs ipse Viam.*

*Animi Pabulum Contemplatio.*







Tam formosa nitet, tam suave **THEOPHILAS**. Spirat,  
 Lumine collustrat, perfundit Odoribus Auram:  
 Est Opus exactum, quavisq; ex Parte politum,  
 Corpore, nonsecus ac, effulget, Mente Venustas:  
 Ingenium, Dulcedo, Decus, Symmetria grata,  
 Absq; Pari certant Vnitis Viribus Illas.  
*THEOPHILAS's fill'd with Sweetness, & so faire:  
 Her Eyes do milt, her Breath perfumes the Aire:  
 Shes a refine, & rare-composed Creature:  
 Compleat in Mind, & as exact in Feature:  
 Ingenious, Sweet, faire, & proportion well,  
 In Her do meet without a Parallell.*

Jer: Collier.

# THE PLEASURE OF RETIREMENT.

CANTO XIII.

## The Reinvitation.

### ARGUMENT.

**F***Elix qui Suus est, Animi propriūq; Monarcha;  
Laus est Imperii ponere fura Sibi.  
Felices Animæ, pulso Plutone Tyranno,  
Quæ datur Elysus imperitare Plagis!  
Maximus internum quisquis superaverit Hostem,  
Major Alexandro, Cæsare major erit.  
Fabritium Æacidae, Senecam præpono Neroni,  
Hic hiat Immenso, postulat Ille parum.  
Ecquid habent Reges, nisi Membris Tegmen & Escam?  
Quæ vel Nobiscum vile Mapale tenet.  
Ipse mihi Regnum, summâ dominabor in Aula  
Mentis, & hoc quod sum vel minor esse velim.  
Rex est quem Ratio regit, & quem ducit Honestum;  
De Regno videas regia Sceptra queri.  
Aspice quid Cinere sit Cæsaris inter, & Iri,  
Est unus Color his omnibus, unus Odor.  
Ergo.  
Affectus superans, & qui superatur ab illis,  
Non nisi Victor ovat, non nisi Victus obit.*

THE

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Who* Chance, Change, Hopes, and Fears can under  
*Who* can obey, yet rule each Thing, (bring;  
*And* sleight Misfortune with a brave Disdain, He's King.

## STANZA I.

**W**hen lavish *Phæbus* pours out melted Gold;  
 And *Zephyrs* breath does Spice unfold;  
 And we the blew-ey'd *Skie* in Tissue-Vest behold.

## II.

Then, view the *Mower*, who with big-swoln Veins,  
 Wieldeth the crooked Sythe, and strains  
 To barb the flowrie Tresses of the verdant Plains.

## III.

Then view we *Valleyes*, by whose fringed Seams  
 A Brook of liquid *Silver* streams, (Gems;  
 Whose *Water* *Chrystal* seems, Sand *Gold*, and Pebbles

## IV.

Where bright-scal'd gliding *Fish* on trembling Line  
 We strike, when they our Hook entwine:  
 Thence do we make a Visit to a Grave *Divine*.

## V.

With harmlesse *Shepherds* we sometimes do stay,  
 Whose Plainnesse does outvie the Gay,  
 While nibling *Ewes* do bleat, & frisking *Lambs* do stray.

## VI.

With *Them*, we strive to recollect, and finde  
 Disperst Flocks of our rambling Minde;  
 Internal Vigils are to that due Work design'd.

## VII.

No puffing Hopes, no shrinking Fears *Them* fright;  
 No begging Wants on *Them* do light; (Spite.  
*They* wed *Content*, while Sloth feels Want, & Brav'ry  
 While

## VIII.

While *Swains* the burth'ning Fleeces shear away,  
 Oat-pipes to past'ral Sonnets Play,  
 And all the merry Hamlet Bells chime *Holy Day*.

## IX.

In neighbring *Meads*, with Ermin Mantles proud,  
 Our Eyes and Ears discern a Crowd (loud.  
 Of wide-horn'd Oxen, trampling Grass with Lowings

## X.

Next *Close* feeds many a strutting udder'd Cow;  
 Hard by, tir'd Cattle draw the Plough, (bow.  
 Whose galled Necks with Toil and Languishment do

## XI.

Neer which, in restlesse Stalks, wav'd *Grain* promotes  
 The skipping Grasshoppers hoarse Notes;  
 While round the aery *Choristers* distend their Throats.

## XII.

Dry Seas, with golden Surges, ebbe and flow;  
 The ripening *Ears* smile as we go,  
 With Boasts to crack the Barn, so numberless they show.

## XIII.

When *Sol* to *Virgo* Progresse takes, and Fields  
 With his prolonged Lustre gilds; (builds.  
 When *Sirius* chinks the Ground, the *Swain* his Hope then

## XIV.

Soon as the Sultrie *Month* has mellow'd Corn,  
 Gnats shake their Spears, and winde their Horn;  
 The *Hindes* do sweat through both their Skins, & Shop-

## XV.

Their *Orchards* with ripe *Fruit* impregned be,  
 Fruit that from Taste of Death is free,  
 And such as gives Delight with choice Varietie.



XVI.

Yet who in's thriving *Minde* improves his State,  
And *Virtue* Steward Makes, his Fate  
Transcends; He's rich at an inestimable Rate.

XVII.

He shuns Prolixer Law-suits; nor does wait  
At Thoughtful Grandies prouder Gate; (mate.  
Nor alarming Trumpets him, nor drowning Storms a-

XVIII.

From costly Bills of greedy *Empricks* free,  
From Plea of *Ambo-dexters* Fee,  
From Vicar *Any Thing*, the worst of all the Three.

XIX.

He in Himself, Himself to rule, retires;  
And can, or blow, or quench his Fires:  
All *Blessings* up are bound in bounding up *Desires*.

XX.

His little *World* commands the Great: He there  
Rich *Mem'ry* has for Treasurer;  
The *Tongue* is Secretary to his Heart, and Ear.

XXI.

While *May-Days* London Gallants take a Pride,  
Coacht through Hide Park, to eye, be ey'd,  
Which *Days* vain Cost might for the Poor a *Yeer* pro-

XXII.

(vide;

He may to *Groves* of *Myrrhe* in Triumph pace,  
Where Roots of *Nature*, Flow'rs of *Grace*,  
And Fruits of *Glory* bud. A Glimps of HEAV'N the Place.

XXIII.

This the *Spring-Garden* to spiritual Eyes,  
Which fragrant Scent of Gums out-vies;  
Three *Kings* had thence their triple mystick Sacrifice.

O,

XXIV.

O, happier *Walks*, where CHRIST, and none beside  
Is Journeies End, and Way, and Guide! (scry'd.  
Where from the humble *Plains* are greatest *Heights* de-

XXV.

Heav'nward his *Gaze*. Here does a Bower display  
His Bride-room, and SCRIPTURIA (Day.  
Her self is *Bride*; Each Morn presents his *Marriage*-

XXVI.

What Ecstasie's in this delicious *Grove*!  
Th' unwitnest Witnes of his *Love*!  
What Pow'r so strongly can as flam'd Affections move!

XXVII.

The *Larks*, wing'd Travellers, that trail the Skie,  
Unsoyl'd with Lusts, aloft do fly,  
Warbling SCRIPTURIA, SCRIPTURIA on high.

XXVIII.

(T' have been affected by a *Virgin Heir*,  
Rich, young, and chaste, wise, good, and fair, (Care!  
Was once his first Delight, but HEAV'N restrain'd that

XXIX.

Thou, *Providence*, dost both their Wills restrain;  
Thou mad'st their Losses turn to Gain;  
For Thou gav'st *Heav'n* to her, on him dost *Blessings* rain!)

XXX.

But stop, pleas'd Thoughts; A high'r *Love's* here de-  
Fit in each *Breast* to be enshrin'd; (sign'd;  
Bright *Angels* do admit no Sex, nor do's the *Minde*.

XXXI.

To all her *Lovers* thousand Joyes accrew;  
And Comforts, thicker than Mayes Dew,  
Shour down on their rapt *Souls*, as Infinite as new!

Her

XXXII.

Her *Oracles* directing Rules declare,  
 Unerring Oracles, Truths Square; (pare.  
 Her Soul-informing *Light* does Earth for HEAV'N pre-

XXXIII.

All beatizing *Sweets*, as in their Hive,  
 At her fair *Presence* do arrive,  
 Which are to drooping *Spirits* best Restorative.

XXXIV.

To whose *Sight* Eagles, paralell'd, are blinde;  
 Had Argus thousand Eyes, he'd finde  
 Darknesse, compar'd with her illuminating Minde.

XXXV.

The Sun does glean his Splendor from her Eyes;  
 Thence burn we' in *Sweets*, as Phoenix lies  
 Glowing on Sols Ray-darted Pile of Spiceries.

XXXVI.

From pretious Limbeck sacred *Loves* distill  
 Such *Sublimations*, as do fill  
 Mindes with amazed *Raptures* of their Chimick Skill.

XXXVII.

That such *Soul-Elevations* still might stay,  
 We'd bear and do, both vow and pay,  
 And serve the LORD of Lords by her directive Way!

XXXVIII.

Soon as our Ear drinks in *His Command*,  
 Be't acted by our Heart, and Hand;  
 Under his *Banner* we shall *Satans* Darts withstand.

XXXIX.

May He accept the Musick of our Voice,  
 While on his *Goodnesse* we rejoyce, (Choice.  
 And while each melting *Psalms* makes on His GRACE its

On

XL.

On *Feast-Days* from that *Bow* to *Church* we haste,  
Where HEAV'N dissolves into *Repast*,  
When we *Regalios* of the mystick BANQUET taste.

XLI.

O, *Delicacies*, infinitely pure!  
To Souls best *Nutriments* and *Cure*!  
Where Knowledge, Faith, and Love *Beatitude* ensure.

XLII.

Poor *Solomons* Provision, poor to *This*,  
*Manna*, Heav'n-dewing Banquet, is : (Bliss.  
Who reigns in *Heav'n* becomes on Earth our *Food* and

XLIII.

O, *Sacramental Cates*, divinely drest!  
GOD the *Feast-maker*, CHRIST the *Feast*,  
The HOLY GHOST Inviter, and the *Soul* the *Guest*!

XLIV.

All *Joyes* await the blessed *Conjurers*, knit  
All *Excellencies* are in *It*,  
*This* overcomes our *Spirits*, overpows our *Wit*!

XLV.

For us, poor *Worms*, that *Glories* SOVERAIGN dy'd!  
O, let our fleshly *Barks* still ride  
At Anchor in calm *Streams* of *His* empierced *SIDE*!

XLVI.

*This* is Heav'ns *Antepast*! By *Union*  
He's *One* to *All*, and *All* to *One*  
In *Loves* intrinsick *Mystery* to *Souls* alone!

XLVII.

*Ecstatick Raptures* loose our *Hearts* on high  
With *Joyes* *Ineffabilitie*!  
*Exub'rant Sweets* orewhelm, as *Torrents*, *Tongue* & *Eye*.

G g

Such



## XLVIII.

Such Life-infusing *Comforts*, from Above,  
Our Souls with inward *Motions* move,  
That totally for God we quit all *Creature Love*!

## XLIX.

Should He condemn us, yet would *Love* compell  
Him down with us, and we would dwell  
Rather than without Him in Heav'n, with Him in Hell.

## L.

*Soul* of my Soul! when I a *Joy* receive  
Disjoyn'd from THEE, let my Tongue cleave  
To's Palate! Me of All, not of this *Feast* bereave!

## LI.

Not in the winter *Solstice* of my Years,  
When shivering Snow surrounds deaf Ears,  
And dreary *Languishment* Deaths gashly Vizard wears;

## LII.

When they shall tremble that the *House* defend;  
The *Columns* which support it bend; (blend;  
The *Grinders* fail, the *Watch* through Casements *Objects*

## LIII.

Then shine, dear LORD! when quivering *Winters* Dress  
Is iced with hoary Tressle; (Excess;  
When all Streams frozen are, but *Tears*, through Loves

## LIV.

When periwig'd with *Snow*'s each bald-pate Wood,  
Bound in Ice-Chains each struggling Flood;  
When *North-Seas* bridled are, prising their scaly *Brood*.

## LV.

Then let those freezing How'rs be thaw'd by Pray'r!  
As Wells in Winter warmer are  
By Circumsession of refrigerating Air.

That

LVI.

That, nipt with *Cold*, or parcht with *Heat*, resign  
We may our *Will* in each to *THINE*,  
Be't lesse or more, be't low or high, be't Storm or Shine.

LVII.

After *Nights* Soot smeares Heav'n, *Day* gilds its Face;  
Wet *April* past, sweet *May* takes place; (Race.  
And Calm *Air* smiles, when rustling *Winds* have run their

LVIII.

Who hope for *Mines*, scorn *Dross*; Such only get  
Who lose a *Game* to win the *Set*:  
*Wordlings*, He's rich who's *Good*; *Above's* his Cabinet.

LIX.

To well-tun'd *Temper*s Things that disagree  
Have oft some *Likeness*; thus, we see  
*Winde* kindles *Fire*; *Discord* makes *Concord* *Harmony*.

LX.

*Affliction* tunes the Breast to rise, or fall,  
Making the whole Man Muscall;  
We may *Affliction* Christians second *Baptism* call.

LXI.

Who *CHRIST* for *Spouse*, his *Cross* for Joynture has;  
His *Hand* supports, where's Rod doth passe:  
The *LORD* of *Angels*, He the *KING* of *Suffrings* was.

LXII.

Loves *Life* took *Death*, that *Death* Loves *Life* might  
The *Soveraign* dy'd that *Slaves* might reign! (gain!  
The *World* can't Books that should be writ of *HIM* con-

LXIII.

Those have the greatest *Cross*, who *Cross* nere bore;  
They'r rich in *Want*, who *GOD* adore;  
Who do's supply all *Emptiness* with *His* full Store.

## LXIV.

Saint Paul, the Gentiles Doctor, rich 'bove Kings,  
And high 'bove Oratories Wings,  
Rapt up to HEAV'N, had Nothing, yet possesse all Things.

## LXV.

The Rav'n of Birds proves Caterer, and feasts  
Elijah; so the Lion of Beasts (Guests.  
Was Samsons Purveyor; Quails to murm'ring Jews were

## LXVI.

Midst Thorns environ'd, Love sweet Roses findes;  
Steep wayes lie plain t'namor'd Mindes; (binds.  
Love gilds all Chains (surpriz'd not thrall'd) w<sup>th</sup> Comfort

## LXVII.

Then, threaten, World, a Goal shall bolt me in;  
He's free, as Air, who serves not Sin;  
VVho's gather'd in Himself, His self is his own Inne.

## LXVIII.

Then let fierce Gōths their strongest Chains prepare;  
Grim Scythians me their Slave declare;  
My Soul being free, those Tyrants in the Face I'll stare.

## LXIX.

Man may confine the Bodie, but the Minde  
(Like Natures Miracles, the VVinde  
And Dreams) do's, though secur'd, a free enjoyment find.

## LXX.

Rayes drawn in to'a point more vig'rous beam;  
Joyes more to Saints, engoal'd, did stream;  
Linnets their Cage to be a Grove, Bars Boughs esteem.

## LXXI.

Burnisht to Glory from Afflictions Flame,  
From Prison to a Scepter' came  
The lov'd and fear'd ELIZA - Titles vail t' Her Name.

She

**H**aving reformed Religion : established Peace : reduced Coin to the just value : delivered Scotland from the French : revenged domestical Rebellion : saved France from headlong Ruine by Civil Warre : supported Ecclesia : overthrown the Spanish invincible Navie : expelled the Spaniards out of Ireland :



received the Irish into Mercie : enriched England by her most prudent Government 45 Years : *Elizabeth* a virtuous and triumphant Queen : in the 70<sup>th</sup> year of her Age, in most happy and peaceable manner departed this Life : leaving here her mortal parts until by the last Trump she shall rise immortal.

LXXII.

She past the Furnace to be more refin'd ;  
From Flames drew Purity of Minde, (shin'd.  
Not heat of Palsion ; hence, being try'd, *She* brighter

LXXIII.

Here wound, here lance me, LORD, thy *Austin* cries,  
Dissect me here for *Paradise* !  
The Cross the Altar be, so Love be Sacrifice !

LXXIV.

Imprint thy Love so deep into my Heart,  
That neither Hunger, Thirst, nor Smart,  
Gain, Losse, nor Thralldom, Life nor Death Us ever part !

Hh

Should



## LXXV.

Should Foes rip up my *Breast* with piercing Blade,  
 My *Soul* would but have Passage made, (wade,  
 Through which to HEAV'N she might in Purple Riv'lets

## LXXVI.

Forbid the Banes 'twixt *Soul* and *Body* joyn'd,  
 The *Corps* but falls to be refin'd,  
 And re-espous'd unto the Glorifi'd high *Minde*.

## LXXVII.

Who makes th' ALMIGHTY his Delight, He goes  
 To *Martyrdom*, as to *Repose*;  
 The *Red Sea* leads to PALESTINE, where all *Joy* flowes.

## LXXVIII.

Steel'd 'gainst Afflictions Anvil, let's become  
 Proud of the Worlds severest Doom;  
 No Majestie on Earth is like to *Martyrdome*.

## LXXIX.

Enter into thy Masters *Joy's* so great,  
 This *Thought* is with such *Flames* repleat, (feat.  
 That from th' *High Court of Mercy* Souls all Deaths de-

## LXXX.

Who saith, *Fear not*, HIM must we fear alone;  
 Blest, whom no *Fear* makes *Faith* be gone;  
 How many must they fear, who fear not only ONE!

## LXXXI.

We are but once to our Graves Port brought in,  
 To which from Birth w' have sailing bin,  
 It matters not what Way, so we scape Rocks of Sin.

## LXXXII.

But, hark, 'tis late; the *Whippers* knock from Plough;  
 The droyling *Swineheads* Drum beats now;  
*Maid*s have their *Cars* made to th' spungy-teated Cow,

Larks

LXXXIII.

Larks roosted are, the folded Flocks are pent  
In hurdled Grates, the tir'd Ox sent (Tent.  
In loose Trace home, now Hesper lights his Torch in's

LXXXIV.

See glimmering Light, the Pharos of our Cot;  
By Innocence protected, not (got  
By Guards, we thither tend, where Ev'n-song's not for-

LXXXV.

O, Pray'r! Thou Anchor through the Worldly Sea!  
Thou sov'raign Rherick, 'bove the Plea (Key.  
Of Flesh! that feed'st the fainting Soul, thou art Healing

LXXXVI.

Blest Season, when Dayes Eye is clos'd, to win  
Our Heart to clear th' Account, - when Sin  
Has past the Audit, Ravishments of Soul begin.

LXXXVII.

Who never wake to meditate, or weep,  
Shall sure be sentenc'd for their Sleep;  
Night to forepassed Day should still strict Centrie keep.

LXXXVIII.

O let them perish midst their flaring Clay,  
Who value Treasures with'a Day  
Devoutly spent! Earth's the true Gem, the World a Gay.

LXXXIX.

So wastful, Usurer, as thy self, there's None,  
Who lookest three true Gems for one  
That's counterfeit; Thy Rest, Fame, Soul for ever gone!

LXXC.

When darkning Mists our Hemisphere invade,  
Of all the Air when one Blot's made,  
Monstrous immanities in their silent gloomie shade,

Then

## XCI.

Then for an *Hour*, (*Elixir of Delight*!)  
 We, Heav'n beleag'ring, *pray* and *write*,  
 When every Eye is lockt, but those that watch the Night.

## XCII.

*Saints* fight on bended *Knees*; their *Weapons* are  
*Defensive Patience*, *Tears*, and *Pray'r*;  
 Their *Valour* most, when without *Witness*, *Hell* do's scare.

## XCIII.

May whiter *Wishes*, wing'd with *Zeal*, appear  
 Lovely unto *Thy* purest *Ear*,  
 Where nothing is accepted but what's chaste, and clear!

## XCIV.

Lives hectic *Fits* finde *Cordials* in *Pray'r's* *Hive*,  
 Transcendently *Restorative*,  
 Which might our *Iron Age* to its first *Gold* retrieve.

## XCV.

See, lightning *Time* runs back to fetch the *Age*  
 Of *Gold*, when *Pray'r* does Heav'n engage;  
 Devotion is Religions *Life-blood*; 'tis *God's* *Page*,

## XCVI.

Who brings rich *Bliss* by *Bills* of sure *Exchange*;  
 The *Blessings* that the *Poor* arrange  
 For *Alms* receiv'd that *Day*, beatifies our *Grange*.

## XCVII.

Dance, *Nabals*, with large *Sails* on smiling *Tides*,  
 Till the black *Storm* against you rides,  
 Whose pitchie *Rains* interminable *Vengeance* guides!

## XCVIII.

But, *LORD*, let *Charitie* our *Table* spread;  
 Let *Unity* adorn our *Bed*;  
 And may soft *Love* be *Pillow* underneath our *Head*!

## XCIX.

Enricht, lets darn up Want ; what *Fortune* can  
Or give, or take away from Man,  
We prize not much : HEAV'N payes the good *Samaritan*.

## C.

Thus, *Life*, still blessing, and still blest, we spend ;  
Thus entertain we *Death*, as Friend,  
To disapparel us for GLORIES endlesse End.

## CI.

Who, thus forgot, in *Graces* growes, as Years,  
Loves cherisht *Pray'r*, unwitnest *Tears*,  
Rescu'd from monstrous Men, no other *Monster* fears.

## CII.

They who their dwelling in *Abdera* had,  
Did think *Democritus* was mad ;  
He knew twas so of them. The *Application's* sad.

## CIII.

Knew but the *World* what COMFORTS, tiding on,  
Flow to such *Recollection*,  
It would run mad with *Envie*, be with *Rage* undone.

## CIV.

O, *Sequestration* ! Rich, to *Worldlings* Shame ;  
A *Life's* our Object, not a *Name* :  
*Herostratus* did sail, like *Witch*, i'th' Air of Fame.

## CV.

Get long-breath'd *Chronicles*, ye need such *Alms*,  
Sue from *Diurnal Breefs* for Palms,  
Injurious *Grandeur* for its frantick Pride wants Balms.

## CVI.

In Aery Flatt'ries *Rumour*, not *Fame* lies ;  
*Inconstancie*, Times *Mistresse*, cries  
It up, which soon by arguing Time, Truths Parent, dies.



## CVII.

*Fames* Plant takes Root from *Vertue*, grows thereby;  
 Pure *Souls*, though Fortune-trod, stand high,  
 When mundane shallow-searching *Breath* It self shall

## CVIII.

O, frail Applause of *Flesh*! swoln Bubbles passe. (die.  
 Turf-fire more *Smoak* than *Splendor* has; (passe.  
 What *Bulwark* firm on Sand. What shell for Pearl may

## CIX.

But *Saints* with an attentive *Hope* from *High*,  
 On HEAV'NS *Paroll* do live and die;  
 Passing from *Lifes* short Night to *Dayes* ETERNITIE.

## CX.

Who blessedly so *breathe*, and leave their *Breath*,  
 Of dying *Life* make living *Death*;  
 Each Day, spent like the last, does act a HEAV'N beneath.

## CXI.

*Death's* one long Sleep, and humane *Life* no more  
 Than one short Watch an Hour before:  
*World*! after thy mad *Tempest* 'tis the landing Shore.

## CXII.

Mid point betwixt the Lives of *Losse*, and *Gain*;  
 The Path to boundlesse *Joy*, or *Pain*; (dog chain.  
*Saints* Birth-day, *Natures* Dread: GRACE doth this Ban-

## CXIII.

When *Moses* from high *Pisgahs* Top descry'd  
 Fair *Canaan*, Type o'th' HEAV'NLY BRIDE,  
 He breath'd out his Joy-ravisht *Soul*, so sweetly dy'd.

## CXIV.

To IMMORTALITIE the Grave's a Womb;  
 We passe into a *Glorious Room*  
 Thorough the gloomie *Entry* of a narrow Tomb.

CXV.

LORD, as THOU mad'st (most pow'rful ONE in THREE)  
The *World* of nothing ; so, let me  
Make nothing of the *World*, but make my *All* in THEE !

CXVI.

Pardon the *By-steps* that my *Soul* has trod,  
Most Great, Good, Glorious, Gracious GOD !  
Seal THOU the *Bill* of my *Divorſe* to Earths dull clod !

CXVII.

Thy boundleſſe *Source* of GRACE the scarlet Spot  
Scour'd white as Wool, that firſt did blot  
Th' *Original* in *Man*, that was ſo fairly wrot.

CXVIII.

Check not my *Hope*, but ſpurre my *Fear* to THEE,  
*Virtue* to court, and *Vice* to flee !  
*Love*, lend thou me thy *Spurre* ; *Fear*, thou my *Bridle* be.

CXIX.

From hence, to run in *Heav'nly Paths*, I'll ſtrive ;  
My ſlender Pen to th' *World* I give ;  
My only ſtudy ſhall be how to *live*, to *live*.

CXX.

None *Bleſt*, but *Thoſe*, who, when laſt *Trump* ſhall ſend  
It *Summons*, finde the *JUDGE* their Friend.  
The *End* doth crown the *Work* ; great GOD crown thou my  
E N D.

O, ter felicem, fortunatumq̃, quieto  
Cui natat in Portu nescia Gymba Metús !  
O DEUS ! optato ſiſtant mea Carbaſa Cælo !  
Omnis ab æthereis Spes ſit habenda Plagiſ.

—Eſt ſummus, Jeſu, tua Gratia Quæſtus.

**V**ivitur exiguo *Facile assentior sapientissimo Aguri,*  
*DEUM* obsecranti ut nec Divitias sibi, nec Egesta-  
 tem, sed tantum ad degendam Vitam donaret Necessaria.  
 Vita privata, quam delectas! Corporis spectem Valetudi-  
 nem? Nusquam salubrior Aer. Frugalitatem? Nus-  
 quam minoris vivitur. Quæstum? Nusquam Lucrum in-  
 nocentius. Vitæ Integritatem? Nusquam alibi minus Cor-  
 ruptelæ.

**N**avis es in Portu, tumidæ secura Procellæ;  
*Mens* Desideriis hîc vacat alta suis.  
 Liberiore Polum contemplor Corde, quiescit  
 Hîc Mens tuta, sibi libera, plena DEO.  
 Quæ, sibi multa petit, petit anxia multa, *Voluntas*;  
 Et cui plura dedit *Sors*, Mala plura dedit.  
 Alta cadunt, inflata crepant, cumulata fatiscunt;  
 Crimine vixq; suo plena *Crumena* caret.  
 Celsior immundi *Mens* despicit Orgia Mundi,  
 Indignabundo proterit illa Pede.  
*Munde*, vale; quid me fallacibus allicis Hamis?  
*Sophrosynen* sacrâ Sobrietate colo:  
 Regia sit ramosa Domus, Rivusq; Falernum;  
 Arcta, sed ampla, DEUM si capit, illa Domus.  
 Florea gemmatâ subrident *Pascua* Veste,  
 Fætaq; nativas explicat *Arbor* Opes.  
 Caltha, Rosæ, Tulipæ, Violæ, Thyma, Lilia florent,  
 Dum grvido *Zephyrus* rore maritat Humum.  
 Frugibus exultant *Valles*, Grege *Pascua*, *Rupes*  
 Fontibus, intonso Crine triumphat *Ager*;

*Terra*

*Terra* Famem, levat *Unda* Sitim, fugat *Umbra* Calorem;  
 Dat *Togam Ovis*, *Lignum Sylva*, *Focumq; Silex*.  
 Quod satis est *Vitæ*, satis est; Præstetur *Egenis*  
 Quod reliquum: *Vitæ* sat *Toga*, *Panis*, *Aqua*.  
 Non *Mensis* quæcunq; *Dapes* celebrantur in istis  
 Præguſtantis egent; *Vite* *Venena* latent.  
 Hic *Parasitus* abest, fugit hinc *Gnathonica* *Pestis*;  
*Cura* nec hic *Animos* irrequieta coquit.  
*Cholica*, *Spasmus*, *Hydrops*, *Vertigo*, *Podagra* recedunt;  
*Grata Sapore* beat *Mensa*, *Sopore* *Thorus*.  
 Pange *Deo* *Laudes*, positis *Mens* libera *Curis*;  
*Cætera* si defint, *NUMINE* dives eris.  
 Sis modico contenta, gravis *Nulli*; *Ipsa Misellis*  
 Quas impendis *Opes*, has an habebis? habes.  
 Quod *CHRISTUM* decuit, deceat *Te*. Noverit uti  
 Quisquis præſenti *Sorte* beatus erit.  
 Sic *Abrabæ* gaudebo *Sinu*; dum, *Dives*, in *Orco*  
*Æternum* diro *delicioſe* peris.  
*Vita beata*, tuas quî poſſim pangere *laudes*?  
 Mille cui *Vitas*, ſi mihi mille, darem!

Da, velut ſpero, bene, *CHRISTE*, ſpirem!  
 Da, velut credo, bene, *CHRISTE*, vivam!  
 Unus hac qui *Spe* fruitur, fruatur

*Mortuus* *ASTRIS*.

Amico

Si lenis tremulâ *Quies* in *Umbra*  
 Sit *Cordi*, huc propera, ferasq; *Tecum*  
 Totum quicquid habes *Libentiarum*.



# THEOPHILÆ

AMORIS HOSTIA.

CANTIO VII.

*A Domino Jeremiâ Colliero in Versus latiales traducta.*

## Contemplatio.

ARGUMENTUM.

Proripit in vastum Lucis se VIRGO Profundum,  
Quam nullæ exequunt Voces, nec Limite claudant;  
Obtundunt Radii Visum, renovantq; Vigorem.

Tristicon 1.

**S**I Maro Quisq; foret, fierent si quiq; Marones  
Præcones sacri, Conventus & Orbis apertus,  
Quo scrutarentur VIRTUS ÆTERNA quid esset.

2.

Si vel ab innocuis possent deducere Cunis  
Primævum Tempus, congestaq; Secula mille  
Inferrent Trutinæ; tamen hæc sub Pondere iusto

3.

Ponentes, norint tandem non mominis esse  
Majoris, frustra quàm si cum Sole potenti  
Exiles tentent atomos librare Balance.

4.

Si Terræ Molem numeris spectare refertam  
Possent, non istis tua constet Summa Figuris,  
ÆTERNO cyphræ comparent qualiter ÆVO!

Si

5  
*Si Sabulum flueret, per Sacula mille marinum,  
 Quando deficeret vacuatis Littus Arenis,  
 Æquè TE primò mensum est Clepsammion illud.*

6.  
*Cœlitus impertita foret Facundia, Linguis  
 Aligeros referens, Spatium tamen haud æquarent,  
 Est ubi prorsus idem cum fluxis OMNE futurum.*

7.  
*Tende FIDES bolidem, brevis at nimis illa nequibit  
 Expertis Fundi Maris explorare PROFUNDUM,  
 Limite constricti nullo, nec Littore cincti.*

8.  
*ÆTERNA haud unquam commensurabilis Ætas,  
 Nulla Tui partem poterit describere Penna;  
 CIRCULUS es siquidem cui non est Terminus ullus.*

9  
*Vel cujus Centrum tam se diffuderit, ipsum  
 Ambitus ingentis nequeat circundare COELI,  
 Exterius poterit quid circumcingere Corpus?*

10.  
*Vos, quibus Æthereus Vigor est, num Fine carentem  
 Finem exquiratis: num IMMENSUM extendere fas est?  
 Claudere UBIQUE manens? comprehendere & INFINITUM?*

11.  
*Hujus Zona DEUS sine puncto, maximus, Orbis  
 Ante Mare, et Terras, et quod tegit omnia COELUM,  
 Qui fuit, est, & erit cùm cuncta creata peribunt.*

12.  
*Quin contemplemur suprâ Sublimia quæq̃,  
 Ultra quemq̃ Locum, super omnes Luminis Orbes!  
 Pectus Apostolicum rapuit Radiatio trinum.*

*Circum-*

13.

Circumquaq̃ micans. SOLIUM Præsigne ! supremo  
Imperio constans, & Majestate verendâ !  
Cætera transcendens, quem nullus Fulgor adæquet !

14.

Cingit utrumq̃ LATUS vel inenarrabile LUMEN !  
Quod circumfufum tanto SPLENDORE coruscat,  
Æquora Lætitiæ superet flammantia mille.

15.

Quod sic EFFULGENS si conspēctare liceret,  
Detectâ FACIÆ Cherubinis, Lumine tanto  
Perculsi, in Nihilum remearent illicò primum.

16.

Indue Te Tunicâ, dives Natura, coruscâ,  
Ornamenta tamen, tanto collata decori,  
Sunt tua, concretus seu lapsus Nubibus Humor.

17.

Indorum posses Opibus spoliare Fodinas,  
Illos, auratis, Radiosq̃ recludere, Cellis,  
Qui collucentes cum Phœbi Lampade certant :

18.

Arcanâ posses referare peritiùs Arte  
Intima cujusvis ditis penetralia Rupis,  
Illinc Thesauros nec non auferre nitentes :

19.

Errantes, fixasq̃ simul connectere Stellas  
Posses, quæ rutilis exornant Æthera Bullis,  
Luminis ut coeant cuncti Orbes Sydus in unum :

20.

fungere si posses Gemmas, Auriq̃ Fodinas,  
Æthereasq̃ Faces, radiata Reflectio quarum  
Fulgida rivalis superaret Lumina Solis :

21.

*Si Lapides Gemmæ, riguum Mare funderet Aurum,  
Margara si Pulvis fieret, Chrystallus & Aer,  
Sol quodvis Sydus, plures Sibi mille Nitores ;*

22.

*Gemmæ illæ Silices essent, Mare parva lacuna,  
Stellæ istæ Scintilla forent, Flagratio Phæbus :  
Aurum, Gemma micans, Adamantes, sordida Scruta :*

23.

*Si Terræ, complexa forent, & Lumina COELI,  
Optica & unius peterent Confinia Centri,  
Hoc prius Objectum vel cæcum redderet illud.*

24.

*Cæcum, seu piceæ Velamen Noctis opacum,  
(Innuitur Sacro duntaxat Visio Textu)  
Hujus respectu Lucis sunt quælibet Umbræ.*

25.

*O, planè infandam, summoq; Stupore refertam !  
Si Nemo nisi qui dignus describere possit,  
Hanc sanè LUCEM possit describere Nemo.*

26.

*Selecti Eloquii cujusvis languet Acumen,  
Defecit Ingenium, Verborum hinc curta supellex ;  
Hanc Lumen Mentis nullius tranet ABYSSUM.*

27.

*Hic residet tantis circumdata GLORIA Flammis,  
Quales confundant Aciem vel maximè acutam,  
Huc tendat propiore nimis quæ improvida Gressu.*

28.

*SPLENDOR dimanat talis Fulgoribus istis,  
Qualis pulveream sublimet in ardua Molem,  
Urnâ quæ compôsta secus remaneret inertî.*



29.

NUMINIS ante Thronum Summi provolvo me ipsum,  
 Profluit undè Bonum quodvis ut ab ubere Fonte :  
 Hoc Decus ut pandam faveat tua GRATIA Cœptis.

30.

Magne DEUS, sine Principio, tamen omnis Origo,  
 Cujus Naturæ telam Manus inclyta nevit ;  
 Unâ qui Virtute tuâ Loca singula complēs.

31.

Alme PARENS rerum ; qui fulcis quodq̃ creatum,  
 Vitam Spiritibus qui præbes, continuasque,  
 Ortus es ipse Tibi, Bonitatis Origo suprema.

32.

Lætitiæ SUMMA es, cuius Sapiencia Abyssus,  
 Ad quodvis sese tendit tua vasta Potestas,  
 Ac cunctos Facies reddet jucunda beatos.

33.

Aeris expansis puncto dilaberis Alis,  
 Induis Augustæ Te Majestatis amictu,  
 TE Nubes velant, TE stipant Agmina Cœli.

34.

Omnis Honoris Apex, Summæ es Fastigia Laudis,  
 Ad Radios latè sparsos suffusa Pudore  
 Hymnos decantat, cœlestis Turma, perennes.

35.

Gemmæ quàm superant vitrum ! quàm Sidera Gemmas !  
 Sidera quam Phœbus ! quàm Phœbum Gloria Cœli !  
 Purior aſt ipsis longè est tua VISIO COELIS.

36.

Magna quidem Tellus, se profert latius Aer,  
 Planetæ excedunt, Stellarum Regia major,  
 Supremi fines nec habent Tentoria Cœli.

37.

Mens mea dum Zelo conatur plura referre  
Fervida protenso, Pectus, DEUS alme, repleto  
Igne novo, nullum languorem Carmina noscant.

38.

Cum super Aerios tractus, & Sidera Musæ  
Urgeo Progressus, uni TIBI mille videntur  
Sphæræ, non secus ac atomi sub Sole minuti.

39.

Est Ætas æterna tibi seu clepsydra tantum,  
Immensum nisi sit Spatium complere valet nil,  
Cujus sex Verbis rerum Natura creata est.

40.

Omnia complectens totius Fabrica Cœli,  
Cum Stellis rutilis, Verbo surgebat ab uno,  
Quomodò mortalis narret Sapiencia NOMEN?

41.

Ætheris, Arbitrio, Crystalla micantia volvis,  
Illis consignat Virtus tua cœlica Metas,  
Obliquos horum moderatur Dextera Currus.

42.

Nullæ Te Zonæ, Tropicæve, Polrve retardent,  
Cum sis Sphæralis Motor Primarius Orbis,  
Intra, extra, supra, quàm ultra singula perstans.

43.

Ingentes Pluviæ atq; Nivis sustentat acervos  
Omnipotens tua sola Manus, quàm nempè remotâ  
Diluvium humanum perdat genus omne secundum.

44.

Hisce ministratur stillatis Copia Terris,  
Et confisa TIBI mortalia Corda replentur,  
Flamina Ventorum peragunt tua Jussa per Orbem;

Hæc

45.

Hæc Tu, quando voles, cæcis inclusa cavernis  
 Constringis, validoq; sinis prorumpere motu,  
 Undè Tremore gravi Tellus concussa debiscit.

46.

Undarum furias Vinculis compescis Arenæ,  
 Oceani arcanum vasti scrutare Profundum,  
 Te memorem pacti monstrat Thaumantias Iris.

47.

Cardinibus Verbi Tellus innixa potentis,  
 Aer quam cingit, nec non circumfluus Hunnor,  
 Ponderibus librata suis immobilis astat.

48.

Ejus sed Frontem Te corrugante Columnæ  
 Firmatæ trepidant, Fremitu Mare Littora plangit,  
 Solvuntur Silicum Rupes, Montesq; vacillant.

49.

Insuper intremuere Poli, Centrumq; recussum  
 Terræ, quæ Vultus perculsa Stupore verendi,  
 Accedit Montem Sina dum summa POTESTAS.

50.

Imbutum Vitæ quodvis tua Cura focillat,  
 Divinis Cursum cujusvis flectis Habenis,  
 Gratia de Vultu, de Vultu Gloria manat.

51.

Non Tibi sunt Aures, non sunt Tibi Lymina, verum  
 Percipis Auditum quodvis, & cernis acutè;  
 Te Locus haud capiat, tamen Ipse per Omnia præsens.

52.

Optica cælestis dicamus Spectra Pronoias,  
 Arcam, quâ positas Idæas videris omnes,  
 Ad quas conceptas formaveris Icona quamvis.

Quippè

53.

Quippè præexistunt sic hæc Eventa futura,  
Sicut abhinc multo non tempore gesta fuissent;  
Cernimus haud dissecta recens tam Corpora clarè.

54.

Totus ubiq; semel remanes, Tu semper es idem,  
Attamen Arbitrio commutas omnia solo,  
Tu complere remota soles Immobiles Ipse.

55.

Sic interponunt se contingentia Turmis  
Sollerti Cura, quæ mirè cuncta gubernat,  
Ac modò præteritum, sit præteritumq; futurum.

56.

Arbitrio quamvis malè sint conformia quædam,  
Nil tamen omnino citra hoc procedat in Actum;  
Prævia, successura simul manet una Voluntas.

57.

Te penes ingentis sunt Climata diffusa Mundi,  
Quamvis nec Tellus, nec Temet continet Æther,  
Obscurum lustrat Præsentia quodlibet antrum.

58.

Quamvis ab istis quas tu formaveris olim  
Mentibus, accedat nil ad Præconia clara,  
Attamen æternum celebrabunt munera Amoris.

59.

Præter Peccatum & Mortem tu cuncta creasti,  
Hæc sua Stultitiæ humanæ primordia debent,  
Illud Naturam conspersit Sordibus omnem.

60.

Sed quò curares Peccati Vulnera, Nobis  
Donas IMMANUEL, sibi qui non sumere nostram  
Naturam renuit, qui non Præsepe recusat.



61.

O, dulcis noster Mediator! Munera cujus  
 Laudis seu rores, ÆTERNO, matutini  
 Sunt celebrata Choro caelesti Cantibus altis.

62.

Concurrrente, Deus, genuit Te Flamine Sancto,  
 Tu Verbo æterno contentus sumere Carnem;  
 Qualitèr emanas homini fas dicere non est.

63.

Sicut ab Æterno fuit Emanatio mira;  
 Hæc sic æternum mirè durabit in ævum:  
 Principio Verbum, monstrat Te cuncta præisse.

64.

Unum est esse Tibi, paritèr Tu trinus & unus;  
 Et duplex Natura Tibi conspirat in unâ,  
 Ipse trin-unius resides Deitatis Honore;

65.

Deq; tuo Radii Solio tot mille refulgent,  
 Quales Aligerùm non possint Lumina ferre;  
 De quibus evolvunt Nil docta Nœmata Cleri.

66.

Ætatum, pateat, Monumenta legendo priorum,  
 Hæc sacra quòd nullus potuit Mystèria nobis  
 Pandere, Virgineoprius ac sunt edita Partu:

67.

Nido à Se structo fuit hîc exclusa Columba,  
 Ille Gregem partus fuit hîc qui protegat Agnus,  
 Se producentem, Flos, qui formaverat Agrum:

68.

Agmine Cœlicolùm Te Concelebrante corusco;  
 Pectora Pastorum subito trepidâre pavore;  
 Te, monstrante Magi venerantur Sydere Cursum.

69.

Cum sis divinâ mirandus Origine tali,  
Vilia mortalis pateris Convitia Gentis,  
Iratout possis nos conciliare PARENTI.

70.

Letus Honoris erat proprii tua Gratia Præco,  
Es tu dignatus sacratum Munus obire,  
Ast Aaronis eras solito de more vocatus.

71.

Ac ut divino constarent singula Verbo,  
In te de superis descendit Spiritus auris,  
Lenes propter aquas Jordanes, teste Johanne.

72.

Hinc in Desertum perductus Flamine sacro,  
Dæmonis appulsu tentatus, Codice verum  
Hunc superas Scripto, fluit undè Redemptio nostra.  
Protinus egressus—.

73.

Actus Sermones, Oracula mira fuérunt,  
Hæc genuère Fidem, nec non genuère Timorem,  
Erectas Animas ad Te tollamus utrisq̃.

74.

Firmatum claudis gressum tribuisti, Lumina Cæcis,  
Morbo languentes diro quocunq̃ levabas,  
Defunctis Vitam, Mutis dederasq̃ Loquelam.

75.

Defunctis Tu Vita, Salus mortalibus ægris,  
Tu cæcis Lumen, Tu rerum copia egenis,  
Thesaurus furtum spernens, sincera Voluptas.

76.

Non ex hoc Mundo Regnum Tibi, RECTOR OLYMPI,  
Nuncia Apostolico procedunt Pectore lata,  
Ut tua sit totum Misericordia nota per Orbem.

Mortuus

77.

Mortuus ante Diem conspexit fidus Abraham,  
Vota Tibi pariter nato, solvebat Isaco,  
Antitypum atq; Typus, versare per omnia vivus.

78.

Est Evangelicus, Sapiens. Academia, Codex,  
Iustitiam vicit Clementia blanda severam,  
Sobrius ut Vitam ducebas, Fortis obibas.

79.

Es Tu, sacra Domus, Tu purum Altare, Sacerdos,  
Tu Vitæ Panis, citrà fastidia Festum,  
Ex Escis ubi acuta novis exurgit Orexis.

80.

Mortali natus mortalia Crimina deles,  
Victima grata foret Tibi quoddis Pectus honestum,  
Ob Genus humanum qui velles fundere Vitam.

81.

Non dedignatus, Crucis es tolerare probrosa  
Tormina, quò nobis concessus sit Paradisus;  
Quò pia Sanctorum Solentur Gaudia Mentis.

82.

Ferrea Tartarei diffringens Claustra Tyranni,  
Dira tenebrofi Phlegetontis Monstra coerces:  
Sic tua cuncta Tibi subigebat Dexterâ victrix.

83.

Tu Virtute tuâ solvebas Vincula Mortis,  
Atq; reviviscens superam contendis in Arcem,  
Inspirat Vitam Læthatis Spiritus Oris.

84.

Te, Pater, electis ut signet Dona Salutis  
SHIRITUS ALME, dedit NATO (sic Trinus in Uno)  
Sanctificas Omnes propriè, non solus at Omnes.

85.

PATRIS Amor, nec non NATI, cœleste Sigillum,  
Præsidium Sanctis, felix Pietatis Origo,  
Alta salutiferæ pandas Myſteria Linguae.

86.

O fubar immensum Radiis insigne coruscis,  
Omnis ab aspectu Sophiæ Radiatio clara,  
Non collata potest minui tua Copia cunctis.

87.

Gaudia sunt Comites, Clementia, Pacis Amorq̃;  
Quorum pacatum perturbant nulla Tenorem  
Tristia; Quem Mundus, nec Mors, nec destruat Orcus.

88.

Festum ex selectis quod constet talibus Escis,  
Qualiter haud acris possit consumere Orexis,  
Dives Odor quem non dispergat Ventus in Auram:

89.

Lux Oculos fugiens, tamen Ipse per Omnia splendes,  
Tu Sonus es qualem non Musicus explicet ullus,  
Arctus es Amplexus, quem Tempora nulla resolvant.

90.

Exinde irrefluo volvuntur Gaudia Cursu,  
Qualia inexhaustis soleas præbere Culullis,  
Cordibus, a fœdâ Peccati Labe remotis.

81.

Ecstaticum hoc Vinum quod tradit SPIRITUS ALMUS,  
Sidereum motas extollit ad Æthera Mentis;  
Terrenis orbis Cœli Solatia mulcent.

82.

O quàm sacрати connectit Gluten Amoris!  
Ros fluit Ambrosiæ divino qualis ab Ore!  
Sunt tua quæ solum faciunt Commercia Cælum.



<sup>93.</sup>  
*Illustres Animæ, succensæ hoc Lumine summo,  
 Quando tuos Vultus radiantes Luce tuentur,  
 Quodq; Decus reputant obscuræ Noctis adinstar.*

<sup>94.</sup>  
*Sublimis nostros superans Infusio Sensus,  
 Tu stupor Eloquii Nomen mereare profundi,  
 Æquet hyperbolicus quem nullus Sermo superbus.*

<sup>95.</sup>  
*Sacrosancta TRIAS, complecteris Omnia solùm,  
 Exuperans quodcunq; Bonum, super Omnia Felix,  
 Nos haustura, tamen vivo hoc in Fonte natamus:*

<sup>96.</sup>  
*Imperio REX magne tuo par nulla Poteſtas,  
 Augusto cujus Majestas provenit Ore,  
 Pulchrâ es perpetui præcinctus Veste Decoris.*

<sup>97.</sup>  
*Iustitia est Sceptrum, Solium miseratio Mitis,  
 Regna perimensos extendunt cœlica Tractus,  
 Gloria permansura, Tibi, per Sæcla Corona.*

<sup>98.</sup>  
*Pax Intellectus tua quodvis præstat Acumen,  
 Obsisti poterit tua vasta Potentia frustra,  
 NUMEN es Ipse sacrum, Sacro purgatus omni.*

<sup>99.</sup>  
*Ore fluit Verum, Sapientia Pectore manat,  
 Ante tuam excubias agit Omnipotentia Turrim,  
 Aligeri peragunt tua fussa verenda Ministri.*

<sup>100.</sup>  
*Perspicit Obtutu vel cuncta Scientia primo,  
 Thesauro frueris per Te sine Fine beato,  
 Tempus es Æternum; Quæ me demergat ABYSSUS!*

## Peroratio Eucharistica.

**S**UMMAS TIBI agit Grates, maxime Cœlorum PRÆSES, æternùmq; adorandum NUMEN, Servus tuus humillimus, quem post tot varias mundanarum Sollicitudinum Procellas, vastosq; Curarum Fluctus, cùm olim *Hollandiam, Brabantiam, Artesiam, Germaniam, Austriam, Hungariam, Styriam, Carinthiam*, partem *Italiæ*, nec non *Galliæ* incolumem in *Patriam* reduxisti. Quàm gratum enim mihi placidum, post tot periculosas inter peregrinandum Agitationes, Quietis Pacisq; Intervallum, ut devotæ LEGUM tuarum Observationi totus exindè vacem! Tu, *benigne DEUS*, dulcissimum hoc mihi Otium concedis, quo TIBI Soli prompto libentq; Animo inservire statui: sicut per TE vivo, sic TIBI viverem, & quicquid a *Gratiâ* acceperim, in *Honorem* refunderem! Hæc ergò *Laudi & Gloriæ* solius sapientis & immortalis DEI submissè consecrentur.

**C**ONDITOR Omnipotens *Cœliq; Soliq;*! supremum  
Cujus ad *Arbitrium* cuncta creata fluunt;  
Clementèr Finem lassis imposito Rebus,  
Nec plùs terrenis *Mens* operosa vacet:  
Omnia solertèr sub utroq; jacentia *Phœbo*  
Perpendens, tandem non nisi *vana* scio:  
Quà sese bifido *Scaldis* discriminat Alveo  
Vidi, Teq; tuâ, *Rhene* palustris, Aqua:  
Non iter excelsæ remorata Nubibus *Alpes*,  
Quæ nec in aeriis Nix sedet alta Jugis;  
Vidimus oppositos vario sub *Climate* Mores;  
Vidimus innumeras quas vehit *Ister* Aquas:

Diverſo

Diverſo didici diverſa *Idiomata* Tractu,  
 Quæq; *Obſervatu* ſunt bene digna, ſcio:  
*Gallica* Mobilitas, Fraus *Itala*, Faſtus *Iberi*,  
*Teutonica* Ebrietas nota fuere nimis.  
 Quamlibet in Partem Regina *Pecunia* Mundum  
 Flectit, acerba *Meum* Bella *Tuumq;* gerunt.  
 Me conſervanti per mille *Pericula*, Grates  
 Qui poſſim meritas ſolvere, *CHRISTE*, Tibi!  
 Cerno, deteſtans Vitium, laſſuſq; Tumultu,  
 Quod, non *Vita*, prior *Vita*, ſed *Error* erat.  
 Velle *Meum*, ſit velle *Tuum*, *REGNATOR* Olympi!  
 Cui ſoli *Grates* Mens agit, egit, aget.  
 Si plures mihi *Vita* futura ſuperſtet in Annos,  
 Huic ſit juncta pia Sedulitate *Fides*!  
 Nam nil contulerim bene docto ſanctus *Amico*,  
*Spiritus* ut ſano *Corpore* ſanctus agat.  
 Noſſe, & amare *DEUM*; Promiſſis credere *CHRISTI*,  
 Conſulere *Afflictis* edocuiſſe *Rudes*,  
 Accumulare Bonis *Inopes*, ſuccurrere *Lapſis*,  
 Obnixè *Votis* *Iſta* petenda meis.  
 Vertam *Bodleias*, congeſta Volumina, *Gazas*,  
 Quæ *Vaticano* proxima, *Roma*, tuos  
 Nocturnâ verſanda tamen, verſanda diurnâ,  
 Præ cunctis aliis *BIBLIA SACRA* *Manu*:  
 Undè, ut *Apis* ſeſe ſuſtentat Meſtare *Cellæ*;  
 Sic vivam lectis Floribus hiſce piis  
 Talia fac, viſes, *Lector*; Quicunq; *beatus*  
 Eſſe cupis, tali *Vita* ſit acta modo.  
 Me *Vitam*, atq; *Necem* tibi propoſuiſſe memento:  
 Elige ſivè velis vivere, ſivè *mori*.

FINIS.

MORTE DEDIT MORTI MORTEM, MORS MORTIS, IESVS.

Anagr: PASSIO CHRISTI His His pascitor:

SORDIDA NOXA GRAVIS CVBIT HORRIDA IVRA STATVT  
A C V SATQV ES S V NCTA T ESS I O LEGIS  
C IS TVS AT A OHANCKR T S COPL E T O R E  
REX HA E C AFF S DE VSTO N V I D  
OMNIA NAM S I C SPIRAB LE FLAME N  
NON ALITER OTAT GIN RI GIDO PRA VNCIA CORD E  
I MPIA SED VRNONCESS S T M TVRBA VID IP SV M  
C ON DIARE IVVAT RI CHRISTO  
H VIC EN VLLA C ON NANE G DA T  
R ES AVTEM CONFE C OASANI OQVE NEFAND A  
I NSPIC EATA TV QVAE ANT QVI EBILE CRIME N  
S TERN PENTH CHRISTO V M Q V NIS CTIBVS AFF E R T  
T R A V I P O N S C L E R V M N M SVSTINET P  
VT N D S EX BABYON FEARA ST E VL SQ DRA CONV M  
S E R R E T P R M V Q V E M N M P V S E A P U O D  
O M E I N N O B I S E R R M E V V L N E R O D V R A  
R A P O R R E N T O S Q V O D A I T V M L I N Q V T O L Y A P V M  
A B I E T M Q M R M I V V A T A T A I E E T I R A N N O N  
R E S T I T V I T T O M I X M I I S Q V S V B O R T V  
E S T C E T E C E R N T I A T V R A T E R A Q V O D I P S V M  
T A N T O S A L V A N O M Q V A E R E A D O R S I B I H O S T E M  
H V N C I N D I S S I D I S C H R I S T V S A R I Q V E T V M V L T V  
O R B I S B A C H A N S B A C H V C O Q V S I T A T E T N O N  
C O C A T M E S M E R A R E E R E V M N O B I L L V D  
I V S T A M P R O M O N S I E S A M A V L S A M Q P E R A T R A  
P E C C A T A P A T R I S T O R N O C O C E R V T A M A N T E R  
S I C C H R I S V S M V L C T A T V L C R A M V M L A M O R T E  
E T I V T O M O M B E V V N E R A T R T V  
C O N S I C E C O S E T R O A N T A W L T E T V  
R V R S V M M E N S H O M I N E R A R A T V L A V D E V T N I L  
V L E R V S E R T D E R O S V P E R N A E  
O P E R S I N E T E M I H I D Q O S I A N R  
R E S P V O T E N A M C H R I S T V S E R I T M I H I A N V A V I T A E  
E R G O P I S V B I C V N Q V E M O D I B N E A C T A S O N A B V N T



222 NORTH 11th Street  
A 2210

THE STATE OF MINNESOTA  
COUNTY OF HENRY  
I, the undersigned, Clerk of the County of Henry, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears from the records of said County.

WITNESSED my hand and the seal of said County, this 1st day of January, 1902.

CLERK OF COUNTY OF HENRY

In glorioss<sup>m</sup> passionē. & Resurrectionē Dñi Ihu Christi. G. G.

Alleluia alma dies **INCHORE** sty sacra triumphu M.

Redde decus maestis, red	DE	aurea sacula mund	O
De letis redijt læt	VS	quem ignobilis arbo	R
Exant	MEMTE Nunt. que M	illu	SIT TUR
Occisum, &	TO	rtum mil	E
At nunc ful	M	ineo capi	V
Mortis inægul	E	tæ, reserant	S
Obvia	S	I doro vi	D
Rumpatur	C	haos horr	E
Exst e	U	mulo claus	V
Te Christe i	M	merito de	S
Udum oculis	U	dis coelu	M
Induitur	E	stem av	E
Marmora fi	N	duntur, re	V
Uita def	E	ctos, rursu	S
Nutante int	R	emuit quate	C
Delubro	I	n sancto s	V
Increuere	S	uis lach	R
Singultatq	I	bj torvu	M
Ast	N	unc gremio	F
Lætus os o	R	bj cred	D
Victor hab	E	s merito sp	F
Aetheria re	G	ione cohor	S
Terra re	N	ascentj r	E
Oceanus pla	U	dit, cla	R
Rugitu inge	M	nat, ferit a	V
Ipse ego	T	e vbi	I
Exequias h	U	miles quale	S
Suppliciter f	U	ndo: Te	T
Ut statim	M	ihj dulc	I
		ssime Chri	S
		te canent	1.